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Photograph by Tana Hoban from Rapho-Guillumette

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. **All undelivered copies should be returned to above address.** Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

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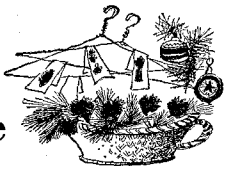
HOMEMAKING

CHRISTMAS Through the House



CHRISTMAS—and the fun of preparing for it—belongs to all the family. When everyone from toddler to grandma is busy on a special decorating project, the entire household is aglow with the spirit of the season long before December 25th rolls around.

Begin with homemade Christmas candles and wreaths. Then, though the venerable carol says, "Deck the halls with boughs of holly," don't stop there. With imagination and a "let's-try-it" spirit, you can have a little bit of Christmas in every room, so that the whole house generates warmth and happiness.

Melt the ends of old candles and come up with fascinating images in wax for window or mantel. All-purpose dye, lipstick or melted wax crayons supply color; your ingenuity—aided by round oatmeal boxes, square milk containers and cone-shaped paper cups—supply the mold. Drop a length of wick into each mold, tie the top to a pencil and balance the pencil across the top of the mold until the wax hardens. The hardening process can be speeded by putting the mold in ice water. Decorate the finished candle by dripping down its sides differently colored wax. Result: a colorful candle for many Christmases to come.

Now begin the room-by-room Christmas trimming and embellishment. The front door is fine for a starter, and adding something new to your favorite wreath is a fine way to offer a special welcome to visitors. A wooden cane, wrapped in alternating stripes of red and white oilcloth, brightens any wreath. A length of old-fashioned sleigh bells slipped through the door knocker will announce your guests to the chime of genuine jingle bells.

The hall is a perfect spot for displaying your favorite greeting cards and everyone's favorite, mistletoe. The cards can be tied to several wire coat hangers, one suspended from the other. Every time the door opens, the air will rustle this decorative arrangement, making it a natural eye-catcher.

For rare Christmas greenery, get some sphagnum moss from your florist and tie it into a ball by winding sturdy thread around it to form small squares. Now fit bits of mistletoe into these squares until the ball is plump enough to tie a red satin bow around. Hang it high—and stand by for a kiss.

Red carnations and white pine branches, tastefully arranged in a wicker basket, make a bright dining-room centerpiece. On the sideboard, pile a mound of Christmas balls in a large bowl, or suspend a Christmas ball with cellophane tape from each pane of the breakfront.

Don't neglect the children's room in your plan to spread Christmas cheer through the house. With a background of wrapping paper, you can make a gay Yuletide mural that will evoke admiration year after year. Using colored cellophane tape, outline a toy train, a Yule tree or a Santa Claus sleigh.

Fill in the bare form with Christmas decorations: colored balls for train wheels, smoke of silver beads or angel's hair; if it's a tree, decorate it with candy canes made of red and white strips of tape. The only limit to the attractiveness of the picture is your own ingenuity.

—ALICE COONEY

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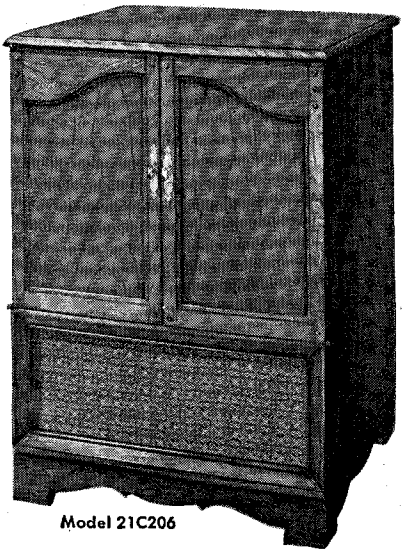

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RECORDS

Music for the Holidays

FOR CENTURIES, the sentiment of Christmas has found its most beautiful expression in the carols, hymns and oratorios that sing of this, the happiest holiday. Although carolers no longer trudge through frosty, snow-covered city streets to chant their seasonal joy, this inspiring Yuletide tradition can now be perpetuated with home phonograph concerts. Play these recordings as a soft, reflective background to the holiday season and let your children and neighbors experience all the warmth and wonder of the Nativity.

There is, for example, a fine selection of best-loved carols by the Celebrity Quartette (Columbia ML 4231), whose intensity and tenderness give these old songs a quality both vibrant and new. On Victor LPM-53, Phil Spitalny's talented all-girl orchestra and choir raise clear, bright voices in *Christmas Carols by the Hour of Charm*. Westminster Records (WL 5100) presents the gifted Randolph Singers in a melodious combination of favorites and lesser-known carols from countries the world over where Christmas is revered.

Available, too, in special Christmas releases are the renowned singing voices of the 20th century. One, Victor LCT-1121, brings together Enrico Caruso and John McCormack (*Caruso and McCormack Sing Christmas Music*). Another presents Marian Anderson, whose contralto imparts a deep spiritual feeling to beloved carols (*Marian Anderson Sings Christmas Carols;* Victor LM 7008).

When the Boys' Town Choir sings *Christmas Music* (Capitol H9006), they convey, in a very special manner, the universal gladness that commemorates the birth of the Savior. The album called *Christmas Cheer* offers the sprightly harmonizing of the Andrews Sisters, the inimitable zaniness of Danny Kaye, the crooning of Dick Haymes, and the rhythms of Guy Lombardo's Orchestra (Decca A-788). Sammy Kaye's *Christmas Serenade* (Columbia CL 6196) and *Christmas in the Air* (Capitol H 9016) contain records for a Christmas musical show of endless variety. And Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and Kenny Baker join fresh voices in *Christmastime* (Decca A-488) to give youthful, expressive delight to the carols you love best.

To many of us, any musical picture of Christmas must include the sound of chimes. *Christmas Bells* (Capitol H-9013) casts a tinkling spell of song over your living room.

Charles Dickens' immortal *Christmas Carol* remains the companion of all our Christmases. Now you can gather round the Yule log and listen to Basil Rathbone portray Scrooge in a touching and vivid presentation of this classic of Christmas (Columbia ML 4081).

Climaxing your Christmas musicale at home, the monumental oratorio by Handel, *The Messiah* contains one of the most heartfelt messages of hope ever created by man. As presented by the Huddersfield Choral Society, soloists, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Columbia SL-151) that message is more vital—and more beautiful—than ever.

—FRED BERGER

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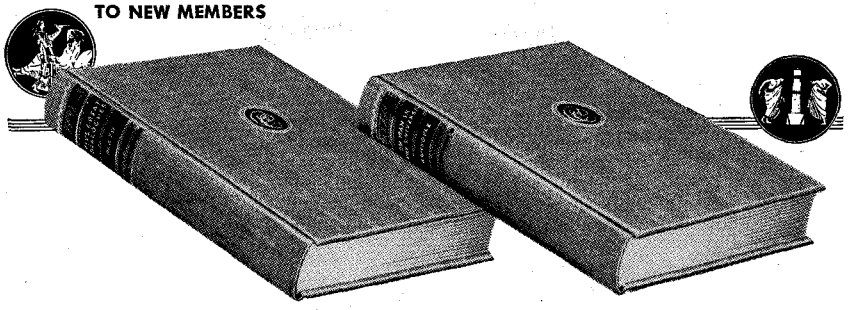

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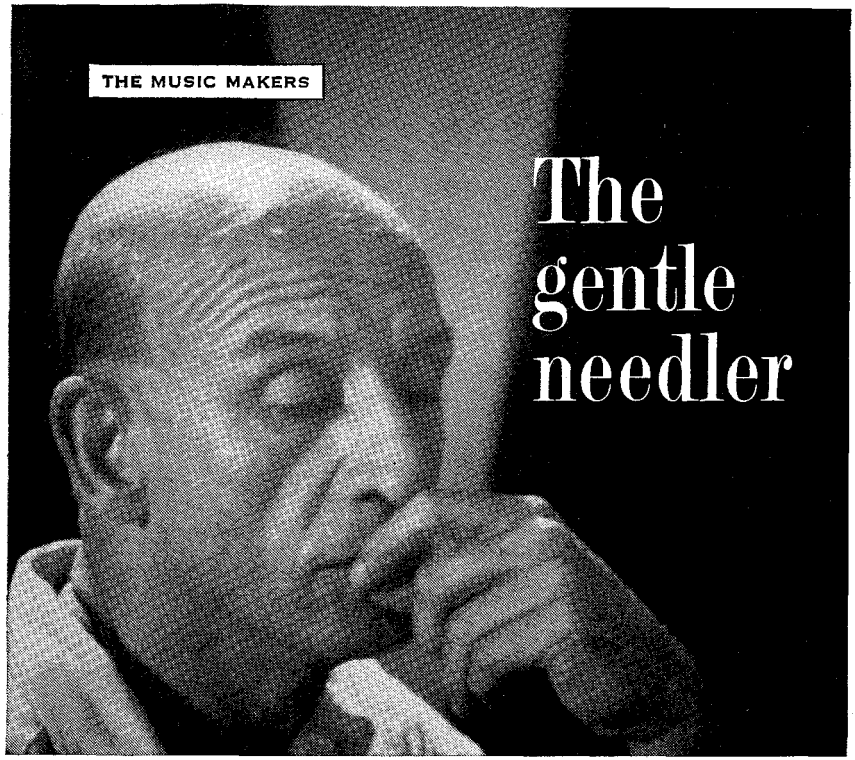

AMONG those who study such matters, the conviction has been growing that the 111-year-old New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra is really knocking them out of the park these days. Instead of coasting along in senile complacency, the famous orchestra has been turning in performances of such freshness and verve that many concert-goers and record fans feel they are hearing even the familiar pieces for the first time. The cause of all this excitement is Dimitri Mitropoulos, a soft-spoken, craggy-faced man who addresses people as "My dear," who broods quietly over the works of obscure theologians, and who has managed to become one of the world's great conductors without ever raising his voice.

The Columbia Records people have just issued the Mitropoulos-Philharmonic performance of "Fall River Legend," a contemporary work inspired by the Lizzie Borden case. Miss Borden, as collectors of the gruesome know, was a Massachusetts spinster who, one hot August morning, seems to have been seized by the whimsy of disposing of her parents with an axe. We got to wondering how a gentle person like Mr. Mitropoulos found it in him

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to interpret this violent fable with understanding and sympathy. So we consulted a former associate of his, an articulate clarinetist.

"Dimitri is a hard man to explain," said he. "Outwardly he's as tender as St. Francis feeding the birds, but in music he's a needler. He's interested in agitation, force, movement. Everything must always be getting louder or softer, never standing still. There's this turbulence in him. Sometimes when he conducts he'll go into a kind of trance, and stand so still you can hardly see the beat. Then he'll break out in great leaps and contortions. He's crazy about Westerns and shooting pictures. On the other hand, his library is all about philosophy and the fate of man. It's hard to add up. You know what I think? I think Mitropoulos is a very kind man with a deep compassion for people and the awful things that can happen to them, and that's why he understands Lizzie Borden. For that matter," he added, "it's probably why he can do such marvelous things with Brahms and Beethoven."

WE CHECKED into the theory that compassion is a ruling motive in Mr. Mitropoulos' life and found the evidence abundant. Mitropoulos has given countless scholarships to poor students, has bought innumerable instruments for musicians down on their luck, and has commissioned far more works from struggling composers than he has ever had time to play. His humanitarian drive is so compelling that many of his friends live in apprehension that he may one day disappear from Carnegie Hall and turn up as a medical missionary in Lapland. Ethical as well as musical considerations lie behind his interest in modern composers. Mitropoulos feels he owes it to history, to music, to culture and to the human race generally to get a hearing for the people who are trying to do new things in music, and he expects his audiences to listen to these compositions with open minds. New music, like spinach, is good for you and you've got to learn to like it, Mitropoulos stubbornly insists.

At a recent Carnegie Hall concert, when listeners objected audibly to the strange and dissonant Schönberg cantata, A Survivor of Warsaw, Mitropoulos remained unshaken. He simply turned and immediately played the music again, an act without precedent, we think, in music history. After the concert, a volley of discussion broke loose in the audience, indicating that all was not well (and many of the disturbed were very good customers of the Philharmonic). One woman, a prominent socialite, remarked thoughtfully: "I'm not sure I liked it more the second time . . . but I certainly disliked it less."

It would seem that Mr. Mitropoulos was right about spinach after all.

These Are My Latest
by Dimitri Mitropoulos

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Wozzeck • Berg
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THE MONTH'S BEST...

DORE SCHARY

PRODUCER Dore Schary's goal is "to maintain a balance between being a picture-maker, a citizen and a creative artist." As production chief at MGM, his films—*Go For Broke*, *Plymouth Adventure*—consistently reflect that aim, and Schary, a latecomer to Hollywood, has become a movie pioneer. Not long after his arrival in 1932, Schary was hailed a boy wonder. By the tried-and-true standards of the film capital, he is still a wonder. "We will have only one criterion," Schary once said. "If it is a good story, we shall try to make it." As a result, low budgets no longer automatically equalled grade-B pictures. *Crossfire* cost only $600,000, yet won acclaim and awards from coast to coast. Coronet is pleased to add the name of Dore Schary to its distinguished roster of monthly guest reviewers. His choices:

THE THIEF

DURING the unfolding of this adroit, ingenious experiment in movie-making, not a single word of dialogue is spoken. The story of an atomic spy (Ray Milland), *The Thief* employs such extraordinary techniques and backgrounds that action substitutes for conversation. A great United Artists success.

THE TURNING POINT

PARAMOUNT'S hard-hitting melodrama overcomes the problem of familiarity by fresh characterizations by Edmond O'Brien, William Holden and Tom Tully, plus taut suspense. It is the story of a crime ring, and the difficulty of giving new twists to an old subject has been met by top writing and direction.

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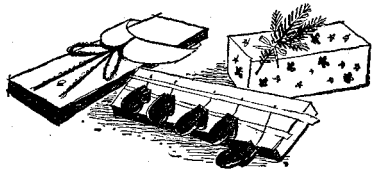
Glamorize Your Gifts

HALF THE FUN of getting Christmas presents is admiring the wrappings, so make yours the expression of your personality, or the personality of the gift in the box. This extra touch will win added appreciation for your gifts.

For your musical friends, wrap records in sheet music. The black and white notes make an interesting pattern, and a red ribbon is all that's needed to complete the unusual effect.

If you're giving away cookbooks, cover those with kitchen-shelf paper. Red and white checks are Christmasy, and give a slight hint of what's inside. If they're foreign cookbooks, hunt for a paper pattern which goes with the nationality of the recipes.

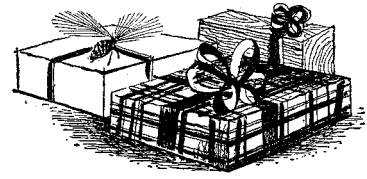
To wrap products of your own kitchen, use shelving paper again, and nest a tall jar in a wicker breadbasket. For grape jam, tie a bunch of frosted glass fruit and leaves at the top.



Men's tie boxes usually look alike. To give yours the personal touch, cut thin white cardboard in the shape of a collar, and just the right size to go around the box. Paste the ends in place, letting the rest flare out. Then put a narrow bow at the "neck."

The "three little kittens who lost their mittens" provide the perfect theme for children's gifts of gloves or mittens. Use solid-colored paper for the basic wrapping, and make a "clothesline" of colored cellophane tape the length of the box. Cut two-inch-long mittens from patterned paper (stripes are cheerful) and paste them in place so they look as if they're hanging up to dry. Then, on each mitten, put a gold letter to spell out the name of the person whose gift it is.

Men's clothing is given an extra masculine boost with plaid paper, or the kind that looks like wood graining. For the smoker, use pipe cleaners instead of a bow; for the outdoors type, scatter several brightly colored fishing flies over the surface of the box.



Jewelry is always a treasured gift—but you can make the wrapping, too, almost as much worth saving. Get a tiny artificial Christmas corsage and glue little dime-store pearls on the branches or into the cones. Tie the corsage to the ribbon, which is already in place, and make sure that the paper you've used is simple.

One family we know has given their Christmas presents a different look with a simple method. All the presents for Mother are wrapped in one kind of paper; all those for Father in another; and different ones for each of the children. When these are piled under the tree, they add variety and information. Even the youngest who couldn't possibly read a card saying "Merry Christmas to Jimmy" can quickly identify which gifts are his.—CORINNE HAMMOND

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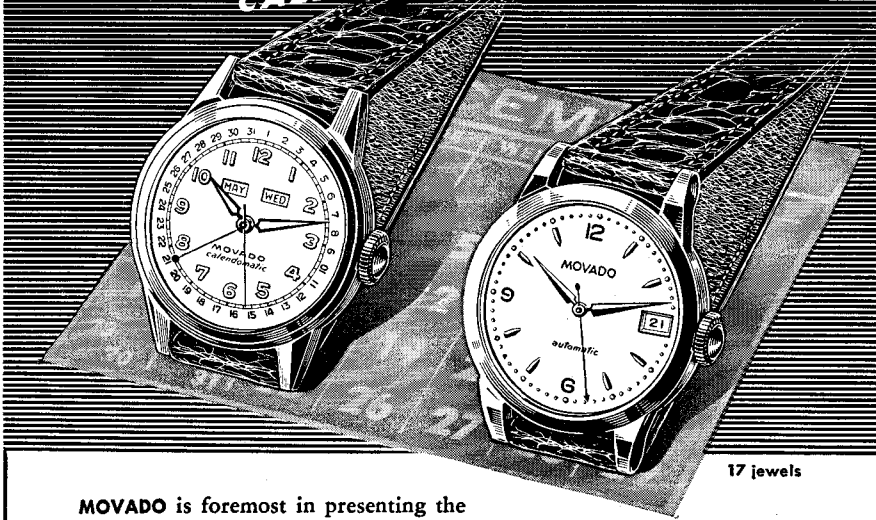

17 jewels

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14K gold	$235.	$210.
Steel and 14K gold	140.	120.
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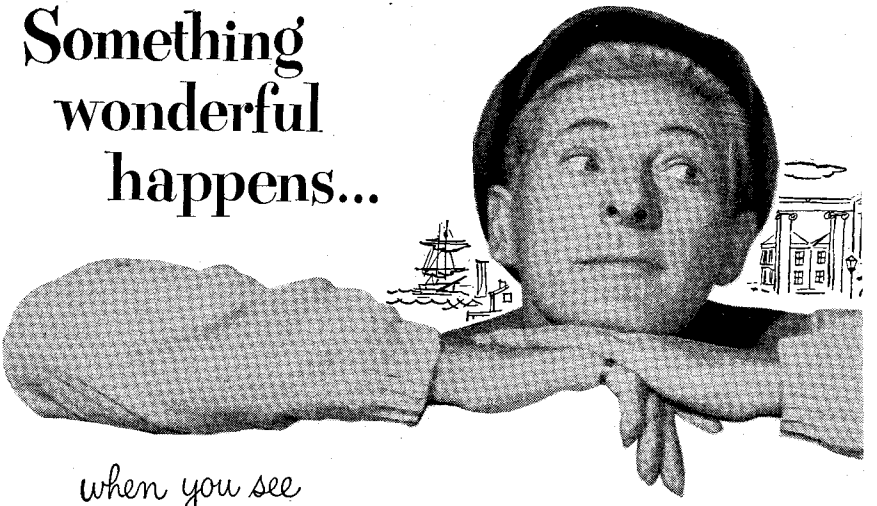
Something wonderful happens...



when you see

Hans Christian Andersen

— and the dancer

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

Hans Christian Andersen

starring

Danny Kaye

and

FARLEY GRANGER *introducing* JEANMAIRE

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • *Screenplay by* MOSS HART

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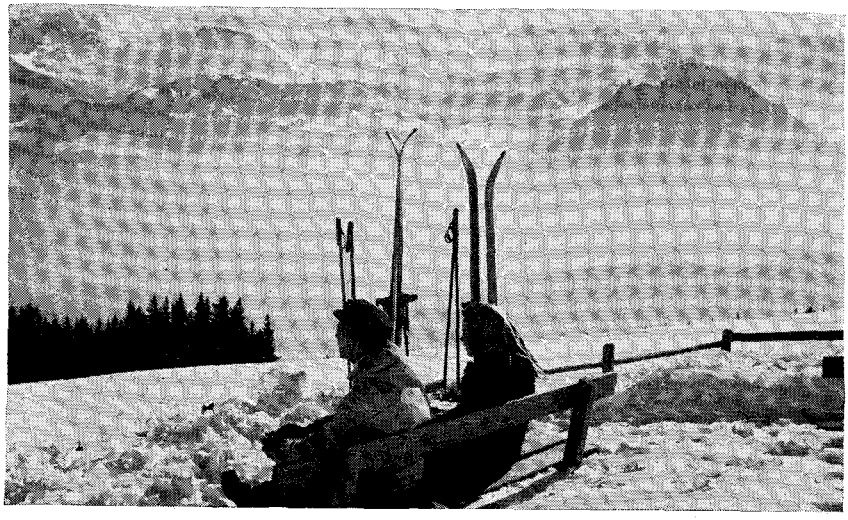
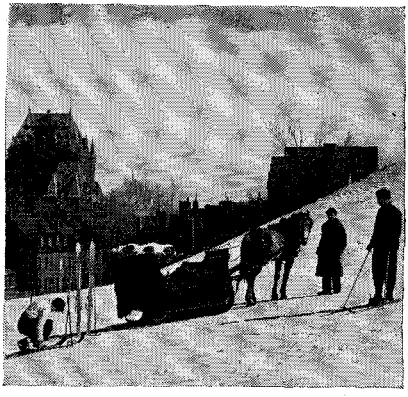
TRAVEL

Christmas in Snowland



SWITZERLAND: Alpine sunshine bathes storied Swiss peaks. Skiers race down magnificent trails near gracious chalets, all in a wonderland of wintry magnificence.



QUEBEC: Canada's old French city comes into its own: there is tobogganing and sleighing in the shadow of the Frontenac; a cheery fire and song when day is done.

OREGON: Mt. Hood is a frosty fairyland under the full moon. In the midst of its splendor are famous winter lodges where Christmas joy reigns supreme.

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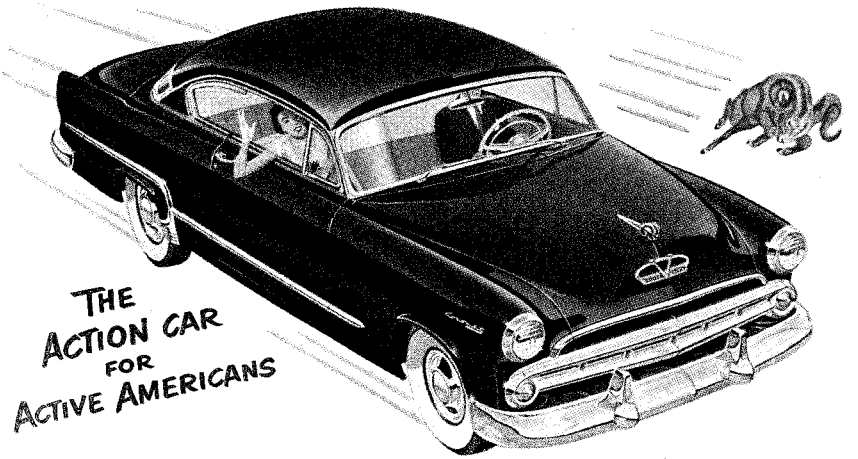
Announcing the

New—All New '53 Dodge



You'll Want to Get Your Hands On This

Power Packed Beauty

It's powered for action, with the most efficient engine design in any American car.

It's styled for action, from sweeping "Pilot View" curved windshield to roomy Cargo Carrier rear deck.

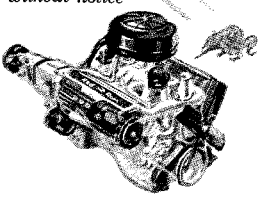
It's engineered for action, with new Gyro-Torque Drive for nimble change of pace, and a new road-hugging, curve-holding ride.

Specifications and Equipment subject to change without notice

Sensational New

140 Horsepower RED RAM V-8 ENGINE!

Packs more power punch per cubic inch displacement. Delivers full 140-h.p. on "regular" gas. New high-efficiency design means *more* fuel energy goes into power, less is wasted on heat and friction.



VISIT YOUR DODGE DEALER AND THRILL TO A "ROAD TEST" RIDE

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Festive Foods

From the popcorn balls hung on the tree to the big turkey on Christmas Day, each family has its own traditions for holiday menus. Yet, there are many tasteful foods known only to certain regions in our country which could easily add extra enjoyment to everyone's celebration.

Add an original note to your festivities this year with syllabub, a Christmas specialty from the South and a favorite ever since Colonial times. Chill ½ cup milk, ½ cup sweet cider, and 1 pint heavy cream. Beat the cream, combine with the milk and cider, ½ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla in a large bowl and beat again with a rotary beater. As the creamy froth rises, skim it off and spoon it into goblets or punch glasses. Continue beating until all the liquid has been turned to froth. Top each portion with a generous sprinkling of nutmeg.

To add that special touch to Christmas snacks, the Pennsylvania Dutch (who are not Dutch at all, but of German origin) make *pfeffernüsse*, wonderful gingerbread-like cookies that never seem to get stale. For this holiday treat, beat together 4 eggs and 2 cups of sugar, adding the sugar gradually, a spoonful at a time. Then add 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup chopped candied fruit peel, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ground mace and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Beat again until all ingredients are smoothly blended.

To the mixture, add 4 cups of sifted flour, mix thoroughly, and chill in refrigerator for an hour. Then turn the dough out onto a board, knead it, and shape into little round balls. *Pfeffernüsse* will have added flavor if allowed to stand at room temperature for a few hours or overnight. Bake them in a slow oven on buttered cookie sheets. After they've cooled, put them in a tin canister, with a cut piece of apple, to ripen.

A gay custom which came to Minnesota with the Scandinavians will add excitement to any Christmas dinner. In that state, dessert is always rice porridge, eagerly awaited by everyone, but especially by the young people, for, hidden deep in the porridge, is a blanched almond. Whoever finds the almond will surely be married within the next year.

To make this simple dessert, rinse 2 cups of rice and pour into 2 cups of boiling water. While this is cooking, melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a large, heavy pot, and add 2 quarts of milk. Stir the milk to keep it from scorching, and bring to a boil. Then add 2 teaspoons of salt, 2 tablespoons of sugar, and a few inches of cinnamon bark.

At this point the rice should have absorbed all the water in which it was cooking. Add the rice to the boiling milk and cook the entire mixture for an hour or slightly longer. If the rice absorbs all the milk before then, add more milk. At dinnertime, spoon the warm porridge into a large bowl. Don't forget to hide the almond in the center. Serve with cold milk, a dab of butter and a light sprinkling of cinnamon on top, in cereal bowls or soup plates.

—Carol Morton

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Vol. 33, No. 2. December, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

When You Go Home...

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

THIS PAST SUMMER, on a train journey from northern Vermont southward to the Berkshires where I live, I was once again made painfully aware of a problem ancient as Abraham and Isaac, whose family life within their tents was not always filled, one will recall, with understanding and good will.

I say "once again" advisedly, for in a lifetime as a teacher, I have seen and, indeed, participated in countless genuine sorrows arising from a familiar situation: that of young people returning home after some months or years away and on their own.

When our train drew up around noon in the station of a small town, I saw a girl in her twenties saying good-by to her parents, and was instantly sure from the faces of the three that it was a most painful procedure. All were ill-at-ease, the mother near to tears, the father fidgeting with his watch and gazing into the distance, the girl toying with a distinctly modish handbag.

I wondered how long they had been standing there, frantically searching for safe words to say. At last the mother received a perfunctory kiss, and the father with his daughter's suitcase started for the day coach in which I sat. The seat beside me being vacant, he hoisted the case to the rack and looked for an uncomfortable moment at his daughter. He was a man around fifty, with the lean, strong-featured face typical of rural Vermonters.

"Don't get left, Dad," the girl said, affecting a laugh. "I'm sure you wouldn't like New York."

He started to leave with no word or gesture of farewell, then turned to her. "Sure you've got enough money?" he asked almost gruffly.

"Yes, thanks," she said. Her voice was breaking, but if he noticed it

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he made no sign. "We'll be home again at Christmas, you know." Then suddenly she threw her arms around him. "And take care of yourself, Dad," she said. "Don't work so hard on that old farm."

At that well-meant caution he managed a half-hearted smile and strode down the aisle. Then while she threw an absurd red hat to the rack, sat down beside me and fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief, I saw him rejoin his wife, who had already turned her back toward the train, put his arm in hers, and dejectedly walk away.

ONCE THE TRAIN STARTED, my companion sniffled for a bit, and then, quite obviously because she couldn't help it, cried into her handkerchief. After some minutes had passed, she straightened her hair, took out her compact to repair the damages to her very attractive face, and apparently feeling an apology was necessary, turned to me.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be so stupid, but I really couldn't help it. It's awful leaving home like this. I never can make a decent go of it."

"Do you mean leaving or being there?" I asked.

"Both," she said, clearly relieved that I sensed the situation and eager to talk with someone, even a stranger. "I always look forward to going, but it never turns out right. It's always a mess after the first few hours, after I've heard all their news and they've heard all about me and my job. Then there doesn't seem to be anything to talk about, any meeting ground.

"I always do and say the wrong things, and Dad and Mother always think I'm *different* and have got queer notions from being away."

She laughed tearfully, and for a few minutes we looked at green hills and neat white houses nestled in snug valleys.

"Bill—that's my brother who came with me for this week end—trumped up an excuse and left yesterday. He couldn't take it any longer, after he and Dad had argued over politics at the supper table. Bill's really swell, and he doesn't believe half he says; but Dad egged him on by calling him a *radical*. It was awful, and since then, I've had to take it for us both.

"Of course, they're really sweet, and have done everything to give us a start on our own. It's just that they don't want us to grow up and think for ourselves. They've got a neat, nice little pattern, and they expect us to fit into it."

She paused for a moment. "No, I don't think that's quite fair," she said. "I honestly believe it's just that they are as scared of us as we are of them. Or maybe," she added with even greater wisdom, "we're all scared of ourselves and of what we may say or do to spoil everything. . . ."

On the three-hour journey to my destination, we talked of her childhood on the Vermont farm which she still loved, of her job in New York as a secretary, of her exciting life there in an apartment with three other girls, all of whom, she confessed, had much the same trouble "making a go of it" when they went home.

If Bill were as fine a product as she, I thought as I said good-by and good luck, the Vermont father and mother, now without doubt re-

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gretting their own mistakes over the week end, could well be proud of their job of upbringing, fruitless as it might now seem.

I have thought often during the past months of my companion in the dashing red hat who found returning home such an ironic and bitter experience, and of her wise diagnosis of a situation which recurs daily in thousands of homes everywhere. For she is quite right. The reason lurking behind the feeling of strangeness, the embarrassments, the uncomfortable silences, the unfortunate, ill-timed reproofs, is quite simply fear.

The older people, whether parents, grandparents, aunts or uncles, are afraid of their own inability to adjust to those new things which the returning young represent—new clothes, new speech, new manners, new ideas—and because they are afraid, they become suspicious and critical. The young are afraid, too, but, because they *are* young, their fear too often conceals itself in disastrous ways.

They make ill-considered suggestions about the appearance of their elders, advance new opinions, hint at new friends and at new amusements which do not fit into the home pattern. Impelled by what they call a desire to be *honest*, they are likely to exhibit impatience or even scorn over what they term old-fashioned or provincial standards of behavior, or to express too volubly the new and "emancipated" thoughts which "a wider life" has given them—thoughts about religion, or politics or social customs. And when they find that these are not acceptable and even frightening, they either become irritable and angry, or retire into a shell as impenetrable as that into which their baffled and unhappy parents have already withdrawn.

Before many hours, in far too many families, the return home, to which both parents and children have looked forward with eager anticipation, has become an unhappy experience, and none of those present has the courage or wisdom to straighten it out and succeed in getting back once more on the old, familiar, friendly terms.

The only solution to this age-old situation, which is at this moment sowing irritations in a million homes, damaging confidence on both sides, and erecting barriers impossible to scale, is simply the determination of all concerned never to allow it to develop. For once it has started, the chances of halting it are slim indeed.

IT WAS with this conviction in mind that the late President of Smith College, William Allan Neilson, always talked with humor and understanding to his 2,000 students before they set forth on their vacations home. I well remember those talks, invariably given at the last chapel before dismissal of the Smith girls for their holidays, for I had the good fortune to be a member of President Neilson's faculty for a good many years.

"You girls are going home," he used to say the day before Christmas vacation, "and many of you for the first time since you left it to come to college. You may think it is just one occasion among many, but it is actually one of the most important periods of your lives, for upon the outcome of this visit may

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well depend your future relations with your families.

"Don't begin by making fatal errors which later will be difficult to correct. Don't parade your newly found knowledge. Your parents will not welcome it. Don't criticize your father's politics at the breakfast table or your mother's hat when she takes you out proudly to see her friends. Don't remark unfavorably on the books your parents are reading, or on the fact that they may not be reading any books at all. Many fine people who are not by nature readers contribute a great deal to human society.

"Don't suggest changes in the living room. Don't behave as though you have other interests quite apart from those of your parents. Don't recall the mistakes made in your upbringing. And if you want to keep your home a place of security and understanding let me give you a few positive as well as negative suggestions.

"Be sure you remember that your parents love you and are proud of you, whether you deserve it or not. Remember the sacrifices they have made for you, the care they have given you. You might remember also that you owe your existence to them. I am not suggesting that you be servile before them, but I am suggesting both for their sakes and your own that you show them consideration and good manners.

"There are three safeguards which I counsel to any young person returning home, whether from college or from any other work: first a constantly active memory for what one owes to one's home; second, a sensitive consideration toward values dear to one's parents, regardless of one's own present opinions, and third, the determination and ability to keep one's mouth shut, when to open it might cause trouble, misunderstanding and even disaster."

DURING THESE prevacation talks, I always wished that the parents concerned might be receiving similar warnings. For they, perhaps, play the leading parts in these potential tragedies, simply because of greater age and of that old sense of authority which they are slow to yield. Such warnings might well be both negative and positive:

Don't take for granted that your sons and daughters are alienated from you by new experiences and new knowledge. Don't criticize their new hairdos, their make-up or their sports jackets and ties which *you* "wouldn't be caught dead wearing." Don't throw cold water on their new ideas or, worse still, laugh at them. A certain kind of laughter is difficult to forget.

If they stay out late at night occasionally, don't assume that they are disgracing you, and don't pester them with searching questions in the morning. Remember the fun you had with them when they were younger, and assume at least that other sorts of fun are still possible and welcome. They usually are.

Take an interest in their ideas, remembering always your own growing pains. Be sympathetic toward their plans for the future, even though these are not at present what you had secretly, or openly, hoped for them. Remember that you brought them into the world, and, for good measure, remember too, that their world is in many ways

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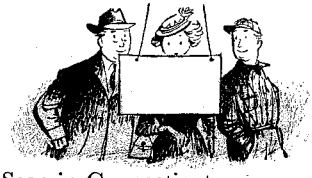
more difficult and bewildering than the one in which you grew up. And never forget President Neilson's third and most important warning: Keep your mouth shut, when to open it may cause trouble, misunderstanding and even disaster.

Finally, always remember, with great good humor, what your sons and daughters will remember when *they* are parents, that the latest generation from Adam on has *always* thought itself superior to the preceding one, and that one's children, even at their best, will occasionally seem "a grief of mind," just as theirs did to Isaac and Rebekah in Biblical days.

The girl from Vermont and her brother Bill have a chance to get off to a new start at Christmas when they go home again; and with the wisdom which the girl expressed on our train journey, together with some stout self-discipline and greater consideration on all sides, may make a better go of it.

And, too, all of them might well remember the words of an ancient philosopher, who said: "A man's roof-tree, the home in which he was born and reared, should be forever a place of confidence, pleasure and good will, a shelter to which he returns often in thought and, when possible, in body. If that confidence should fail him or should he fail to be worthy of it, he will become a ship without a rudder, a horse without a bridle-rein."

Marquee Mischief



A famous comic got an unexpected laugh from this West Coast double billing—

BOB HOPE IN FANCY PANTS
PANIC IN THE STREETS
—Richard Porter

An Indiana double feature—

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER
UP IN MABEL'S ROOM
—Betty Turney

Seen on an Ohio marquee—

THE BRAVE BULLS
THE MATING SEASON
—Mrs. C. L. Maynard

Seen on a California marquee—

THE LADY PAYS OFF
FOR MEN ONLY —George C. Brown

Seen in Connecticut—

ROOM FOR ONE MORE
ON DANGEROUS GROUND
—Helen Andrew

Double feature at a New Jersey drive-in theater—

MALE AND FEMALE
BORN TO SIN —William C. Hoch

Odd combination on a Staten Island marquee—

KILL THE UMPIRE
IN A LONELY PLACE
—Sylvia Blaine

On an Idaho marquee—

SAILOR BEWARE
THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS
—Mary Sharpe

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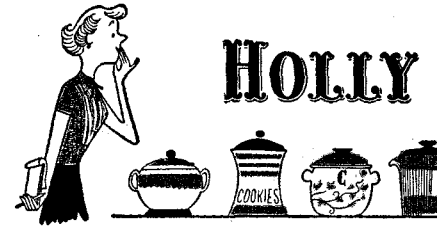

"I'D LIKE to see some cookie jars, please," my young nephew told the saleswoman on an excursion to buy his mother a gift. His eyes sparkled and he flashed her his most winning smile as she led him to a counter where a variety of pottery jars were displayed. He made a quick survey and then, standing on tiptoe, carefully lifted and replaced the lid of each. His face fell and his eyes took on a frustrated look as he asked gravely, "Haven't you any jars with lids that don't make a noise?"

—JEAN S. LUND

DURING a Christmas rush, a frenzied saleswoman, overwhelmed by pushing shoppers, was making out what she hoped would be her last sales slip of the day. As the customer gave her name and address, the clerk, pushing her hair up from her damp forehead, remarked, "It's a madhouse, isn't it?"

"No," the customer replied coldly, "it's a private home."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

MISTLETOE HELPS the man who helps himself. —WAVERLY AVIS KAROL

A WEST COAST POSTMASTER forwarded to Santa Claus' North Pole headquarters a letter from a little girl who asked for a doll for herself, listed the desires of other members of her family, and concluded: "My aunt wants a man with money."

—*Baltimore Sun*

AS CHRISTMAS drew near, six-year-old Bobby's parents kept telling him, "Now Bobby, if you're not good, Santa won't bring you anything." It wasn't easy, but the youngster did his best.

Christmas morning finally came and Bobby breathlessly unwrapped his gifts. Suddenly a huge package disclosed an electric train! He looked at it, rubbed his eyes hard, then murmured in a low husky voice, "But I couldn't have been *that* good!" —KATRINE HOLORAN

IRONY:—Giving father a billfold for Christmas. —LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

A NEW YORK department store customer had the misfortune to be hit by a small piece of store decoration which was dislodged while he was passing beneath it. He was escorted to the office, where a report on the very minor accident was filled out. Curious, he took a look and read that he had been "scratched on the face by a fallen angel." —CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY (in *Tide*)

A SMALL BOY asked: "Does Santa Claus give away all those gifts so he can deduct it from his income tax?"

—ARTHUR GODFREY

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD tot was assigned by her schoolteacher to make a Christmas drawing—the interior of the stable where Christ was born. The youngster showed her father the finished picture. He studied it,

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then pointed to one item and asked what it was.

"Oh, that?" the child explained. "That's their TV set." —LEONARD LYONS

A SMALL BOY being interviewed by a Cleveland department store Santa Claus kept insisting that all he wanted was an electric train.

"But," protested the attending relative of the child, "you already have one."

"That's my daddy's," said the little boy earnestly. "I want one of my own." —ELEANOR CLARAGE

IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE during the Christmas rush, an elderly lady, a little boy and his mother entered an elevator.

"I suppose you are going to see Santa Claus, young man," remarked the operator.

"Oh, no," was the quick response, "we are just taking Grandma to the bathroom." —JULIA HALLGREN

SIGN IN A NEW YORK stationery store: "Sorry, all out of Christmas cards—only religious ones left."

—HENRY W. PLATT

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD'S Christmas gift suggestion: "We could get Grandma some of those non-run stockings, because you know Grandma does not run very much."—ALICE HOBART

IT HAPPENED IN a Milwaukee home last Christmas Eve when the family uncle dropped in as Santa. To the youngsters he was Mr. Christmas himself.

"Yes, sir!" Santa Claus boomed. "I just got here from the North Pole with my sleigh and reindeer." After he had distributed his presents to the good little boys and girls, he shouted, "Good-by!" explaining that he had thousands more to visit. "I'll see you next Christmas. Ready, Prancer and Dancer!"

Santa left and the children listened for the tinkle of sleighbells. Instead, the doorbell rang.

"I'm sorry," a considerably subdued Santa said, "but will you please look around? I think I've lost my car keys." —*Milwaukee Journal*

THIS IS the month when the kids get out of school and into your hair.

—*Changing Times*

THE MAN who originated the proverb that it's better to give than to receive was probably trying to extricate a Christmas present from wrapping tape. —*Sunshine Magazine*

AT A REHEARSAL for a Sunday-school Christmas tableau, the teacher carefully lined up four little "cherubs." Each carried a huge cut-out letter. As they stood side by side, the letters would spell out "Star." A slight mix-up occurred, and those present in the church auditorium nearly fell out of their pews as the four little performers took their places—in reverse.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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The Zoo Director Is a Lady

by VICTOR BOESEN

A San Diego grandmother collects rare creatures from every part of the world

ONE MIDNIGHT last January the telephone jangled in the San Diego home of Mrs. Belle J. Benchley. The president of the Zoological Society in Sydney, Australia, was on the line.

"They're on the way," he said. "Should be in your hands in a matter of hours."

Gray-haired Mrs. Benchley smiled happily.

At 2 o'clock next night, Honolulu phoned. "They went through here in good shape."

At 6 o'clock the big Pan-American plane slanted down out of the dawn. Its door opened, and four koalas, each an animated teddy bear, were delivered into the hands of Mrs. Benchley, director of the San Diego Zoo and the world's only woman director of a large zoo.

It was not remarkable that the grandmotherly lady looked pleased. These button-eyed, gray-furred little animals, who never touch water and eat only eucalyptus leaves and buds, were the first koalas to leave Australia since an embargo had been placed on them as a necessary conservation measure in 1928.

Ever since, Mrs. Benchley had been trying to get some of the animals. Through the years she kept up correspondence with Australian officials from successive Prime Ministers on down, and now they had finally agreed to let the bears out on "loan."

"They didn't say how long the loan is for," Mrs. Benchley grins, "and nobody is asking."

Though it had been a long struggle, there had never been any question in her mind of ultimate success. In preparation for the day of triumph, she had even raised eucalyptus trees on the hills and in the canyons of the Zoo grounds.

"She is like a bulldog," remarks Ken Stott, Jr., her general curator. "Once she takes hold of a problem, she never lets go."

This trait is the keystone of the qualities by which this rotund, energetic grandmother has built one of the great zoological gardens of the world with birds and animals

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found in captivity nowhere else. Also, she likes animals, and it turns out that animals like her.

The late Ngagi and Mbongo, famous gorilla giants acquired from the Martin Johnsons, used to race up and down, vying for her attention as she approached. Having got it, they brooked no momentary turning aside to their neighbors, the gibbons.

Mrs. Benchley once made this faux pas. She became aware of it as a crushing force encircled her upper right arm. It was Ngagi, who weighed 639 pounds at maturity, more than the published weight of the fabulous Gargantua, laying a tremendous protesting hand on her by reaching through the camera port of the cages.

The fingers of that hand were two and a half inches thick. He could crush her arm or lift it off without knowing he was doing so. Carefully standing her ground, she turned and softly spoke to him. He slowly released his grip and abashedly withdrew the hand back into the cage.

This mysterious dominion over the lesser creatures makes her, as Ken Stott declares admiringly, "The best animal man in the place."

Oddly enough, all this is pretty wide of the mark that Mrs. Benchley originally had in mind for herself. She was first a schoolteacher, then a housewife, which was all the career she wanted. But the marriage didn't work out, and after a divorce, she passed a civil-service examination and in 1925 was assigned as bookkeeper at the Zoo.

It was small then, the animals were mostly specimens left over from the Panama-California Exposition of 1916, and there were things that needed doing. Little by little, bookkeeper Benchley began doing them. After two years she was named director, or "executive secretary," as it is called at San Diego.

"I didn't know a thing about the work," she declares. She learned by observing, reading and corresponding with people who did know.

As she fitted herself to the job, she picked future helpers from among youngsters who betrayed unusual interest in the animals, and molded their development to her requirements. Typical of these is Stott, who at 32 has been with her 22 years.

As a child, Stott unknowingly caught her eye by showing up almost daily. When he was ten, she gave him a job at the peanut stand, sacking peanuts, and when in time he entered college, she counseled him to major in zoology and minor in botany.

Other assistants brought up to the job from boyhood are Kenton Lint, curator of birds, who prepared by majoring in poultry at Oklahoma A. & M.; Charles Shaw, assistant curator of reptiles; and Howard Lee, head keeper.

With the help of this hand-tailored team, Mrs. Benchley has expanded the small menagerie into a collection of 3,000-odd mammals, birds and reptiles, comprising nearly 800 separate species. Among them are creatures which traditionally have failed to survive or breed in captivity.

The three delicate, long-haired Saki monkeys of the Amazon, which no one else has been able to keep alive, at San Diego are conspicuous

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in the finest collection of monkeys and apes in the U. S. The first Molucca cockatoo ever hatched in captivity was produced by birdman Lint after 15 years of experimentation. This white, salmon-crested character, who plays back your whistling like a recording machine, is easily cock of the largest parrot assemblage in the country.

Many species seldom or never found in other zoos are present at San Diego, through the help of distant strangers to whom Mrs. Benchley's reputation has reached.

Two such men walked into her office one day. "We're from Cordova, Alaska," they explained. "We're trappers. We think we can get you a couple of giant grizzlies if you're interested."

"I certainly am," Mrs. Benchley responded quickly.

A deal was made, and the San Diego Zoo became owners of one of the few pairs of these animals in the U. S. They hail from Montague Island in Prince William Sound.

One reason that wild creatures do well at Mrs. Benchley's is that it undoubtedly is the sort of place they themselves would select if they could choose. There is a minimum of bars to affront and frustrate them, San Diego being the first American zoo to supplant bars with moats as enclosures for lions and tigers.

With the grounds spread over 200 acres, the tenants are given liberal room. The zebras have five acres to roam in. One of the bird cages is large enough to accommodate trees 100 feet high. With other dimensions to scale, the birds are able to get in fairly good flying time.

Animals, no less than people, can't live by bread alone, Mrs. Benchley is convinced. For many of them at San Diego, the big lift of the day is when their mistress comes to see them.

The seals, if they happen to be on the far side of their little lake, made by damming a canyon, dive into the water and with a great to-do and barking, streak over to the fence to greet her. The parrot family sets up a fearful clamor of talking and whistling.

OFTEN THERE are emergencies which only she is able to handle. Strolling near the monkey yard one evening, she heard the voices of men and animals rising in loud confusion. Hurrying over, she found the baboon couple out of their cage and the men, armed with brooms, trying to herd them home.

She stepped inside the yard and gently called to the animals. They came to her, one on either side, and without further ado shambled peacefully with her to their cage.

When Mbongo had a toothache, he refused to open his mouth for the dentist or for anyone else. The call went out for Mrs. Benchley, and as she appeared outside his cage the gorilla laid his aching jaw against his huge hand and shuffled woefully over to her. She placed the finger tips of her right hand against his mouth. Gradually he opened up, and she slipped her fingers inside, crooking them down along his front lowers. Then his mouth closed.

The popular reaction in these unlikely circumstances would be panic and a frenzied attempt to withdraw the hand, loss of the fingers guaranteed. Instead, Mrs. Benchley pushed farther. Presently the animal's jaws fell apart, and as he held the posi-

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tion, she calmly called out a description of what she saw in his mouth to the dentist standing prudently in the background.

Gorillas are Mrs. Benchley's favorites. The present gorillas, succeeding Ngagi and Mbongo who died in the early 1940s, may make history. Acquired on the first permit issued by the French Government after World War II to take gorillas out of the Cameroons, they are two females and a male. No one has ever been able to keep an adult pair, so that there has never been a gorilla born in captivity. Mrs. Benchley's pair, while still young, are well settled and doing fine. So she is hopeful.

In keeping with her belief that a zoo has a duty to render service to the country as well as to provide recreation, specimens of many kinds are made available to advanced schools for observation and study to improve various domestic breeds of birds and animals. The Zoo also stresses attention to children.

"A child busy learning about animals isn't going to become a delinquent," Mrs. Benchley declares.

Mrs. Benchley responds to a steady stream of mail from all over the world. Improbable as it sounds, she also finds time for a measure of personal life. She lives with her widowed sister in a San Diego suburb, and here she plays with her baby grandchild, knits booties for the children of zoo employees, and now and then takes time off to bake cookies for them.

But it is, of course, the Zoo and its animals which remain her greatest preoccupation. No one—not even the current crop of junior assistants—has a more youthful or enthusiastic approach to each coming day, or is more ingenious in finding new ways to dramatize the fascinating world of animal life.

Recently, seated with Stott in her office, she was talking about the need for a new Zoo feature. Suddenly her face lit up.

"I've got it!" she said. "An inside display of small mammals—marmosets, lemurs, loris and the like. They're awfully interesting little animals and most people never get to see them."

Suiting the action to the word, she phoned head keeper Lee and a new project was put on the planning board. Which helps explain something of the popularity of the San Diego Zoo—and of Belle Benchley, its director extraordinary.

Strictly Poison

A HEALTH LECTURER was enlarging on the dangers of certain foods. Pointing at a rather harassed-looking listener, he demanded: "What is it? We all eat it at some time or another, yet it's the worst thing in the world for us. Do you know?"

It appeared that the little man did know, for he replied in a husky whisper: "Wedding cake!" —*Montreal Star*

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First-Aid Rules for MENTAL TROUBLES

by FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

Your life will be happier when you learn how to control your emotions

THE OTHER DAY, en route to my office, I was stopped at an accident scene by a policeman who had noticed the medical insignia on my car and asked if I would render first aid to an old woman who had been struck by a cab.

As I approached the victim, I noted the care she was receiving from several pedestrians. Someone had apparently offered a clean handkerchief which was wound around the bleeding limb as a tourniquet. Another had loosened the woman's tight clothing, while still another insisted that she be left lying in the street until an ambulance had arrived, claiming that an attempt to move her if she had a fractured leg might cause her serious injury.

The common first-aid knowledge which these people demonstrated actually helped to save this woman's life. After offering assistance, I began to think of many of my patients who had suffered mental injuries, but no one had come to their rescue.

What is a mental injury, and what common first-aid rules can one apply at the time of experiencing an actual mental frustration?

There are all kinds of mental wounds. A very common one is grief, and yet people react differently. Some become hysterical; others take on a philosophical attitude, while many become depressed, even mentally ill.

A woman of 23 came to my office at the insistence of her sister. "I have no appetite" she said, "and I am rapidly losing weight. I don't sleep and my friends tell me I am wasting away. Nothing interests me any more.

"You see, Doctor, I was engaged to a boy several years ago, but Bill lost his life in a plane crash. So my dreams never materialized. Why did this have to happen to me? I've lost faith in everything, including my religion and God Himself.

"My sister seems to think I need your help. But what can you do to bring Bill back? How can I ever be happy again when I know deep in my heart that I will never love anyone else as I loved Bill?"

Only after many visits was she convinced that grief, like a physical

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wound, will heal. I pointed out to her that the overwhelming sorrow of a widow, especially if she has been married for many years, is more justified than that of the promised bride.

Over a span of years she has been protected and guided and cared for in ill health. She has been made to feel a dependency and a certain security. Suddenly she is launched into a competitive world to fend for herself.

Some widows are able to make an adjustment, especially if they are left with loving children or with ample financial standing, or both. Many are able to compensate for their loss by entering social work. A greater problem is the widow left without sufficient funds. Perhaps for the first time, she must earn her living and often she is (or thinks she is) quite unprepared.

A woman of this type may easily become a thorough neurotic, pitied at first for her great loss, but soon avoided because of her constant exhibition of distress. Yet most of these women, unless in poor health, can find a place for themselves in the world by doing that for which they are best fitted. This does not necessarily demand hard work, only confidence and determination.

A good cook may set up a tea-room; a good sewer may establish a shop for fine garments; she may be a superior baby sitter. Whatever way she may earn her living, time and experience should improve her abilities, economic status and emotional stability.

Here are a few rules to keep in mind regarding grief:

(1) In the event of the death of some member of your family, don't hold back your tears. A good cry is natural under such circumstances. It is better to express sorrow than to suppress it, provided you don't become hysterical and make a spectacle of yourself.

(2) There is some truth in Shakespeare's statement: "Everyone can master a grief but he that has it." The philosophical reflection that we all die, rich and poor, sinner and saint, that Fate comes as an unwelcomed messenger of death to the doorstep of thousands of other homes, although it cannot bring back our departed one, tends to make our grief more objective.

I advised a mother who lost her only son in war that her grief was an emotional injury suffered by countless other mothers, whose sons had forfeited their lives that others might live in a world free of brutality. I tried to get her to think of the death of her son as the greatest sacrifice any mother could make. Was this merely what some might call "purchased encouragement"? Definitely not. A soul-consoling attitude is a specific first-aid rule for the control of grief.

(3) Sorrow can be eased by converting the emotional energy generated by grief, which would be dangerously health-consuming, into a determination to achieve some specific goal.

A friend of mine, author of a best seller, had become morbidly despondent following the death of his sister. She had been a loyal companion to him, and had encouraged him in his writing. Their parents had died many years ago. One can easily understand his feeling of emptiness, as he described it. I suggested that he get started on another book

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and to dedicate it to the memory of his sister. He did so, and was helped immeasurably.

NOW, WHAT ABOUT life's disappointment? Just as an electrician takes precautions against live wires by wearing rubber gloves, so can you insulate your heart against being harmfully "shocked" by disappointment.

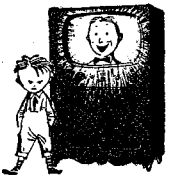
When you allow yourself to become sick over a disappointment, it is an indication of emotional immaturity usually caused by a spoiled-child complex. For instance there are "disappointed" people who insist that despite their eagerness for love and happiness, they simply never have come across the right person. Perhaps it is because they were too idealistic or they never created opportunities for themselves. I still think it is better to have loved and failed, than not to have loved at all.

For people whose lives have been loveless, I recommend that they find substitute pleasures in their work, in a hobby, or a civic project. The joy of accomplishment often brings peace of mind. There are enough good things in this world to make life enjoyable.

There are many kinds of mental injuries besides those which I have described. You may say that it is all well and good to give advice, but it's another thing to derive any real benefit from what appears to be a brain tonic.

In answer, let me say this—that a mental or psychological injury can only be treated by psychological methods. There are no pills or injections that will cure jealousy, hatred or self-pity. Cure can come only by changing one's attitude.

Celebrity Sidelights



A NEWSPAPERMAN interviewing the buxom Dagmar asked: "How are you affected by the new TV censorship code decrying 'emphasis on anatomical detail'?"

"Honey," explained Dagmar, "I don't need any emphasis."

"DEAR BOSS: Here I am flat on my convalescence and already I am lonesome for my appendix," Sam Cowling wrote Don McNeill of the Breakfast Club, following an emergency operation he had. "It's the first time that we've ever been separated. Getting ready for the operation, however, was quite an experience. First they took away all my clothes and put just a little Texas Ranger nightie on me. It's called a Texas Ranger nightie, it seems, because it don't cover nothing south of the border."

A NEIGHBOR asked Conrad, the nine-year-old son of humorist Sam Levenson, "Do you listen to your daddy on television?"

"Listen to him on TV?" snorted Conrad. "I don't even listen to him at home!" —PAUL DENIS

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My Most Memorable Christmas

by J. EDGAR HOOVER

TO REMINISCE, especially at Christmastime, is a most enriching experience. Memories, grown old, suddenly reflood the mind: the tinkling Christmas trees, the holly, the happy voices of children, the glory of organ music.

But the true happiness of Christmas must be found in a quest for the happiness of others.

I remember most vividly an incident of many years ago. Spee Dee, our Airedale, had died. Spee Dee was deeply loved by my mother and me. His loss left a deep wound in her heart—a wound, she said, that no other dog could ever heal.

Then an old family friend had an idea. Selecting a Scottish terrier, a little black puppy, he delivered him to my home and told my mother that he only wanted to leave the dog for a few hours. Would she care for him while he was away? Yes, most certainly.

Hours lengthened into days, days into weeks, weeks into months. The dog stayed, my mother became deeply attached to him, the old wound in her heart began to heal. But always she was concerned about Scottie—because Scottie belonged to somebody else!

Christmas came, and we gathered around the tree. Then suddenly Scottie ran in. I picked him up in one arm and, reaching under the tree with the other, handed mother an envelope. She opened it—and there on a card she found the magic words:

"Scottie—he is yours to keep."

I can still see my mother: tears welled into her eyes, her surprise was matched only by her joy.

The sentiments of love, devotion and fellowship, symbolized by the birth of Christ, make our most memorable Christmases. It is only then that our joys become the world's joys; the world's joys become our joys.

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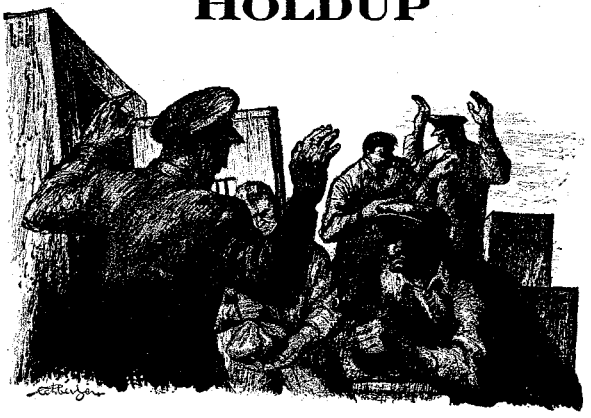
THE HALF-A-MILLION HOLDUP



by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

THE SUMMER SUN BURNED in a cloudless sky. Outside the Rubel Ice Company, a squat plant on Bay 19th Street in Coney Island, a dozen ice peddlers with their carts waited their turn at the loading platform. Two of them, wearing three-day beards and dirty aprons, sat idly on the steps.

Across the street, two men lolled on the grass next to a tennis court and watched some girls playing singles. It was just past noon of August 21, 1934.

At that moment, a green armored truck, making a routine pickup, rolled to a halt at the Rubel loading platform. With a practiced look outside his locked window, guard William Lilienthal, hand on his gun, slid to the ground and started up the steps. One of the men at the tennis court rose quickly, crossed the street, caught up with Lilienthal on the platform and silently shoved a pistol into his back. A moment later, the second guard, John Wilson, unhooked the automatic catch on his door and dropped to the ground.

In that single instant during which the armored car was vulnerable, one of the bearded peddlers leaped to his feet, threw aside the burlap sacks in his cart and stuck a submachine gun in Wilson's face. Half-a-million dollars in unlisted ones, fives, tens and twenties was suddenly at stake.

Still holding the door open, Wilson watched helplessly as the gunman on the platform disarmed his partner, Lilienthal. The driver, John Allen, was ordered out of the truck. Now three other men were galvanized into precise action:

One raced into the company's office, ripped the telephone connec-

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tions and came out to cover Lilienthal. A second, brandishing a machine gun, took a post at the rear of the armored truck. The third stood guard in the street.

Now two of the bandits jumped into the cab, crawled through to the rear and began tossing out bulging money bags.

At that second, two sedans, a Lincoln and a Nash, wheeled up beside the truck. Both drivers leaped out and started piling the bags into the back of the Lincoln.

Meanwhile, under the menacing guns of the robbers, the thunderstruck icemen and guards were herded under the platform. Some children who had run down the street to see the excitement were forced to the top of the platform.

"Just be quiet for a minute or two, kids," said the man with the machine gun. "You'll be okay."

Two and a half minutes from the time the truck had rolled up, it was thoroughly rifled. Not a shot had been fired. Now four of the gang got into the Lincoln and roared off. The other three, still covering the men under the platform, backed into the Nash.

"Get going!" shouted one, and the Nash careened around the corner of Cropsey Avenue.

At that, Lilienthal scrambled up, seized a forgotten machine gun and jumped into the cab of the armored truck just as driver Allen got it started. He even managed a short burst at the bandits' car, but when the truck turned the corner, the Nash had vanished.

Within 13 minutes, the Borough of Brooklyn was secured by a dragnet that counted 420 police cars stopping every suspicious vehicle. Special guards were posted at every bridge, tunnel entrance and ferry slip in New York.

It seemed inconceivable that the bandits could slip through the dragnet, and as the minutes ticked off, police became convinced that they must be holed up somewhere in Coney Island. But as far as tangible evidence was concerned, the thieves might just as well have been swallowed by the sea, only blocks away.

ACTUALLY, INVESTIGATORS were misled from the start by conflicting statements and erroneous reports. Only one truth emerged unquestioned. In anger and chagrin, it was voiced by a top police official: "These weren't just coke-crazy kids with tommy guns. These men worked together like a symphony orchestra."

Then, just before 2 P.M., police uncovered their first legitimate clue —an abandoned Lincoln was found at the foot of Bay 35th Street and Gravesend Bay. A coal company employee told of seeing a group of men carrying canvas bags to a mahogany speedboat. Some more men had boarded a lobster dory nearby, he said, and both boats had headed out into the bay within a few minutes of 12:45.

Face to face with the obvious at last, police planes scouted the bays and inlets around Coney Island. They were too late, for by this time, the Rubel bandits were resting on a Jamaica Bay dock, preparing for the last lap of their flight. But now they had a pressing and unforeseen problem: one of their number was bleeding to death.

Who were these men who had pulled off what one newspaper

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called "the most sensational robbery in history"? No evil geniuses with mystical powers, they were a heterogeneous band of thugs from Manhattan who, for this one job, rose to heights of criminal artistry rarely attained.

They ranged in age from John "Fats" Manning, the 27-year-old with a perpetually startled expression who conceived and led the raid, to 54-year-old "One-Arm" Wallace; in criminal experience from Francis Oley, who had never been arrested, to Bernard "Bennie the Bum" McMahon, once an intimate of gangster Legs Diamond.

From time to time over a period of five weeks before the stick-up, Manning, wearing an ice peddler's apron, had pushed a cart to the Rubel platform. Falling in with the other peddlers, he would load up with ice and, eyes scanning every individual and inch of terrain, patiently push his load to Gravesend Bay where he dumped the ice and hid the cart.

Several of the band followed the armored truck for hours on end. They noted its stops and the habits of its guards. Each of the seven men who were to participate in the actual holdup, in one way or another, made himself familiar with the neighborhood.

Nearly every day for ten weeks, the group met to discuss plans. McMahon got the machine guns. Another man stole the Lincoln and Nash. An itinerant fisherman, John Hughes, would furnish getaway boats. Rehearsals were held with every act timed to the split second.

And on August 21, the robbery went off without a hitch. The escape proceeded meticulously. With the same audacity that characterized the holdup, the men in the two cars had doubled back on the block just behind the Rubel plant. Down the peaceful Coney Island streets they raced, once, only a short block from the Bath Beach police station, until they reached Gravesend Bay. There, without lost motion, the money was transferred to the speedboat and, in moments, the men were far offshore.

ONCE IN THE BOAT, McMahon began shifting the canvas money bags into large burlap sacks. John Oley, Francis' brother, and Archie Stewart, looking for all the world like two fishermen, busied themselves with lines and nets. John Hughes was at the tiller.

The boats were about to round the bend to Coney Island on the way to their destination, when, with one staggering blow, fate shattered their carefully laid flight plans.

Having transferred the money into the burlap sacks, Manning and McMahon were busy jettisoning all weapons. The drawstrings on one of the money bags caught in the trigger of a sawed-off shotgun. McMahon bent to untangle it just as the boat rocked. Somehow, he pulled the trigger and the charge of shot all but tore his leg off.

By the time the speedboat landed on the Rockaways, he was delirious. It was clear that the original plan—to scuttle the boats and separate—would have to be modified. John Hughes telephoned to New York for a car; McMahon was in desperate need of help. In a truck which they had parked there earlier, Manning and John Oley took the money to a house in Queens. Stewart went

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looking for a bottle of whiskey for McMahon. The others headed for Manhattan.

Alone on the deserted bay shore, Hughes loaded McMahon into the borrowed car and headed for the Queensboro Bridge. By this time, police, aware of the water escape, were concentrating on landing points, and the car got over the bridge undetected.

But for all their risks on his behalf, the gang could not save McMahon's life. By the next morning, he had bled to death.

The following day, Manning counted out the money for the first time: $427,950. The bandits were somewhat disappointed in their haul, having felt that the armored car would be carrying at least a million dollars.

Three of the men got part shares. A full share was set aside for McMahon's family. Then each of the others stepped forward and took $48,000 from Manning. Stuffing the money in pockets, paper bags, shoe boxes, the band split up. . . .

FOR POLICE, the next few days were harrowing and futile. Then suddenly, there was another clue—the scuttled dory was found off Beach 72nd Street and traced to a boatman named Thomas Quinn. Although Quinn had fled without even packing, police knew for the first time in what directions to look.

Working persistently, they questioned witnesses, convicts, informers. In the hangouts off Times Square, they asked bartenders: "Who's flashing a big roll these days?" They picked up a word here, added it to a hunch, sifted and strained. And such is the character of the underworld that although not one of the ten bandits made a single mistake, police were soon sure of the identity of every man involved in the robbery. Now, detectives quietly sought the evidence needed to bring the case to court.

There were no fingerprints—every one of the band had worn gloves. Witnesses were hazy in their recollections; it was clear that their identifications would never stand up.

One by one, promising leads petered out. Quinn volunteered to give himself up, but he remained unshaken in his story that he had hired his boat to a "fishing party." He was released on bail, and it became increasingly clear that unless one of the mob could be made to talk, there was no case.

So matters stood four years later, in October, 1938:

McMahon had died the day after the robbery.

On a summer night two years later, Manning had been shot five times as he walked down East 108th Street in Manhattan. Police still list his murder as an open case.

Francis Oley, charged with kidnaping, had torn his bedsheets in strips one night and hanged himself in his prison cell.

John Hughes, listed as missing, was believed by some to be dead.

The others, all serving prison terms on one charge or another, gave the same answer to repeated queries about the Rubel case: "Speak no English."

Although none of the money had been recovered, justice, it seemed, had been done. But the authorities knew this wasn't so. Until the case had been brought to court and the bandits convicted, it would stand

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as a galling defeat for New York's police force.

It was at this point that the law discovered that Archie Stewart had a younger brother in the New York Police Department. He was promptly called in and told the story of the "solved" case that could not be closed.

"I'll do anything I can," Robert Stewart said simply, and was given the strangest—and toughest—assignment of his career: "Get your brother to confess!"

Rookie patrolman Stewart boarded a train for Dannemora Prison and was soon face to face with Archie. Nearby, guards could hear the drone of voices, sometimes loud and shrill, sometimes inaudible. At last the young cop called for a guard. "Archie's ready to talk now," he said quietly.

What passed between the two brothers will never be known. Afterward, the only thing Robert would say was: "I told him he owed it to the family."

In the trial that followed, Archie took the stand and, under the hate-filled glares of his fellow conspirators, confirmed the State's case and offered corroborative detail every step of the way.

The verdict was guilty. At last the books were closed on one of the most fabulous holdups in the annals of American crime.

Card Sense

THE FOUR OLD CRONIES froze like bird dogs pointing quail when the sheriff burst into the back room of the little crossroads store where they were seated around a table, apparently in the midst of an absorbing poker game.

"Playing cards again, eh?" the lawman cried.

"Not me, sheriff," one spoke up quickly. "I'm a law-abidin' man. I just dropped in for some talk."

"You're playing," the sheriff accused the second.

"No sir," was the reply. "I'm just here warmin' at the stove."

"What about you?" the third was asked.

"No playin'," the old fellow said, "just visitin'."

The man of the law turned upon the fourth and a triumphant smile broke across his face. This one was plainly holding cards in his hand.

"Well, here's one who can't deny he's playing," the sheriff said.

"Me, sheriff?" the old gent questioned with a hurt look. "Who'd I be playin' with?"

THE TEACHER was launching her young class on the mysteries of multiplication.

"Now, George," she said, "what is seven times five?"

George hung his head and said nothing. She tried again.

"Now, George, suppose I have five fives and you have two fives and we put them together, what do we have?"

He brightened up. "A Canasta."

—*Wall Street Journal*

I TRUST everybody, but I always cut the cards. —F. P. DUNNE

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Lost World of the Smokies

by H. B. TEETER

A strange atmosphere seems to hang over one of America's great beauty spots

WHEN THE PIONEER AMERICAN pushed west, he skirted a vast, mile-high range of mountains known to the Indian as the *Unakas*. He had been warned that these mountains were unexplored, dangerous and probably impenetrable.

As a result, this lost world of cloud-shrouded peaks, misty forests and wildly growing vegetation remained virtually unknown, long after paved roads reached into every corner of the land.

This year, more than 2,000,000 tourists will visit the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, wildest, roughest and most spectacular region in Eastern America. The New Yorker, fresh from his office atop the Empire State, will gaze into profounder gulfs. The Georgian will climb from sweltering city to chilly mountain top. The Canadian will find himself at home in the green gloom of a balsam forest.

Running parallel with the Blue Ridge Mountains, some 50 miles to the east, the Smokies are a part of the northwestern escarpment of the Appalachians. Sixteen peaks tower 6,000 feet or better in the half-million acres of the park. These peaks soar in steep wooded slopes from valleys so deep and narrow that in some places the sun is seen only at noon.

"The Smokies are so high that they lean over at night to keep from bumping the stars," says Wiley Oakley, 70, Gatlinburg guide who loves to spin a tall yarn. Oakley knows a mile-high place east of Laurel Top where a man can straddle a state line, as though in a saddle, with one leg in North Carolina and the other dangling in Tennessee.

A similar experience was related by the late Horace Kephart, "Apostle of the Smokies," who spent most of 20 years roaming alone in the wilderness fastness.

"I looked straight down at the top of a dense white cloud, far be-

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low. I could have stretched out my hand and dropped a pebble hundreds of feet into that cloud . . . and there is no telling how much deeper it might have fallen."

Earliest settlers of the Smokies were the Scotch-Irish, the Southern highlander who sealed himself away from the world, and retained the customs and speech of old England. His children, with inbred fitness to endure severe cold, trudged barefooted through the snow without discomfort. The cabin door stood open in near-zero weather.

The old highlander, however, maintained a healthy respect for the higher ridges of the Smokies. He seldom settled above the 3,500-foot level. Above that he ventured on bear hunts or to tend his cattle.

"I've seen the wind blow on top of Smoky till a hoss couldn't stand agin' it," says an old mountain man who has now moved into the "flatlands" near Bryson City.

The highlander feared, as the winter hiker must fear today, the "petticoat" fogs of freezing vapor which sweep the high ridges. His cattle froze to death in huddled misery when the temperature dropped suddenly from 30 above to below zero. A misstep in the wrong direction meant death.

When spring comes to the Smokies, green vegetation and multicolored flowers begin their slow climb from the Southern valleys, arriving at the 6,000-foot level by mid-summer. Rainfall is always plentiful, even though a major part of the nation may be suffering from drought.

Here the botanist finds the most abundant and varied vegetation of any comparable area of North America. Much of the forest is truly primeval, ranging from Southern types to dense growths of red spruce and feathery sprayed balsams sometimes found in the sub-Arctic. In many areas of the Smokies, it is actually possible for a man to walk atop the dense laurel thickets.

By a strange agreement with nature, the Smokies have reserved certain mysterious regions of the higher peaks for grasses alone. These are great meadowlands in the sky, the silent "balds" no one has been able to explain.

This writer, ascending to a bald one summer day, felt for no logical reason that he had entered a forbidden temple where he should speak only in a whisper. Three separate thunderstorms echoed through distant valleys that afternoon, but this great meadow in the sky was silent and brooding.

Why do they exist, these lofty, treeless areas above the clouds, but below tree level? Some say the balds were the camping grounds of ancient Cherokee. In fact, Cherokee legends speak of a race of white pygmies, inhabitants of the balds; and of giant birds nesting there. Today, Arthur Stupka, park naturalist, frowns on such fantastic tales, although admitting he knows no logical explanation.

"However, we do know that forests are slowly invading the balds," he says. "The invasion is slow. It may be complete in the next two or three thousand years."

Meanwhile, the American people can look forward to visiting a natural museum, unlike any on earth —an area so isolated and rugged that no one saw it in its entirety until 1925, when an aviator photo-

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graphed the region. He reported that during the many weeks he flew over the mountains, "I didn't see a house or a human being, except where lumbermen were at work."

Today, the Scotch-Irish which the aviator couldn't see have been moved from the park. Four hundred fifty miles of trails stretch out like tiny feelers into the vastness.

Few know the Smokies better than Dr. Kelly Bennett of Bryson City. "If anyone tells you there is no unexplored land up there, he doesn't know what he is talking about. No man ever lived who has been all over the Smokies on foot."

Kephart, "Apostle of the Smokies," died in an automobile accident near Bryson City in 1931. The CCC took a ten-ton boulder from Mt. Kephart, moved it to Bryson City and marked the grave.

At about the same time, long before President Roosevelt dedicated the park, Dr. Bennett led a small group of mountaineers to the summit of Kephart. It was a fine April afternoon for a memorial service, warm and clear. The sun sprayed gold across both Tennessee and North Carolina.

Then, when the brief service was over, a strange thing happened. Clouds closed in and a veil of wavering mist whipped across Mt. Kephart, blotting out the sun.

Quite suddenly, it began to snow.

Royal Repartee

ON THE DAY Gustav VI was enthroned King of Sweden, cheering multitudes gathered outside the palace. About to walk out onto the balcony to acknowledge the greetings of his subjects, His Majesty called to his grandson, the young Crown Prince Carl, and said: "Come out on the balcony with me, because some day you'll be King."

The boy frowned, and evidently recalling the formal occasions when he'd seen his great-grandfather, asked in tones of anxiety: "Grandpa, do I have to be King—and sit in an armchair and cough?"

WHEN QUEEN ELIZABETH was a little girl, she and her grandmother, Queen Mary, went riding. The car stopped for a red light and a flower vendor tossed a corsage to Elizabeth with a smiling: "Flowers for the little lady."

Elizabeth said: "But I am a Princess."

Queen Mary told her: "Everybody knows that, but we're trying to bring you up to be a little lady."

—LEONARD LYONS

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR always was a man who could pay a pretty compliment. In the days when he was the Prince of Wales, a charming peeress, expressing her distaste for the life of elegant ease she lived, remarked to him: "I wish I could go into business. I should like to decorate houses."

The Prince smiled and replied, "By living in them, Countess?"

—ANDREW MEREDITH

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Special Christmas Feature

THE LITTLEST STORK

by CHARLES TAZEWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY NETTIE WEBER

ONCE, on a Day-After-Christmas, there appeared in Paradise a small, awkward, knobby specimen of birdlife who was to become known throughout the Celestial City and its surrounding boroughs as the Littlest Stork.

The only possible explanation for the Littlest Stork's odd shape was that he was cradled in a square egg. The only probable reason for his small size was that the egg had been enclosed in a Christmas package for Heaven and had been hopelessly squashed in transit. His bill was nothing more nor less than a red darning-needle. His legs were merely two black toothpicks, thrust carelessly into his middle as though he were a new sort of hors d'oeuvre.

Still, the Littlest Stork wasn't at all self-conscious over his un-stork-like appearance. In fact, he was supremely happy on this heavenly Day-After-Christmas as he hip-hopped down the golden avenue of Miracles toward the tremendous, jewel-towered building that dominated the great Plaza of Eternity. He was on his way to apply for work in the Department of Recording Angels, Bureau of Heavenly Export, Division of Celestial Transportation, Section of Offspring for Earth, Office of Feathered Employees!

Knowing very well that all minor workers must always use the rear entrance, the Littlest Stork turned and trotted down Pinfeather Lane, until he came to a large door with a sign on it.

Being shortsighted, he had to lift himself to the tips of his thin, little black toes to read the words. They said: "Storks Only—This Means YOU!"

"Why, they're expecting me," he thought to himself. "I must hurry." And with that, he turned the

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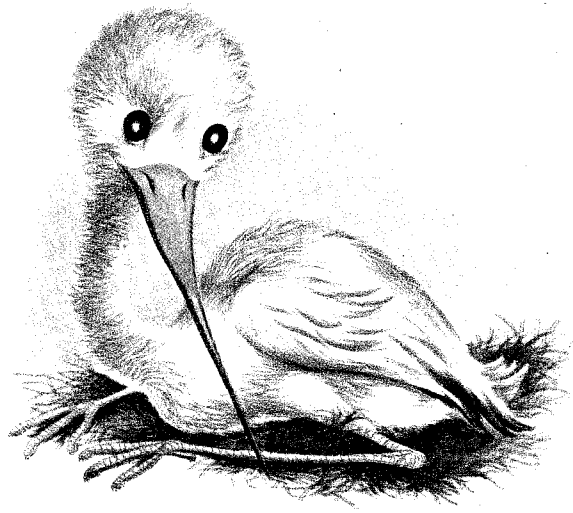

speckled, egg-shaped knob, opened the door and hopped in.

The room was a stork's nest of activity. Thousands on thousands of babies of every kind, color, size, shape and sex were lying in cribs, boxes, tanks and nests. Filing cabinets, filled with millions on billions of cards, lined every wall. On each card was written a full description of some person, animal, bird, fish or insect that had been born and had tenanted God's earth in the past centuries. This information enabled the shipping storks to send off the correct offspring, so that each generation of every species would follow the Master Plan of the Day of Creation.

And, by examining these cards, almost any request that human mothers sent upward, either by swift-winging prayer or by the midnight post of dreams, could be granted. Requests for a baby with its grandmother's curly hair . . . or its father's blue eyes . . . or even its aunt's dimpled knees. Close by the door was a great golden chest, spotless and shining. This was filled every morning by the Lord Himself. It held the new, immaculate souls that were slipped into each human baby as it was carried away by a messenger to be taken down to earth.

The Littlest Stork was so fascinated by all these tiny creatures that he went running about and peering down at them with his nearsighted eyes. He was stretching his neck to tickle a baby under its chin when his bill was slapped down with a gruff, "Stop that!"

The voice belonged to a very old stork, with legs like a gnarled Christmas tree, who was the Chief-Infant-Dispatcher. "Are you trying to punch holes in all the merchandise with that darning-needle nose? Who

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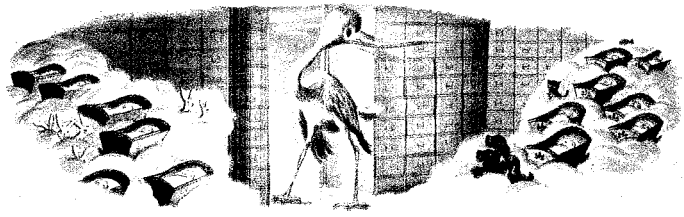


are you and what is your business?"

"My name," piped the Littlest Stork, "is O. O. Longbeaker! I'm here about a position!"

"You're crazy in the craw!" snapped the old stork. "We only hire storks!"

"Oh, but I *am* one!" chirped the Littlest Stork, and he proudly displayed his birth certificate, his Heavenly Security Card, and a stamp on his right drumstick that proved he was bonded for stork-work by the impregnable Guardian and Trustful Angels.

"Hmmmm!" muttered the Chief Dispatcher. "You said the name is 'Longbeaker'? I'll have to look it up in my records."

He reached for his well-clawed copy of *Notable Nestings* and turned to the letter *L*. Reading the feather-fine print, he learned that the name of Longbeaker went back to the early, turbulent times recorded in the Old Testament. In the long list of infants, delivered by the Littlest Stork's ancestors, were the names of those who had become martyrs, saints and samaritans, and who were much beloved by God.

The Chief Dispatcher shook his gray top-knot and sighed. "All right," he said sadly, "I guess I have to hire you."

"Oh, *thank* you, sir!" chattered the Littlest Stork.

"But first," went on the old stork, "you have to take the oath. Raise your right wing and solemnly swear—"

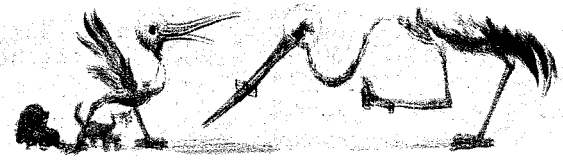
"Yes, sir!" squeaked the Littlest Stork. "Fribble my feathers!"

"NO!" shouted the Chief Dispatcher in horror. "I don't mean that kind of swearing! And don't ever say that around here! *Don't ever, ever say it!*"

The old stork had cause to be horrified by the Littlest Stork's words. Fribbling was the most deadly sin of storkdom. It occurred when a carrier-stork tied his sheet with an improper knot—allowing the sheet to fall open and let his baby fribble out!

"Now," panted the Chief Dispatcher, fanning himself with his wing, "after me, repeat: 'Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor comet, nor meteor, nor gloom of space can stay this stork from the swift completion of his appointed delivery!' "

"Neither snain, nor rown, nor keet—" began the Littlest Stork. "Oh, dear, that's not right, is it?



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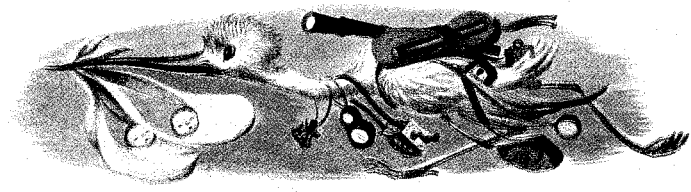


Neither skeet, nor snone, nor kane, nor—"

"Never mind, never mind," sighed the old stork, holding his head. "But do you promise to do something like I said?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" the Littlest Stork chirped. "Cross my craw I do—and hope to fly upside down!"

"You probably do that anyway," groaned his employer, "but come back tomorrow morning, ready to begin work."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the Littlest Stork as he hopped happily toward the door. "Yes, *sir*—I'll be right first-egg-out-of-the-nest!"

And he was, too. The Chief Dispatcher had scarcely opened his eyes when the Littlest Stork reported for work with all his personal flying equipment. On his back were strapped his map case and star chart. Under his left wing hung his compass, air-speed calculator and barometer. Beneath his right wing rested his foghorn, distress rocket and flight-sickness pills.

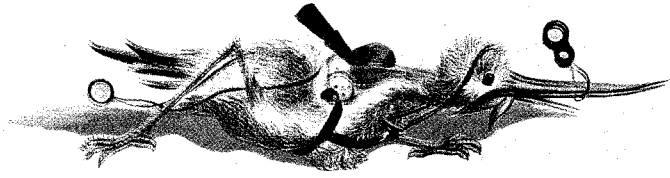
Stowed in his tail feathers were his emergency parachute, collapsible sleeping-nest and toilet kit, containing dusting powder, bill-strop and lotion for comet-burn. Around his neck hung his sextant, his clock showing both earth and Paradise time, and a music box that played Brahms' *Lullaby* to amuse his tiny passengers.

The Littlest Stork's first assignment was a set of twins to Intervale, New Jersey, United States of America. He gift-wrapped them in his sheet, tied the proper knot and selected the longest flyway for his take-off. At the farthest end he flexed his pipestem legs, switched his rear to try out his rudder, and then, with a loud warning cry to clear the flyway, off he raced at full tilt!

But he never rose even half-an-inch toward the golden dome of Heaven!

With the weight of all his flying equipment, plus that of his passenger, the Littlest Stork had no more buoyancy than a brass weather-cock! "Just practicing!" he called to the Chief Dispatcher as he trotted back up the flyway, ready to try it again.

"Please, Saint Francis," he prayed to himself, "do *help me!*" The good Saint must have been listening, because this time, just as the Littlest Stork reached the very end of the flyway, an invisible hand seemed to



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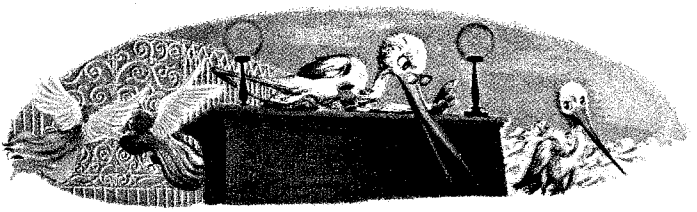

reach down, scoop him up and toss him as easily as a ball of feathers toward the space out yonder!

The Chief Dispatcher gave a deep sigh of relief and closed his beak. A moment later, however, it dropped wide open again at the sound of a fearsome crash. The Littlest Stork had forgotten to retract his legs as he sailed upward from the stork-port—and they had severed the cables of Divine Power controlling the Golden Gates. These had slammed shut; and, at the end of the two eternal hours that were required for repairs, forty thousand storks, with their future citizens of earth, were jammed wing-to-wing inside the Golden Portals, waiting to get out!

The Chief Dispatcher, of course, was called onto the fine, Dutch-moss carpet of his superior, the Bureau Superintendent, to explain this calamity.

"Well, the obvious thing to do," said the Superintendent, smoothing his well-fitted feathers, "is to give this Littlest Stork a lighter load. From now on, give him only the smallest babies we have—and remember—never twins, triplets or quadruplets, nothing but *singles!*"

Under this new arrangement, the Littlest Stork rose from the flyway with no trouble at all—and all Heaven breathed a sigh of relief. Then a new difficulty hatched itself. It was learned that he was so nearsighted he was apt to come down almost anywhere!

He hunted all over Melbourne for an address in Minneapolis; thinking he was in Africa, he scoured Arizona seeking a grass hut; it was three days before he discovered he was in Albania instead of Alabama.

Such wandering, of course, made the Littlest Stork's deliveries so far, far behind schedule that most expectant mothers, who had waited and waited and waited, just gave him up for good—and off they went about their social affairs and other business.

The Chief Dispatcher and the Superintendent, as might be guessed, were called onto the rich, Egyptian-reed carpet of their superior, the Head Inspector, to see what could be done about the problem of the Littlest Stork.

"Do I have to do all the thinking around here?" croaked the Head Inspector irritably. "Are you storks or just loons? What do you do for

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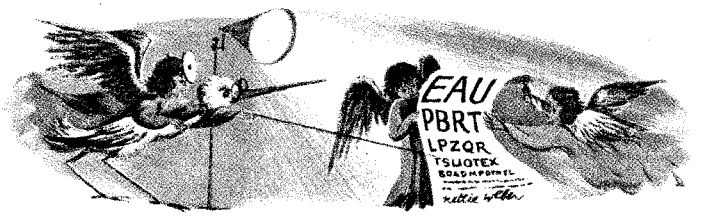

anyone who can't *see?*"

"Get him spectacles?" chattered the Chief Dispatcher.

"Right!" snapped the Head Inspector. "Fit him out immediately!"

Wearing his new spectacles, the Littlest Stork carried out his many missions without error or delay. One Saint's Day followed the next until, once again, the year was One-Month-Before-Christmas. It was then that he was awarded his first Gold Feather of Merit—a very proud moment for the Littlest Stork. He arched his neck like a swan's and spread his stumpy tail like a peacock's.

Then, the very next morning, as though to punish him for his foolish pride, blustering winter storms came howling out of their hiding place in the endless glacial caverns of space. On every mission, the Littlest Stork wallowed, rolled and almost capsized—and went plummeting down to earth as congealed as a partridge in a freezer! His spectacles, whenever he made a landing with a baby, were so steamed up or sleeted over that he was as blind as any bat. Time and time again, he was forced to feel his way along the streets by tapping his bill ahead of him on the sidewalk!

This state of confusion lasted several weeks—and then the Dispatcher, the Superintendent and the Inspector were called upon the luxurious bamboo-shoot carpet of the Chairman of the Board.

"There's a great lack of stork-sense among you beak-passers of the lower echelon!" snapped the Chairman. "Take this Littlest Stork's spectacles and fit them with wipers! Then he'll be able to see as good as anyone!"

So the order was carried out; and, equipped with spectacle-wipers, operated by a cord attached to his right leg, the Littlest Stork was as efficient as any courier in the service. All Heaven thought he was well on his way toward earning the highest award of all, which was always bestowed by God Himself—a miniature replica of The Shining Star of Bethlehem.

But, hidden from everyone in Celestial City, the Littlest Stork had a grievous fault. Underneath his small wishbone was a heart so tender, so generous and so full of love for everything in Heaven and everything on earth that it needed only to be touched by someone's

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grief—or pain—to make it explode and destroy him.

On a Week-Before-Christmas evening, the Littlest Stork came down on a chimney-top to rest before setting off on the long flight back to Paradise. The lighted windows of the houses below him were full of wreathes and garlands of holly—and somewhere, beyond the curtain of softly falling snow, children's voices were singing a carol.

Then, coming up the chimney, the Littlest Stork heard the words of two people. "Please, please, darling, don't cry about it," the man's voice said. "Even if we have never had the baby we prayed for—well, there's still you and I, and that's what really counts, isn't it?"

"But you *love* babies!" sobbed the woman pitifully.

The Littlest Stork spiraled down to the ground and peered in the window. The man and the woman were holding each other very closely, and he could see that they were very nice, friendly, deserving people.

"Now, why *shouldn't* they have a baby?" the Littlest Stork asked himself. "I think that I'll just give them one so they'll be happy and merry at Christmas!"

Next morning, the Littlest Stork stood in line with the other couriers, his sheet ready and knotted to receive a baby. But as soon as the Chief Dispatcher had slipped an infant into its folds, the Littlest Stork lifted his right leg and, with a horrifying cry of pain, went hopping off toward the rear of the shipping room.

"Oh!" he yelled. "Oh, me, oh my! I've got a cramp in my leg!" Then, as he vanished around a corner, the Littlest Stork scooped up a *second* baby from its crib and tucked it away inside his sheet.

"Oh—oh, dear! That was certainly painful!" he said as he limped back to the Dispatcher.

"Do you want to take the day off?" asked the old stork.

"Oh, no, indeed! I'm perfectly all right now!" the Littlest Stork assured him. Then he hopped to the great chest, guarded by God's Highest Angel. The Angel, with careful hands, slipped a new soul into the Littlest Stork's sheet.

"I need two souls," quavered the Littlest Stork.

"That's impossible!" the Angel replied sternly. "It was ruled that you can carry only one baby."

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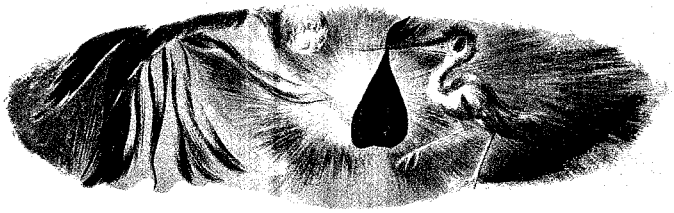


"Oh, this *is* just one!" piped the Littlest Stork in reply. "But it's Siamese twins!"

"Oh?" said the Angel. "Well, in that case—" and he slipped a second soul into the Littlest Stork's sheet. "Good flight, to you, storkling—and blessed landing!"

The Littlest Stork had to jettison all his precious flying equipment in order to rise from the flyway with his double cargo. He nearly beat his small wings to tattered quills as he fought his way across miles of wintry space. And he wept in despair when he lost his way and believed he was going to be late for Christmas.

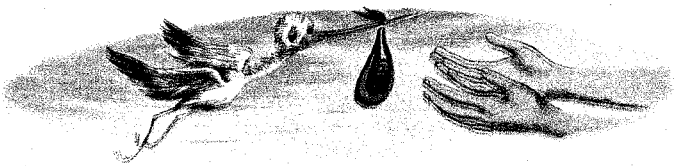
But all that was forgotten on that bright, glad Christmas morning when he presented his extra baby to the man and the woman. As they held their child, there was love and adoration on their faces but no wonder or amazement. Why should there be? Isn't Christmas the one day in the whole long year that anyone can expect a miracle?

Heaven, however, soon knew about the loss of the baby. The doors of the Bureau of Heavenly Export were closed and barred. An inquiry was conducted relentlessly through the department and, at last, the identity of the thief was known without doubt. He was that small, awkward, knobby, never-do-well—the Littlest Stork!

Only the Lord Himself could pronounce sentence for such a crime—so they took the wretched Littlest Stork to the Great Temple of Eternity and stood him, trembling, before the Throne of God. His miserable, disgraced head came barely to the first rung of immortality on God's Footstool; and looking upward, all that his poor, short-sighted eyes could see was a blinding, dazzling light that was many eons and eons above him.

There was deep silence in Paradise as the Chief Dispatcher told of the Littlest Stork's first disastrous flight. All Heaven seemed to hold its breath as the Bureau Superintendent explained how the Littlest Stork had been fitted with glasses. There was not a whisper as the Chief Inspector related how those glasses had been improved with wipers for bad-weather flying.

Then the silence of Paradise was shattered into splinters of thunder by God's laughter! His Breath made millions on millions of fleecy white clouds—



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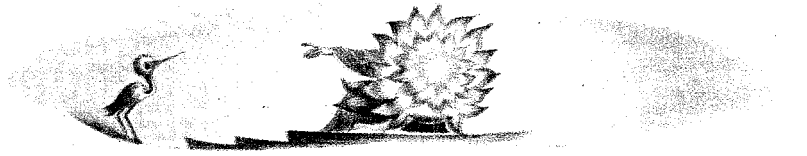

and the Blessed Warmth of His Merriment made all the people on earth come out of their houses and joyfully say to one another, "God bless us, did you ever see such a heavenly day!"

Then God's Highest Angel told of the disappearance of the baby; of how the inquiry had been conducted; of how the Littlest Stork had been found guilty and must be punished.

At this, the Anger of the Lord shook the universe! The Blackness of His Countenance covered the sun with darkness and the Coldness of His Wrath made all the people on earth run back into their houses and cry, "Oh, God, be merciful!"

The Littlest Stork, his head hidden under his wing in terror, could not see the sky as it was then rent by the swift, lightning strokes of God's Terrible Sword; nor did he ever know what God wrote there in flame for all Paradise to see!

Wouldst thou have Me punish the instrument of My will? Wouldst thou have Me turn My Might against this fledgling because it answered the prayer of two of My unhappy people with a Christmas Miracle? Behold! Thus shall it be . . . !

And what God wrote that day was carried out to the very letter! As the result, the Littlest Stork now has his own department in the great Bureau of Heavenly Export. On his missions to our earth, he never gets lost and he never is late—because the Lord gives him the whole long year to find his mothers.

Perhaps you have seen him perched motionless on top of some chimney, listening intently to voices in the room below. Then, if he nods in approval, he scratches his mark in the mortar with his bill and flies on his way.

On the 25th of December, he comes back to every one of the chimneys. Down below are people who have hoped and prayed for a baby of their own—yet have always felt, deep down in their lonely hearts, that their hoping and praying were in vain.

Suddenly they hear the soft rustle of the Littlest Stork's wings—and the click-clack of his holly-red bill as he unties the knot in his sheet. Looking down, the woman sees in her arms the most beautiful baby in all this world or Paradise.

Brought to her by the Littlest Stork. Brought very, *very* special delivery. On Christmas Day.

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The Strange Story of MAXINE ELLIOTT

by CAROL HUGHES

She had little love for the theater, but her breath-taking beauty made her a star

IT IS ONE of those queer ironies of fate that Maxine Elliott, probably the most beautiful—and successful—actress who ever stepped on a stage, loathed the theater and everything pertaining to it.

Ironically, too, though the theatrical talent of this amazing star of the early 1900s was optimistically described as "slender," she outranked Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore and Lillian Russell at the box-office, and made and kept one of the greatest personal fortunes ever accumulated in the theater.

If there was ever any passion or fire in this puritan maiden with the New England conscience, her historians failed to mention it. Outspoken, witty, coldly practical to the point of ruthlessness, unquestionably intelligent, the Elliott conquered every continent upon which she set her not-so-dainty feet, and she conquered it at top level. Once on top, she stayed there.

Her friends included only the top drawer of international society. When King Edward VIII left London to escape the furor over the Wallis Simpson affair, it was to Maxine Elliott's fabulous Villa l'Horizon on the Riviera that he retired, the greatest tribute that could be paid an average citizen, for it meant the hostess was on familiar terms with the Royal Family.

Every colorful adjective was used trying to describe the beauty of this nobly designed goddess of the footlights. Ethel Barrymore, watching her perform, raised her lorgnette

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and remarked: "She is a Venus de Milo *with arms.*" Lillian Russell said: "She is like the North Star, aloof and alone in her perfect beauty." And Whistler, the famous artist, called her "The Lady of the Midnight Eyes."

Hers was a unique beauty, set apart from all other types. She was almost an Amazon in height. Her magnificent hourglass figure was more streamlined than the usual run of her day, with long, racy-looking legs, rounded hips and high full bosom. Her rather petulant mouth was full and wide, her luminous, mysterious deep-blue eyes were direct, almost challenging. She had rich blue-black hair, which she tossed with magnificent insolence.

And yet, what her great beauty brought to her throne, her shrewd brain held at bay. As Alexander Woollcott wrote of her: "She had everything that beauty, wit, great intelligence, ambition, industry and a will of iron could contribute to the making of an actress. It was not enough. The strange incommunicable gift was not hers."

Everyone discussed her, hundreds tried to analyze her, thousands worshiped her; and through all this "tiresome ding-dong," Queen Maxine moved aloofly. She had no flights of mood, no appetite for theatrical adventure; she just hated work. She always insisted there was too much labor expended on plays, her idea of art being to read the script, lope on the stage, do what the directions called for, get it over with, and go home.

Though she mourned hardships throughout her career, they seemed little more difficult than counting her money and investing it wisely. For the beautiful Maxine never had to struggle—and if she had a heart, there is little record of its aching.

Maxine Elliott was born plain Jessie Dermot in February, 1871, in Rockland, Maine, her father being skipper of a sailing vessel. Maxine was sent to a fine school, the Notre Dame Academy at Roxbury, Massachusetts. At 16, she analyzed the moneymaking possibilities of different professions and decided to go on the stage.

She began her studies with Dion Boucicault, the noted theatrical teacher, who suggested she change her name. She took the name of a former classmate, Maxine, and he gave her the Elliott. Soon afterward, she made her first stage appearance as Felicia Umfraville in *The Middle Man.* For about three years she played working girl in the theater, and then married George A. McDermott, a New York lawyer. They were divorced in 1896.

By now, her fabulous beauty had attracted widespread attention, and Augustin Daly engaged her, which was very helpful to the rising young queen. Because of the strenuous demands Daly made on all his players, she was forced to work.

It was the veteran comedian Nat C. Goodwin, however, who really set her on the road to fame and fortune. At the time, she was playing in San Francisco under contract, and Goodwin and his company were on their way to Australia. Taking one look at Maxine, Goodwin knew he must have her in his troupe and bought her contract.

Nat had the background and money to set off Maxine's beauty

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and further her social ambitions. Although he had suffered financial setbacks, he was still a wealthy man when she married him in 1898. He owned one of the most palatial homes in the South of England, called "Jackwood," and it was here that he and Maxine went after two very profitable and well-received engagements in New York.

In London, Maxine decided to embark on Shakespeare with the great comedian as her foil. Nat dropped his first name and became Mr. N. C. Goodwin when they opened in *The Merchant of Venice.* His Shylock and her Portia took the worst drubbing of the season, one critic finishing off Nat's Shakespeare by quoting Oscar Wilde's famous comment: "His Shylock is funny without being vulgar."

That finished Shakespeare for the practical Maxine, and marked the beginning of the end of her second marriage. When Charles B. Dillingham offered to star her in America, in Clyde Fitch's play, *Her Own Way,* she signed a long-term contract on her own.

New York critics were bowled over by her beauty and her now-polished if cold performance. From then on, she played to packed houses. Meanwhile, across the street, Mr. N. C. Goodwin was struggling with the greatest fiasco of his career. Determined to make the critics take his Shakespeare, he had gotten together a stupendous and lavish production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* But the critics reported: "Even Bottom is beyond him."

Maxine's ultimate professional triumph over her husband came just three weeks after his opening, when he was asked to vacate the spacious New Amsterdam Theater to make way for her production.

"Strange," one reporter wrote, "how a beautiful, well-poised, calm, and rather cold woman can upset the fortunes of a magnetic, genial, happy-go-lucky chap that all the world had hitherto delighted in." Goodwin divorced her in 1908.

NOW THE FOREMOST woman of the theater, Maxine returned to England in 1911 and entered on a brilliant social career. She bought a luxurious country home and set up residence there for herself and the family of her only sister, now Lady Forbes-Robertson. She became the intimate friend of the Duchess of Sutherland, Winston Churchill, David Lloyd George, and the King.

Soon, her Villa l'Horizon was the showplace of the French Riviera. It cost $350,000 and had a swimming pool hewn from solid rock, a large cocktail bar and sheltered lounge. Among the guests were the former King Alfonso of Spain, Prince von Starhemberg of Vienna, King George of Greece and the Aga Khan.

When World War I broke out in Europe, Maxine was playing at His Majesty's Theater with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in *Joseph and His Brethren.* She quit the successful play and became a fearless and indefatigable worker in the Relief Service. Except for professional nurses, Maxine Elliott was said to have been the first woman permitted at the front in France.

In 1915, she outfitted a barge to distribute food in the Belgian war zones. For two years, she traveled up and down the canals of Flanders, working like a deck hand, giving aid

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and comfort to the homeless and wounded. Contributions for this project poured in from all over the world, and soon she was known as "The Lord High Admiral of Barges on the Belgian Front." Her war work brought her the Belgian Order of the Crown and decorations from France and Great Britain.

After the war, since she had already reached the peak and become one of the first women to produce, manage and star in her own theater—the $750,000 Maxine Elliott in New York—she decided she had made all the money she needed from the stage. In 1920, she gave her last performance there as Cordelia in *Trimmed in Scarlet*. Then, announcing she was tired of the "dreary monotonous round" of theater work, she retired to her villa on the Riviera.

In the spring of 1933, she returned to America for a visit and spoke her mind again. "People will probably think me stupid when I admit that peace is the principal thing in life. I have my lovely home, an ample income, my pet monkey, a few dear friends to crony with . . . . My idea of happiness is to sneak into a little corner and never see my name in print again. I hate the stage. I always did."

From 1920 to 1938, she basked in the social spotlight, and then she drew the curtain on her personal life. She said simply: "I'm tired of keeping up the illusion of youth. I want to grow old gracefully."

Frank to the very end, she became a recluse living quietly with a maid-companion and her pet monkey, "Kiki." In 1940, she was stricken with a heart ailment and died on March 5 at the age of 69.

A critic writing at the height of her fame summed up her career: "Besides her lustrous beauty she has dignity, a pleasing and thoroughly mastered voice, taste, humor and intelligence. Indeed, she has everything—except the real fire and natural fluency."

Somehow, the incredible Maxine Elliott never seemed to need those elusive qualities.

Trouble! Trouble!

IT'S REMARKABLE that there is so much trouble left in the world when so many people are looking for it. —EDWARD R. MURROW

THE TROUBLE with people saying they hope they're not intruding is that they usually are. —*News Breaker*

MOST of today's troubles on which we stub our toes are the unpleasant, unperformed duties we carelessly shoved aside yesterday.
—*Nuggets*

THE TROUBLE with a great many of us is that in trying times we stop trying. —*Grit*

WHEN you invite trouble, you can be sure that it will accept.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

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WHO WAS THE ARTIST?

by STANLEY J. MEYER

IN THE MEN'S HOLDOVER of Central Police District of St. Louis, there is one cell which is never used. Years ago, like other cells, it housed vagrants from the city's streets. Today it is the unique goal of an endless pilgrimage.

Silent people come to view the strange masterpiece which adorns the gray concrete wall. Surely it is a startling work of art to appear in a cell. Whoever produced it worked with utmost care and pain. And it must have taken a long time and a strong will to finish it.

Yet there is no police record of any artist having been placed in the cell. Nor did any occupant ever spend more than a few hours there. Thus, some people believe the masterpiece was done by a man who worked with fantastic speed or returned several times.

Authorities are certain of just this: one morning in 1932, on the rear wall of Cell Number 8, was discovered an amazingly lifelike drawing of Christ upon the Cross.

Word spread through the city, and a pilgrimage began. Thousands came. They wondered what deep regret moved the heart of the unknown artist that at his lowest hour he should be moved to sketch the Man who in His own last moments promised Heaven to a thief.

In time, the drawing began to fade. To preserve it, a glass panel was placed before it, and a spotlight was beamed upon its delicate lines. Never again was the cell used to house a desperate criminal or despairing vagrant.

Experts came to study the sketch, and they were puzzled: they could not identify the medium. Certainly it was not done in oil or water color. Crayon or chalk or pencil could hardly have produced such poignant detail. After years of study, countless theories and disputes, the medium remains undiscovered.

But many who have studied the portrait claim that the unknown artist who penitently sketched the Crucifixion upon the concrete wall used nothing more than the heads of burnt matches!

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Why JOHNNIE RAY Cries

The secret of his phenomenal success as a singer goes back to a lonely and unhappy boyhood in Oregon

by BOOTON HERNDON

AROUND THE TINY dance floor of the plush Copacabana Nightclub in New York, the world's most famous showcase for entertainment talent, sat, one night last Spring, the toughest, most cynical people in show business.

Here were not only a score of stars, but also the $100,000 producers who, from behind the scenes, dispassionately determine just what the public shall see and hear. There wasn't a Nobody in the place, and they were all out for the same reason—to watch a country boy fall flat on his face.

As they waited for the slaughter, they coldly reviewed the fantastic career of this youngster. Johnnie Ray. Twenty-five. Musical education: None—he even wore a hearing aid! Experience: A silly record called *Cry*, which the hicks in the sticks were clamoring for. And now he was trying to crash the top level of the entertainment world!

The cynics licked their lips in anticipation. After tonight, he'd go back to nowhere, right where he belonged all along.

In his dressing room, meanwhile, Johnnie Ray got ready to go on. Indeed he was just a kid; his eager eyes under almost-blond hair made him look even younger than he was, and much younger than his photographs. He was medium tall, and so slender you could see his mother pushing another helping of chocolate cake at him.

The door opened. "You're on, Johnnie," somebody said.

The slender youth nodded. Frankly, unashamedly, he slid to his knees, bowed his head, and there, in this nightclub dressing room, continued a conversation begun long ago in the quiet woods of Oregon. He uttered no prayer. He asked for nothing. He just wanted to let God, his Good Friend, know what he was doing.

Then he rose, still smiling, and went out on cue. The hangers-on looked at each other and shook

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their heads. The silly boy didn't even have sense enough to be scared!

Let Jack Entratter, co-owner and producer of the shows at the Copa, tell what happened next. "I was scared stiff," he says. "Johnnie sang his opening number. All the big shots were so busy looking at all the other big shots, to see what they were going to do, that nobody in the crowd did anything.

"Then Johnnie sang the song he wrote himself, *The Little White Cloud That Cried.* He told how he was walking down by the river, blue and sad, when he saw this little white cloud, and the little cloud told him not to worry, that the sun would always shine. As Johnnie sang, he gave away a little bit of himself with every word.

"The audience, every single blasé one of them, began edging forward in their chairs. And then Johnnie really went to work. He shouted, he clapped his hands, he was all over the place. He kissed the women, slapped men on the back. He thawed out those frozen faces—he made them laugh, and then he made them cry.

"This place was worse than a Holy Roller meeting. By the time he got through, the customers were on the edges of their chairs. Talk about people coming to see a fool fall on his face—Johnnie nearly made them fall flat on *theirs!*"

There has never been a phenomenon in show business like Johnnie Ray, the humble boy from nowhere. Nobody—not Sinatra, not Martin and Lewis—has come so far so fast.

In April, 1951, Johnnie was living in a dollar-a-night hotel room. Since then, from the sale of records alone, his personal take has been over $400,000. His record of *Cry*, with the *Little White Cloud That Cried*, has, with one exception, sold more copies than any other record Columbia ever made.

Today he gets up to $10,000 a week for nightclub dates. He will make, in his second full year in show business, one million dollars. Which, incidentally, means nothing to Johnnie, for he has already bought his parents the farm they always wanted—what does he need money for now?

More than money, to show people, is acclaim. Johnnie not only has the proven acclaim of the millions who buy his records and the youngsters who pack the theaters where he plays, but the top people in show business like him, too. People like Tallulah Bankhead, Yul Brynner, Ethel Merman, Marlene Dietrich returned repeatedly to the Copa to watch his act.

Even the knowledge that he is, today, America's No. 1 entertainer, doesn't mean as much as you would expect. "I've always known I'd be a star," he explains. "This is what God meant me to be. Why should anyone get excited?"

Actually, being a star is not all happiness. Johnnie and Marilyn, his lovely, fresh-faced bride, would love to window shop on Fifth Avenue, ride the Staten Island ferry, like other young people in love. But they can't for even if Johnnie could spare the time from performance, rehearsals, recordings and disk-jockey interviews, he would be mobbed by the public.

The Broadway columnists feel that they have to explain why this singer who admits he's no singer,

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this songwriter who can't read a note, is such a sensation. They say he's symbolic of the world's hysteria, whatever that means. Things like that make Johnnie laugh heartily. He actually falls on the floor and howls, for he is as uninhibited offstage as he is on.

"Look," he went on, "we human beings are emotional people. We love to laugh, to cry. Did you ever watch a child thinking? It's a beautiful thing. The expressions move across his face like clouds—he hasn't yet learned to plaster them with the layers of sophistication we develop. All I do is strip off some of those layers. I want to make people laugh, love, cry—what's so remarkable about that?"

It sounds simple when Johnnie explains it, but there must be more reason why one man should become a national craze. Even the ushers at the Paramount Theater in New York, who have seen everything, admit that Johnnie has something different.

"We've had armies of bobby-soxers charge us before," says one of them. "Nothing new about that. What's new with Johnnie is the *type* of bobby-soxers. These aren't thrill-seekers. These are wholesome, clean kids, from good American homes. Johnnie appeals to something *good* in them."

But why? One of his friends, recently asked this question, sighed before replying: "I've heard so much hogwash about Johnnie's success," he said, "that sometimes I get a little fed up with the human race. There *is* no secret. Johnnie *feels*, that's all. He feels love, and sorrow, and hope, and joy, just like the rest of us. The only difference is he's not ashamed to show it. He's proud to be human!"

But is that enough to become the most dazzling phenomenon in show business? Johnnie says so, but Johnnie is wrong. For there *is* a secret, a secret he doesn't even know. It came out during several long conversations in which he forgot about being a star, and relived his childhood days back in Oregon.

JOHNNIE COMES from a loving and affectionate family. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ray, are like the people you see at every church social in the land. And Johnnie was the type of boy—you know dozens of them—who was given to extravagant phrases and actions. "Oh, isn't the sunset wonderful!" he would cry. Or he would run to his mother—or father, or sister, or friend—and give them a big hug.

To Johnnie, those things were not extravagant. He meant them, always, and he still does. He's got so much love in his heart that it spills over on everybody, and there's still so much left for Marilyn that she doesn't get jealous. Well, hardly ever.

But, to get back to Johnnie's childhood, if there are heartbreaks in the life of every child, think how many more must there be in the life of a child who wears his heart on his sleeve! If every child is sometimes ridiculed by playmates for his dreams of greatness, think of the mocking laughter that must have followed this boy who felt himself destined for stardom! And so they teased him, mocked him, and the lonely boy came back for more.

What a thrill, then, when one night some of the older boys asked

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him to the big Scout jamboree. He even disobeyed his mother and played hooky from a music lesson to go with them.

At the jamboree, when the bigger boys tossed him in a blanket, he was so thrilled he didn't see the sly winks. Up he went, higher and higher—then bang! into the ceiling. He fell, sprawled out, and his head hit the floor.

Johnnie never took another music lesson. For that was the fall that permanently impaired his hearing. It set him even more apart.

At the beginning of Johnnie's junior year in high school, his family moved to Portland. Here was real loneliness, for in the big city the boys ignored him—all except one. He became Johnnie's best pal. But he belonged to a high-school fraternity, and the other members hooted when he proposed Johnnie for membership.

He came to Johnnie's house, told him he was sorry, and walked away. Johnnie watched him go, and knew he would never come back.

Then Johnnie ran to his mother, and sobbed. And what could his mother do for this hard-of-hearing son of hers, who loved too hard? Nothing, except to put her arms around him and hold him as tightly as she could.

So Johnnie was not entirely helpless. He had love at home, and a girl who stuck to him at school. He fought back in his own way. Johnnie could play piano by ear, and played for school assemblies. He tried singing. He didn't have much of a voice, and knew it, but he was desperate . . . that was *all* he had.

He practiced little tricks of timing, little ways of putting over a song. When the youngsters laughed at him, he sang all the louder. If they laughed at the way he sang a popular song, he made up his own song. And if they said his song was too sissy, he made up tough songs, like the one about the woman who drank whiskey and gin.

All during his two years in Franklin High, Johnnie fought his lonely fight. He didn't even know he was learning the hard way the two factors that all great entertainers must have: perfect timing, and that uncanny ability to sense, and respond to, the mood of the audience.

His family moved, after he finished high school, to the town of Roseburg. Time after time, Johnnie left home to try to crash the entertainment world. Frequently he came back horror-struck at what he had encountered. For he tried everywhere, miserable little nightclubs, even saloons for what coins the drunks might throw him. Sometimes, too, they threw at this slender fresh-faced boy, gibes and insults that penetrated to his inner soul.

Still he went back for more. He was going to share himself with the world if it killed him. He believed that he had a message of truth and beauty. If the only way he could deliver that message was by yelling it at the top of his lungs in a cheap barroom—*Well, step back brother, here it comes!*

But he was getting nowhere, fast. Once he wound up parking cars. He came back forlorn and hungry. Not even his parents' hugs could cheer him. He wandered out of the house, down to a little river that flowed nearby.

Self-pity ate deeper as he walked, and suddenly, as he strolled across

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a grassy stretch, he flung himself to the ground. There he lay on his back, his fingers clutching the grass, and let the tears come.

But before they blurred his vision completely, Johnnie saw overhead, gleaming white in a blue sky, a little cloud. It seemed so peaceful there, so beautiful in its loneliness, that Johnnie watched it—and forgot to cry. He was not the only lonely thing in the world, Johnnie thought. That little white cloud was lonely, too, up there in the sky.

A swatch of melody passed through his head. A smile came to his lips. "The little white cloud," said Johnnie aloud. "The Little White Cloud That Cried!"

That's how he came to write that song, and that's how he had the courage to go out into the world again. He got a half-way promise of a job in Detroit, and went there. The promise fell flat, but Johnnie did get a job of sorts in a nightclub.

Meanwhile (and now the wheels of fate started clicking), another young fellow was just starting out on a new job, shaking in his shoes. His name was Danny Kessler, and Columbia had chosen him to scout "rhythm and blues" talent for their newly reactivated venture, Okeh Records. Danny went into "The Flame," where Johnnie was trying to outshout the customers, and heard him sing *Whiskey and Gin*. He asked him if he would sell the song. Johnnie said no—he'd do it himself or nobody would.

Any other talent scout would have walked out. But Kessler, with all of two weeks' experience, let Johnnie record the song. He took it to New York. He played it and re-played it, and he came close to throwing the thing away. But he didn't. He recommended that the company release it—after all, what had he to lose?

The rest of the story has been sketched by every disk-jockey in the land. How *Whiskey and Gin* caught on. How Johnnie went to New York to record another song for Okeh. How Mitch Miller, Columbia's musical director, happened to hear him. How Mitch remembered that he had turned down a singer who had given him, for a sample, an audition record of a song called *Cry*.

How this song had come in unsolicited to a struggling song publisher from a night watchman who had never written a song before. How Mitch had Johnnie do *Cry*. How, with almost unbelievable daring, he let this boy put one of his own songs on the other side. How that song was unlike anything anybody had ever heard before—refreshingly so. It was *The Little White Cloud That Cried*—the record that made Johnnie Ray.

Even then, Johnnie was considered a freak in the business. Nobody thought customers would pay money to *see* him. He was playing for peanuts at a small club on Long Island when Jack Entratter first caught his act. Once signed for the Copa, Johnnie's price zoomed to $2,000 a week.

"We could still afford to give him a big new convertible," Jack said. "He was tickled to death. But you know something? If we'd given him a five-dollar cigarette lighter instead, he'd have been just as happy. Money means nothing to Johnnie. He just wants appreciation."

After each show at the Copa, Johnnie used to run up to Jack and

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try to hug him. It would embarrass Jack to death. But Johnnie got a big kick out of it. He was talking about it recently during a break between shows in the dressing room at the theater he was playing.

Marilyn was seated in a chair by the mirror. Sy Kertman, Johnnie's road manager, was puttering around. Johnnie was sitting on the floor, leaning back against a chair. On the floor by Johnnie was a milk shake, almost mustard-color. Kertman had had the drug store lace it with eggs, hoping to get a little sustenance into Johnnie, who frequently forgets to eat.

"I admit I embarrass my friends sometimes," Johnnie said, "but that doesn't mean I'm going to stop loving them, or stop telling them so. I love Sy. And oh, God, how I love Marilyn! And they all love me, and we all love each other. And I love beauty, and I love love, and what is more beautiful than love and what is lovelier than beauty?

"How wonderful the world would be if we all could cast off our fetters, and laugh, and cry, and love—the way we did when we were children! That's what I want to do, that's what my life is for. I'll live in a hovel, dress in burlap—but just let me go on bringing laughter and tears, beauty and love, to people!"

Explanations Are in Order

ONE OF THOSE after-dinner speakers with great lung capacity, but with slight consideration for the poor sufferers at the table, wound up his lengthy oration by saying, "Now, if I failed to prove my point to everyone's satisfaction, I'll be glad to answer any questions."

One man raised his hand.

"Did I fail to prove my point with you, sir?" asked the speaker.

"No," replied the bored one, "what I'm interested in finding out is, what was your point?"

THE RETIRED AND very elderly professor who had lived alone so many years in the quaint stone house was thought to be a bit queer. One lady was quite sure of it when one day, she paused in her yard to watch the strange old man holding a sprinkling can poised above a flower box on his back porch. At last she called, "Professor, there's no bottom in that sprinkling can!"

"It's quite all right," he assured her. "These are artificial flowers I'm watering."

THE MEN IN THE smoking room had kept the anvil chorus going strong and steady for quite a few minutes as the train rolled along. The cost of living was too high, and materials, and taxes. Politics were crooked, they were sure, and so on.

Finally there was a momentary pause in the conversation, and the little installment salesman put in his two-cents' worth. "Sure," he agreed readily.

"Sure, you're right about all that. But look, will you tell me something? In what other country in the world could a little guy like me make a good living selling people things that they don't really need, for money that they haven't got?" —*Wall St. Journal*

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MYSTERY RIVER IN THE ATLANTIC

by ANNE TERRY WHITE

Without the Gulf Stream, the history of the Western World might be quite different

THERE IS A RIVER in the Atlantic Ocean. Unlike the rivers of the land, its banks and its invisible mile-deep bottom are of cold water. But the river itself is warm—80 degrees for its first 400 miles. In all the earth there is no other flow of water so majestic. None is so long or so strong as this, the Gulf Stream.

Picture a warm-water river, 40 and more miles wide, with its source in the Gulf of Mexico and its mouth in the Arctic! Think of it pouring into the ocean the discharge of a thousand Mississippis! Think of it flowing—more rapidly than the Amazon—over 6,000 miles of cold ocean and bringing warmth and life to lands in the Arctic Circle that otherwise would be bleak as Greenland! A steam-heating plant of similar proportions would stagger the imagination. Yet this one is a working reality.

Far up in northern Norway—well within the Arctic Circle—the port of Hammerfest feels it. All winter long the harbor remains open: fishermen come and go. But in Riga, 800 miles *south*, everything is icebound the winter through.

The amount of heat stored in the Gulf Stream is inconceivable. America has, it is estimated, enough coal to last some 2,500 years. Pile it all together for one colossal conflagration. Throw in for good measure all our oil and gas reserves. Together, they would not produce the amount of heat energy carried by the Gulf Stream in a single year!

Yet this ocean heating plant has been in operation for millions of years. Ever since the ridge of Panama rose from the sea and, shutting the Gulf Stream out of the Pacific, diverted it to the Atlantic, the current has blessed the lands of northwestern Europe.

People living within sight of the northeastern reaches of this great warm current didn't suspect the role it played in their lives until long after Ponce de Leon made it part of the known New World. In 1513, the aged Spaniard went look-

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ing for the Fountain of Youth. He discovered Florida instead, and sailed away disappointed.

It was then that he ran into the current. Indigo blue, transparent, the Stream was of such force that he found his ships couldn't stem it, despite a fine northerly wind.

Slowly, in the two and a half centuries that followed, American sea captains got acquainted with the Stream. New England traders found by hard experience why it sometimes took them three or four weeks to sail from Boston to Charleston, whereas they could often make it back in a week. But mostly, sea captains kept their knowledge to themselves—the Stream was a professional secret.

About 1770, the Lords of the Treasury in London received from America a puzzling communication. It stated that, for reasons unknown, English packets sailing from Falmouth to New York were regularly two weeks longer crossing the ocean than the common Rhode Island merchant ships sailing from London to Providence.

Benjamin Franklin, called in to consult, was as puzzled as the rest. Just to check, he went to see a Nantucket sea captain he knew.

To Franklin's surprise, the captain stoutly held the story to be true. The Gulf Stream, he said, was the reason for the delay. He himself had often seen the packets laboring in the current and had advised them to get out of it. But they were, he said, "too wise to be counseled by simple American fishermen," with the result that they often lost 70 miles a day.

"What a pity," Franklin said, "that no notice is taken of the current on the charts!" And he got the captain to mark the Gulf Stream for him and had it printed on a map.

Great was the boon to sailing vessels when they came to understand the current. Not only did they learn to stay out of it when sailing from Europe to America, but here was a river of summer heat in a mid-winter sea! A captain whose bark had become coated with ice needed only to make for the Stream and in a little while the crippling ice would disappear.

Clearly, the head of this wonderful warm river was where the Gulf of Mexico narrowed to form the channel between the Florida Keys and Cuba; for here the current was all of 95 miles wide and, from surface to river bed, a mile deep. In the true sense, the Gulf Stream is not a river at all. Instead of widening its channel from head to mouth as rivers do, the Stream narrows seaward. Instead of deepening as it goes on, it grows shallower.

Actually, it is but one section of a vast circulatory system that goes clockwise round and round the North Atlantic Ocean. The Gulf Stream only seems to have a starting place. It seems so because at that point, two combined currents, piled high by strong winds between the narrow Yucatan Channel and the Gulf of Mexico, respond to the force of gravity.

Actually, the sea level in the Gulf is higher than in the Atlantic. The united currents rush madly downhill and, streaming out at the rate of 60 to 100 miles a day, pour into the open Atlantic.

So clearly does its color set it off —especially on the western side— that the path of the Stream can

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easily be traced for long distances. Through the Straits of Florida, it speeds at about four knots.

On the eastern side it is hard to define the Gulf Stream's limits. Now the waters of the Antilles Current have come to join the Stream and the two are proceeding as one. The direction is changing, too. The rotation of the earth is exerting its force. Also, the easterly-trending coastline draws the current more to the east.

The speed is down, too, as it rolls on northward to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the great shock of the cold southerly-flowing Labrador Current awaits it. Here the warm blue Stream stands clearly out against the cold green of the Labrador Current.

Even the air cannot remain indifferent to this clash of warmth with Arctic cold. A dense fog bank —one of the densest in the world— forms over the region of the Labrador Current. It lies above the sea, thick, white and impenetrable.

At the Banks, the Stream turns sharply east. Its early mad rush has turned to a slow drift flowing along with the westerly winds. Straight across the Atlantic it goes. Then it fans out north into the Norwegian Sea, where, forming eddies and vortices, it seems finally to lose itself in the reaches of the Arctic.

Always the water of the Gulf Stream is warmer than that of the sea to either side, and sometimes the temperature readings are dramatic. In 1922, the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Tampa* was placed directly across the "cold wall" of the inner side of the Stream and a reading was taken at either end of the 240-foot vessel. At the bow the temperature read 34 degrees. At the stern it was 56.

From time to time, it is suggested that the Gulf Stream be made to work for all the Eastern States as it does for Florida, to which it gives marvelous summer climate in the depth of winter. Some think that by building a jetty eastward across the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to keep the cold water of the Labrador Current away, the Stream could be made to swing in closer to the continent.

In 1912, Congress was actually asked to appropriate money for such a project. But it is just as well that it was refused. For bringing the Gulf Stream closer wouldn't appreciably affect our climate; the air masses over the Stream would seldom reach us anyway, since in Winter our prevailing winds blow from the land to the sea.

"Leave the Gulf Stream alone," the scientists say. "It is doing quite enough as it is."

Office Business

NO MAN goes before his time—unless the boss has left early. —*Answers*

YOU'RE AN OLD-TIMER if you remember when it was the help, not the boss, who worked a 12-hour day. —NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate Inc.*)

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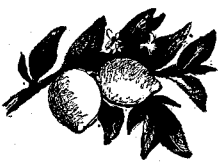
Medicine's Latest Discovery . . .

LEMON PEEL HELPS TO COMBAT CANCER

by JOHN L. SPRINGER



"IT'S LIKE FIGHTING a murderer with one arm tied behind your back," an old, weary doctor once told a group of medical students learning to treat cancer with x-rays. "While x-ray often retards the growth of tumors, we must use it very sparingly, as too much may damage the patient's skin and blood supply."

For years, this danger stood as a barrier to much good that x-rays could do. Now, at last, scientists have found a way to untie the arm and unleash a two-handed assault upon the greatest scourge of modern man. Their tool is a new miracle medicine compounded from the lowly lemon peel and other citrus fruit wastes.

They call this medicine the "citrus flavonoid compound" or Vitamin P—a vitamin discovered by Dr. Albert von Szent-Györgyi, Nobel Prize winner in 1936. And behind its adaptation to clinical use is a story of long, tedious experiments by a little band of determined researchers, among them Dr. Isidore Arons and Dr. John Freeman of the Harlem Hospital in New York City.

"Beware of excessive x-ray!" has long been the watchword in cancer wards. Too much causes disintegration of the blood supply and fatal damage to other cell structures. X-rays break down the growth of unhealthy, cancerous tissues in the human body, but doctors often noted dangerous changes in healthy tissue as well, and thus were forced to stop the treatments.

For years, medical men desperately sought a way to prevent x-ray from damaging good tissue while it retarded the growth of unhealthy tissue. In the late Forties, scientists at Florida Southern College in Lakeland established that the new Vitamin P helped to prevent, in laboratory animals, the very type of damage to tissue that huge x-ray doses caused.

Armed with this information, Dr. Boris Sokoloff and his associates at the College took two groups of rats. To one group, they gave massive doses of the compound for 30 days; to the other group, none. Then they began x-ray bombardments designed to kill the animals. Of the rats without the compound, 80 per cent died. In the treated group, 90 per cent survived!

Here was proof that the experimenters needed; this magical compound did provide protection

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against near-lethal radiation. But if it minimized x-ray effects on the body, would it also minimize effects on the cancerous tissue?

The doctors took rats with transplanted tumors and gave them daily doses of the compound. Then they began x-ray treatments. The tumors not only stopped growing but, to the medical men's surprise, the larger the dose of the compound, the stronger the retarding effect on the tumors!

Now came the important test: in the tumor clinic of Harlem Hospital, one woman's skin reacted so violently to x-ray that the treatments were stopped abruptly. Then Dr. Arons treated her with Vitamin P for six days and began radiation treatments. Now the tumor growth was retarded—but without harm to healthy tissue.

Arons and his co-workers used the treatment on other patients. Reports piled up: patients withstood greater x-ray doses which were breaking down their tumors more successfully than ever.

Soon, other doctors throughout the country tested the treatment. They reported their results in medical journals with almost unprecedented enthusiasm.

At the Permanente Hospital in Oakland, California, Dr. Martin S. Abel treated patients with compound Vitamin P and bombarded their neck tumors with huge x-ray doses. "Results were remarkable," he reported. "There was no skin reaction and the effect on the tumors was excellent."

Of 19 hospitals that tested the new compound, all reported that it definitely helped their patients. Nevertheless, physicians emphasize that the treatment, to be most effective, must be given daily for at least several days before x-ray doses begin, and must be continued throughout the radiation period. Naturally, the treatment requires the services of highly trained radiology experts.

Promising as is this Vitamin P compound for treating cancer, it also offers hope to humans fearing atomic war. When the first A-bombs fell on Japan, their concussion and heat killed thousands. But radiation killed many thousands more, and upon other thousands it inflicted lingering, often mutilating radiation sickness.

Based on experiments in the cancer laboratories, the new Vitamin P compound may lessen atomic horrors. Individuals dosed with this vitamin may more successfully withstand bombardment of A-bomb radiation than the Japanese could. If atomic warfare threatened us, entire communities in vulnerable areas might be treated.

Scientific men are not saying much about this possibility from the lowly lemon peel. But enough is now known of Vitamin P to predict that it may become one of the most important of all medicines in treating war-wounded.

My Faith

I have a very deep faith that the earth was not created to be destroyed by the hand of man.—DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

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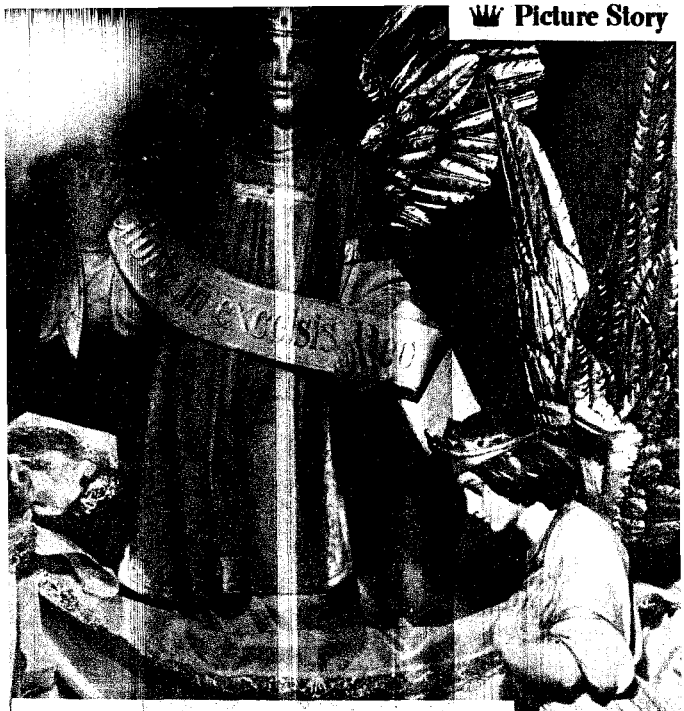

Sacred City

ON A HOLY NIGHT almost 2,000 years ago, a Child was born at Bethlehem. Today, mankind venerates the sacred city. While the world has felt the passage of centuries, the spirit of Bethlehem remains as unchanged as faith.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK HURLEY

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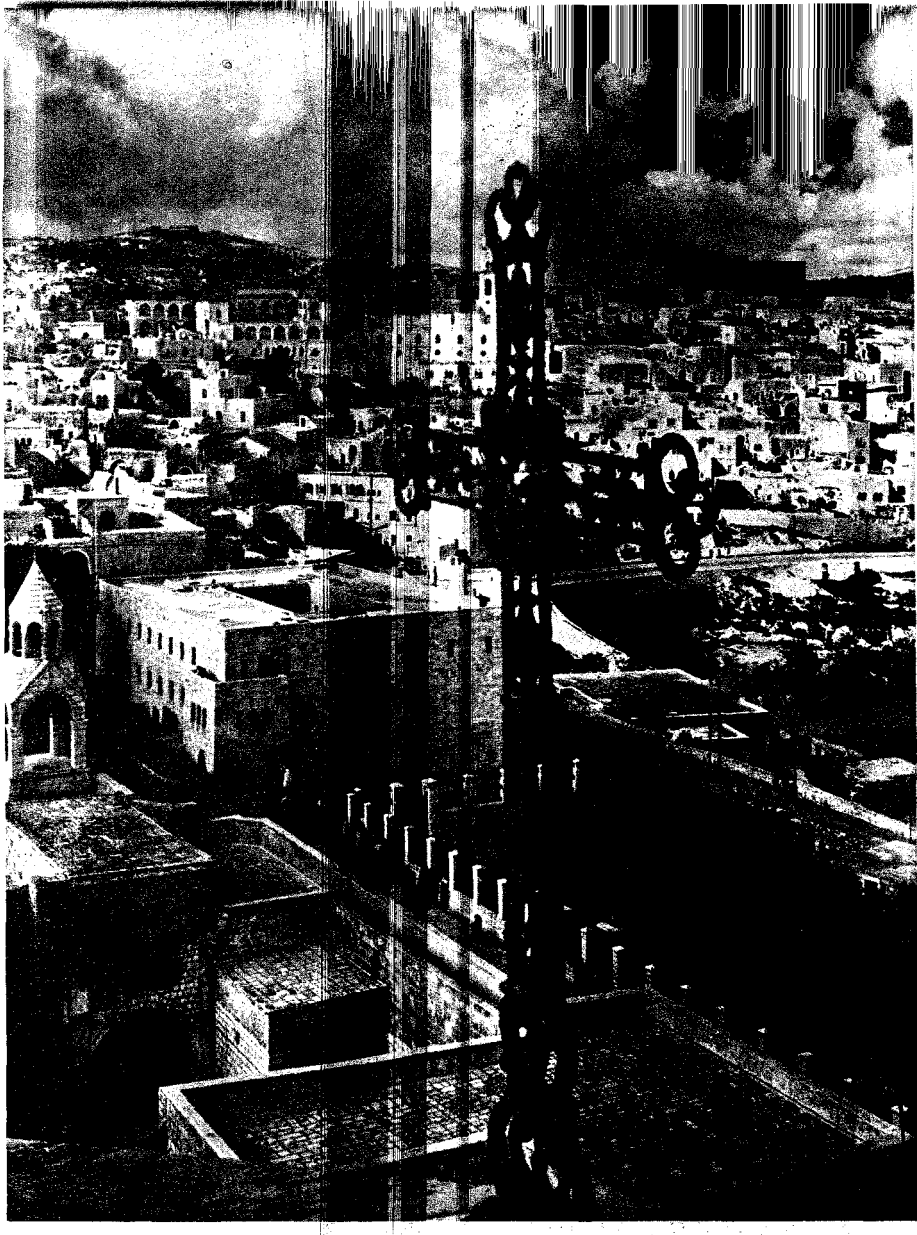

Atop the church built centuries later where the manger once stood, a cross towers in eternal vigilance. Christians of all faiths travel to the Church of the Nativity to pray to the Holy Child, as once the Three Wise Men knelt beside His crib.

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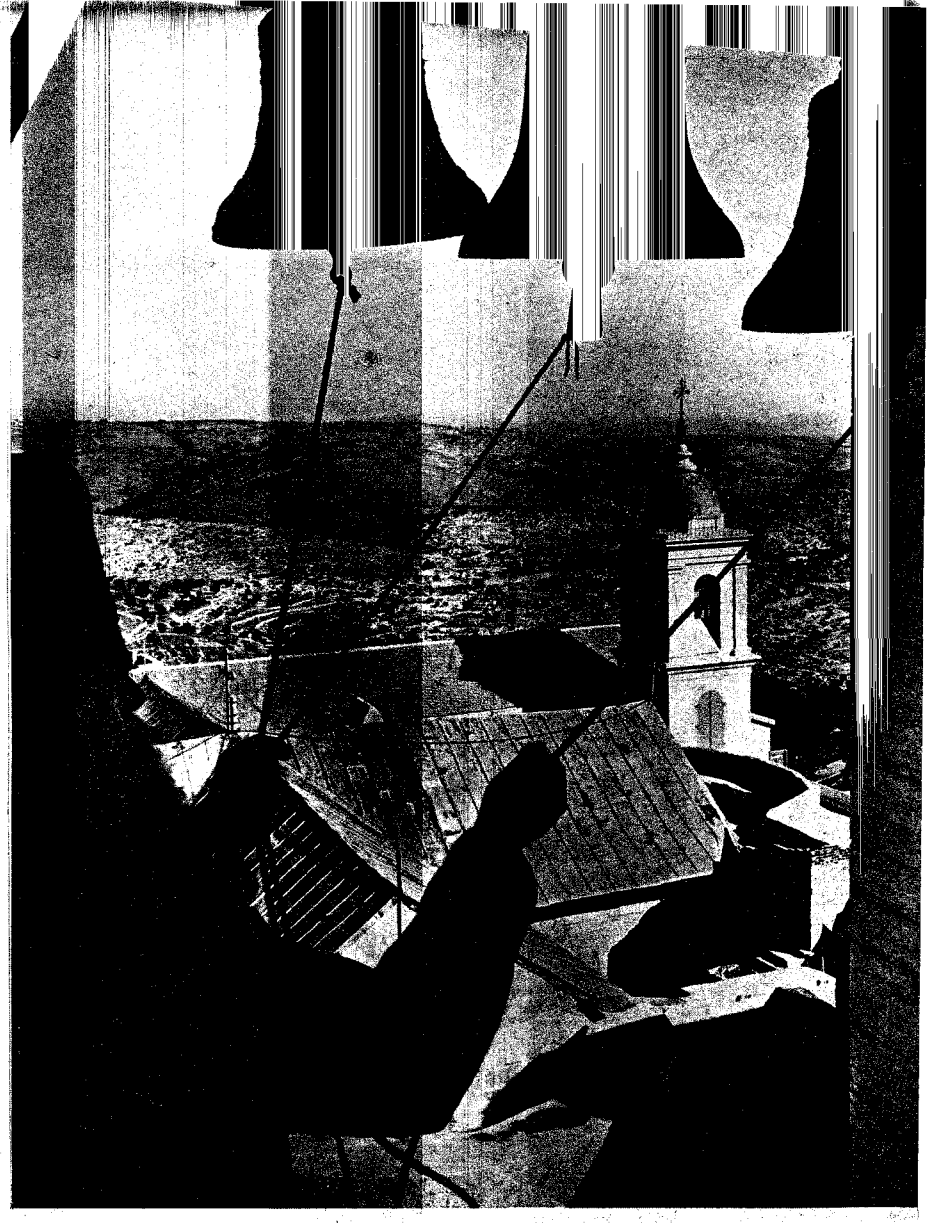

One cold winter night, the triumphant voices of angels rang over the Judaean hillside. Now, a chorus of church bells resounds. But the message remains the same . . . "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

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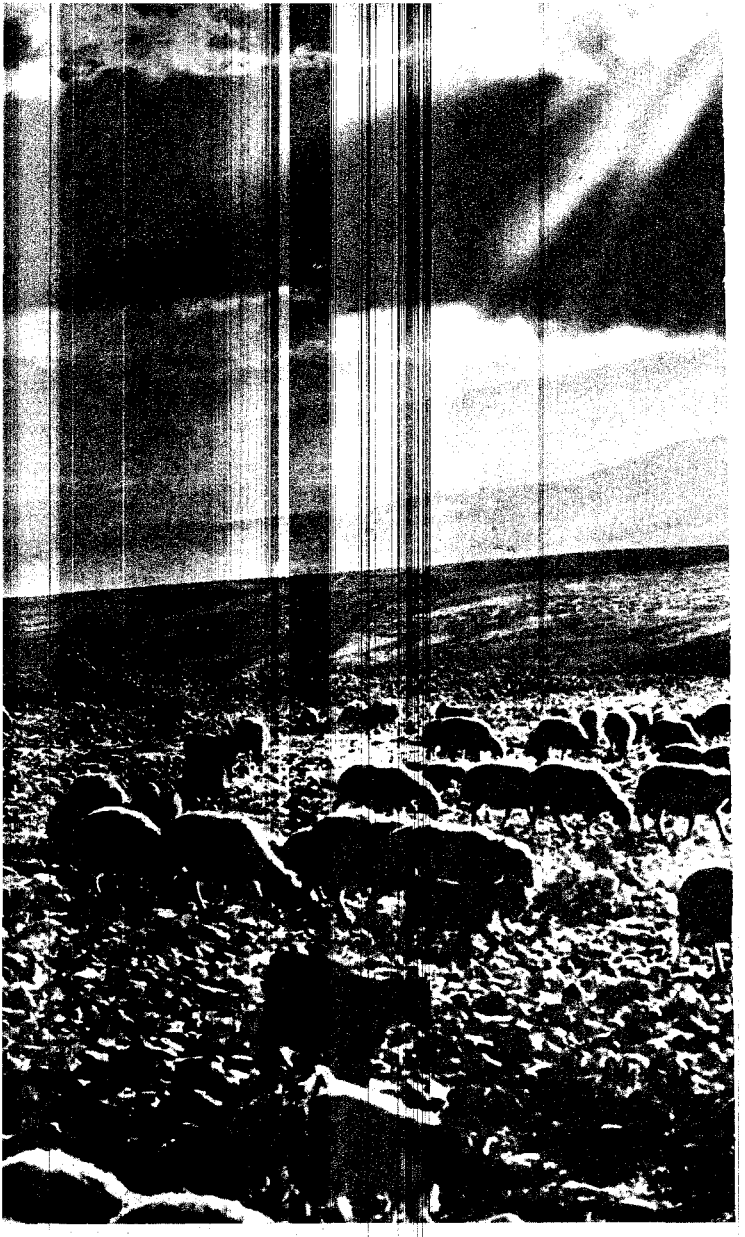

neless fields, shepherds heard an angel proclaim: "Unto you . . .

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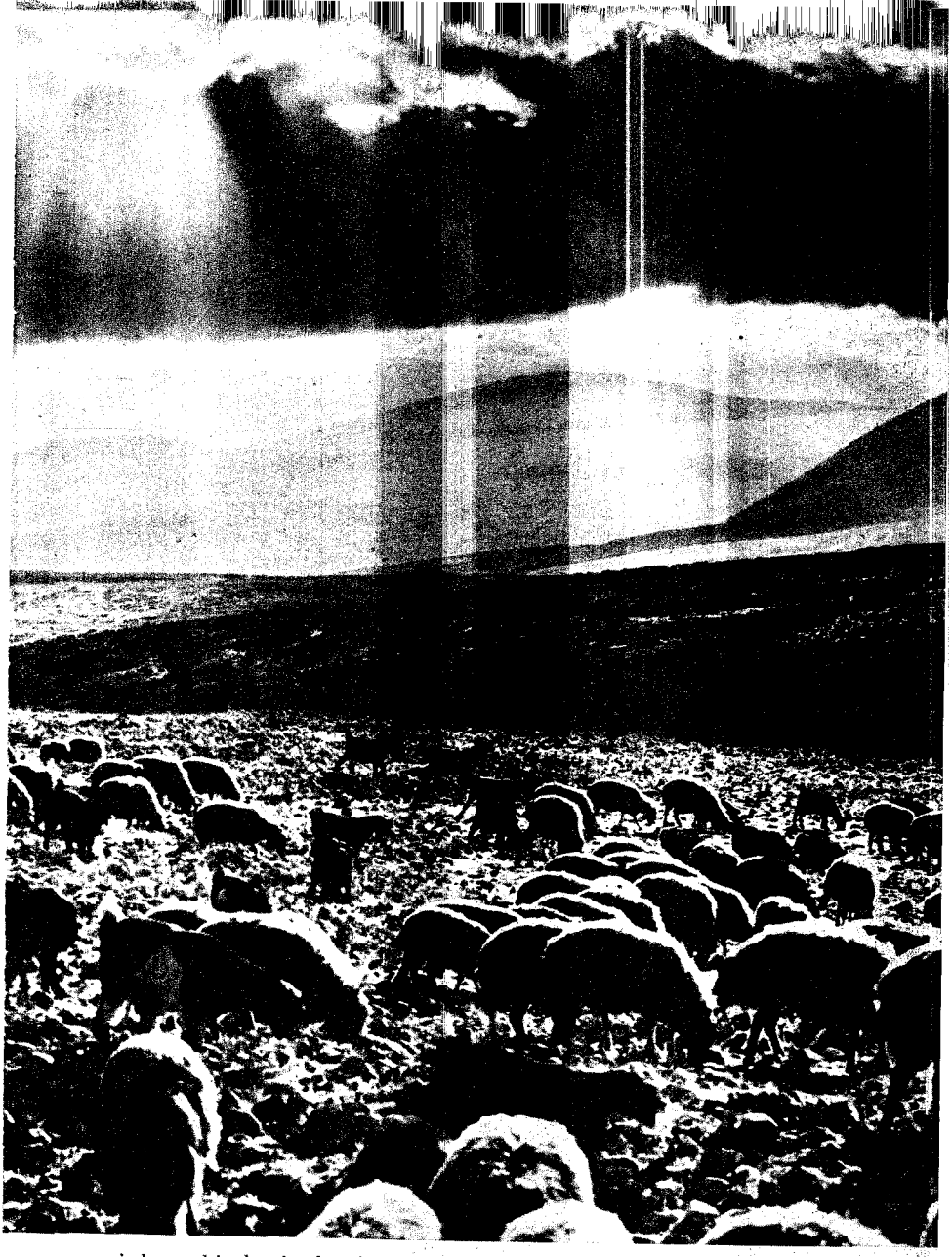

. . . is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

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And the shepherds still are there. Tenderly, they guard their flocks on the ancient plains of Judaea. Their humble devotion is enduring testimony of the parable of sacrifice, "I am the good shepherd . . . I lay down my life for my sheep."

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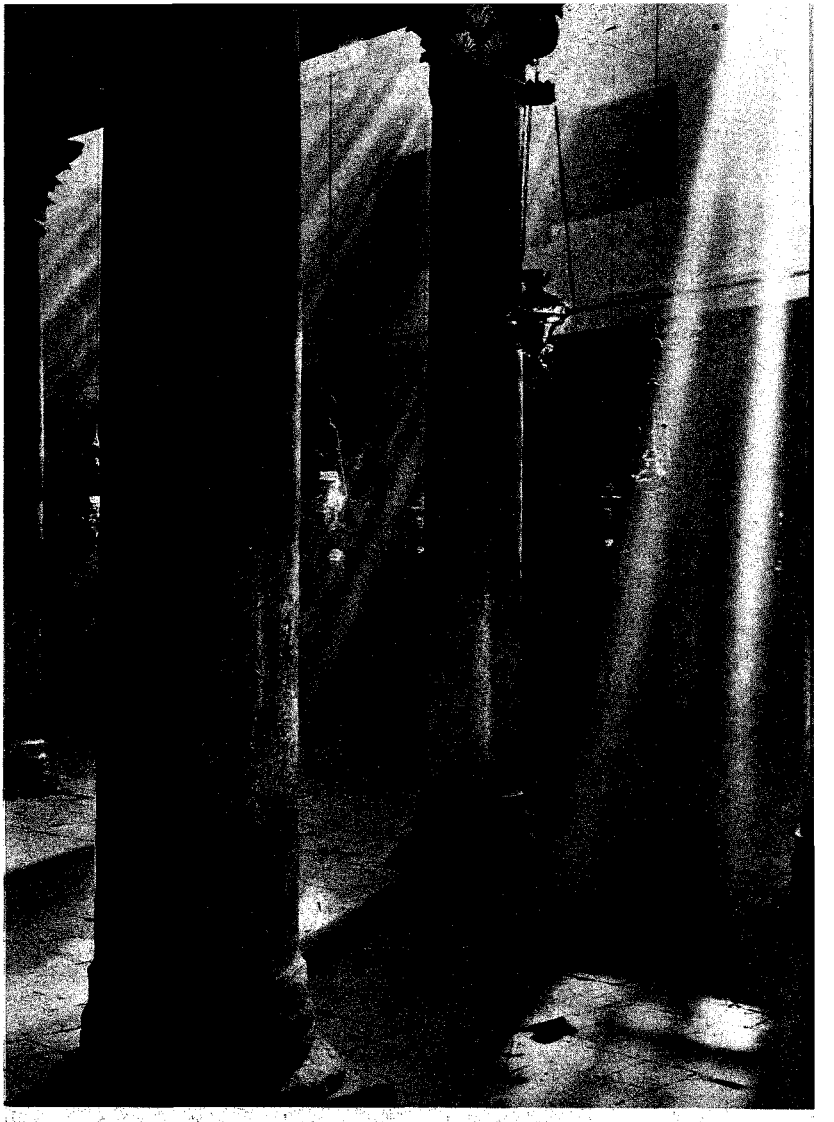

Years pass. Men change the face of the earth and conquer the skies. But the ne wonders—however great—are dimmed by the Light of the World whose eterr message of hope is symbolized by the hallowed sanctuary of peace in Bethlehe

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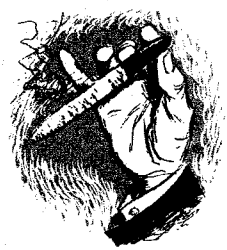
Magic in the Courtroom

by W. E. GOLDEN

FEW MEN had so profound an understanding of human nature as did Clarence Darrow, the celebrated criminal lawyer who became almost a legend in his lifetime. Although he was at home before any kind of a jury, he was at his best in a rural court. He would remove his coat, snap his suspenders, stumble over a long word, and act generally like a bewildered farm hand. Such simple sincerity rarely failed to make the jury regard him as one of them.



At a country murder trial in which Darrow appeared for the defense, the local citizenry considered the accused man honest and hard-working, but he was a "foreigner"—he had come from upstate. Everybody knew he had shot his victim in self-defense, but the relatives of the deceased were politically powerful and, with an election coming up, the district attorney was out to hang the man.

The court was informal, and Darrow, after summing up his case, sat down, crossed his legs, and lit a cigar. The prosecutor, in his summary, launched into a flowery speech in which he reviled the defendant as an outsider, like the defendant's attorney himself, and canonized the deceased as a local boy and paragon of virtue.

Darrow was smoking with obvious relish, puffing steadily. A long ash began to form on his cigar. The more the state's attorney ranted to the jury, the more calm and contented Darrow became. His young legal assistant watched that growing ash with almost morbid fascination, expecting it to fall onto Darrow's vest at any moment.

Before long, the jurors weren't listening to the prosecutor; they just sat transfixed, watching that cigar. Darrow kept puffing, and the ash kept growing longer and longer. Though the cigar was down to a stub, the ash still hadn't fallen when the prosecutor wound up.

The jury was out only ten minutes, and when they filed back, the defendant was a free man. They had paid no attention to the State's arguments.

It was only then that Darrow flicked the ash from his cigar. It fell to the floor, and his young assistant saw a piece of wire, which had been carefully inserted into its length for support, fall with it.

"Didn't see anything, did you, son?" Darrow asked.

"No, Mr. Darrow," replied the young man, staring at the wire.

"Good," Darrow said. "The accused was innocent, but I didn't trust that jury. And I always knew that someday I'd find use for one of my wife's hairpins!"

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Christmas in an Envelope

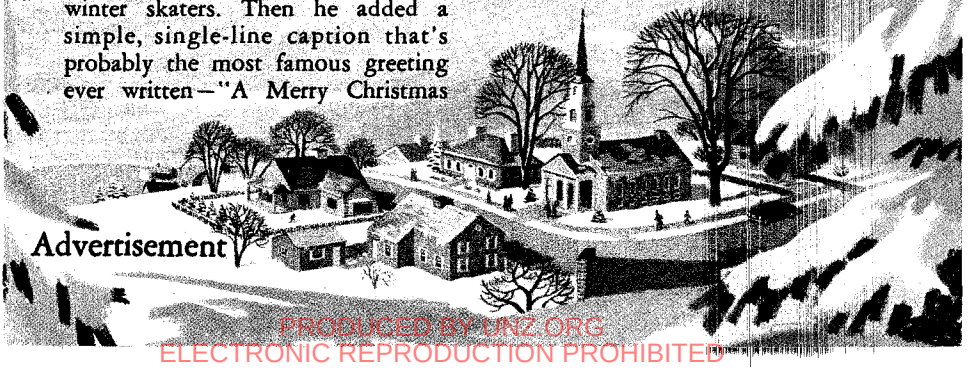
How a 16-year-old English boy started the Christmas Card custom

WILLIAM MAW EGLEY, JR., a young engraver's apprentice, lived in a London garret in the days of Queen Victoria. In 1842, when Egley was only 16 years of age, a 30-year-old author named Charles Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol." This stirring tale filled all of England, including young Bill Egley, with a whole new appreciation of the warmth, charity and spirit of Christmas.

Impulsively, young Egley decided to share his new feelings with his friends and relatives. The result, 110 years ago, was the first Christmas card. For the illustration, Egley used his memories of Christmas pleasures and drew a happy family banquet, a Christmas pantomime, a puppet show, and winter skaters. Then he added a simple, single-line caption that's probably the most famous greeting ever written—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you." Bill Egley printed and sent 100 of these cards.

At about this same time, people in Berlin and Vienna started searching for a way of sharing their Christmas feelings. For years, it had been their custom to leave calling cards at the homes of friends at Christmas time. Then, they started adding illustrations of flowers or fruit to their calling cards. And soon these cards developed into amazingly elaborate affairs trimmed in silks and laces.

But in spite of the obviously growing desire of people in many lands to find some means of expressing their



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Christmas spirit, the existing Christmas cards were far too expensive for the general public.

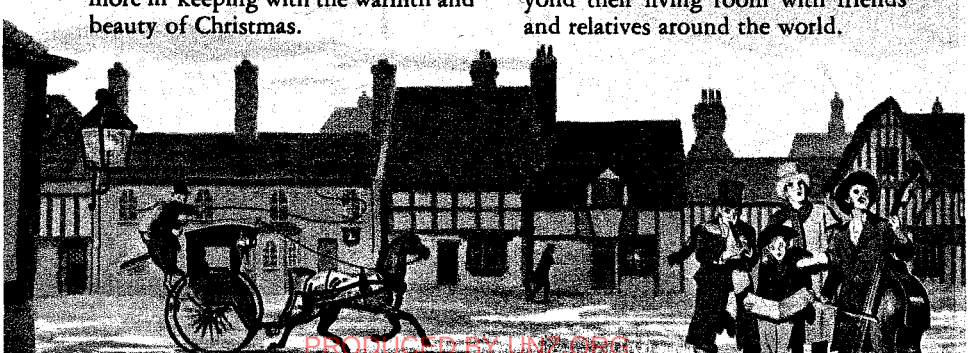
It was in America that Christmas cards first became the universal symbols of good will they are today. Louis Prang, a German immigrant, brought out the first line of Christmas cards in America in 1874. A patient, gifted lithographer, Prang combined fine art and skilled craftsmanship to reproduce paintings by contemporary artists. But he, too, used many colors and fancy trimmings, so that only the rich could afford his cards. As a result, a post card fad swept America. These Christmas cards in post card form were economical—but far from satisfactory for people of good taste who kept hoping for better quality cards more in keeping with the warmth and beauty of Christmas.

The 20th Century brought the answer. Bill Egley's wholesome idea was too sound, too needed, to fail. And American enterprise found ways of making Christmas cards available to everybody.

For over half a century, the makers of Hallmark Cards have helped speed the wholehearted adoption of the Christmas card custom. Like lithographer Prang, they combined skilled craftsmanship and a keen sense of the artistic to develop the most extensive collection of Christmas cards ever seen. They added the "personal touch," so that, now, there are individual Hallmark Cards for every one on a Christmas card list.

And, today every group of Christmas cards in the mail brings personal contact with old friends, school chums, former neighbors. Some cards bring the gracious beginnings of new friendships. Others mean company for people who live alone. For children, sending and receiving Christmas cards is often their first attempt at sharing their feelings with others. And to men in service, people far from home, Christmas cards bring a warm moment's reunion with folks back home.

More than any other Christmas symbol—the tree, the holly, or the carols, Christmas cards enable people to put "Christmas in an envelope," and share their Christmas feelings beyond their living room with friends and relatives around the world.



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This Christmas season of 1952, Americans will send 1,500,000,000 Christmas cards—with the average family sending and receiving sixty cards. And this is the scene that would greet a surprised Bill Egley if he walked into one of the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards today . . .

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TODAY'S SHOPPERS find individual Hallmark Cards especially designed for every person on their Christmas list. There are special Hallmark Cards for the family doctor, a favorite aunt, a good neighbor, a man in the service, the minister, a sweetheart's mother. There are Hallmark Cards for group signatures—others that are both a *gift* and a *greeting* card for children—like the Hallmark Magic Money Tree where dimes do seem to grow on trees, or the Christmas Stocking. (Both have inserts for a dollar's worth of dimes.) There's even a special Hallmark Card for a baby's first Christmas. This extra "personal" touch makes Hallmark Cards equally appreciated by both the sender and the receiver.

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Hon. Winston Churchill paints vivid landscapes for Hallmark.

Grandma Moses captures the Christmas charm of yesteryears.

Norman Rockwell does bright scenes with a warm, human touch.

Edgar Guest adds the magic warmth of his inspiring poetry.

Jane Wyman, whose own beauty is revealed in her paintings.

Groucho Marx mixes whimsy and a good eye for color.

And, today, selecting Christmas cards is like visiting an art gallery where one can have his name imprinted on a card with a painting by a famous artist. Believing in the public's innate good taste, the makers of Hallmark Cards invited some of the world's best-known artists—including famed magazine illustrator Norman Rockwell, the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, and the grand old lady of American Art, Grandma Moses—to design exclusive cards for a Hallmark Gallery Artists Series. This move was hailed by art critics as a means of bringing fine paintings to many more people. The public quickly appreciated the fact that these unusually fine cards are sold at regular Christmas card prices.

In another move to provide a reservoir of fine Christmas art, the Hallmark Art Award was instituted. An international competition for professional and amateur artists, the award provides substantial prizes for paintings on the subject of Christmas. An exhibit of 100 prize-winning water colors for the 2nd Hallmark Art Award will be held at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York this month. It will tour leading art galleries of the nation next year.

And this year, shoppers are finding still another Hallmark innovation—Christmas cards with paintings by talented amateur artists from Hollywood—Jane Wyman, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, and the delightful surprise of the season, Groucho Marx.

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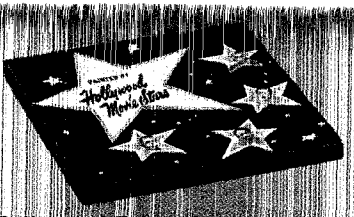
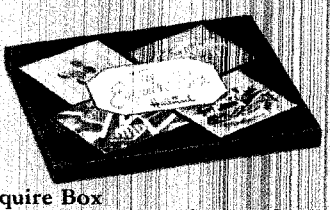
Currier and Ives Prints
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00



Hollywood Box
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00

Winter Magic
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00

Grandma Moses
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00



Esquire Box
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00

Norman Rockwell
Boxes of 12 cards, $1.00

AND HOW DIFFERENT from the old days are the boxes and boxes of Hallmark Cards on display in stores today. What a selection there is . . . beautiful Currier and Ives prints — "Mr. and Mrs." cards — cards from "The Three of Us" or "The Four of Us" — cards "From Our House to Your House" — and boxes of inspiring religious paintings with appropriate poems that reflect the true spirit of Christmas and the fervent hope for peace on earth. There are boxes, too, of smart, engraved cards, boxes of exquisite parchment cards — and big boxes of 25 Hallmark Cards for $1.00 with all the traditional themes of tinsel and holly and mistletoe — gay red Santas and well-laden trees — colorful tree ornaments — pine cones and chubby snowmen — cheery carollers — and scenes of bouncing stage coaches in wintry landscapes.

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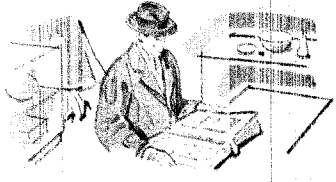
Colorful Card Holders are something new! In the past few years, people have started displaying the Christmas cards they receive—especially those with paintings by the famous artists in the Hallmark Gallery Artists Series. Anticipating this new trend, the makers of Hallmark Cards created two decorative Christmas Card Holders. One is a cheery train—37 inches long—the other a dashing sleigh. These handsome card holders are both Christmas cards and gifts—a gay new way to say "Merry Christmas" and send a holiday decoration at the same time. There's room on the caboose or the sleigh to sign your name or have it imprinted.

Each Hallmark Train or Sleigh can be set up in seconds to display other cards, popcorn, or Christmas ornaments. They can be placed on mantels or under the tree or used as a table centerpiece. Each costs $1.00 and comes with its own mailing envelope.



Another new Hallmark idea solves the businessman's problem. More and more business firms have been sending Christmas cards to associates. Many men, too, like to send Christmas cards to old school friends, wartime buddies, or co-workers. But in the past, most businessmen have been too busy to hunt for cards for themselves, and few could find cards that would be worthy ambassadors of their firm.

So Hallmark has assembled in one convenient album a wide selection of cards designed especially for men and business firms. Now in five minutes, a busy man can find the ideal Christmas cards for him to send.

A handy help for keeping Christmas lists is the Hallmark Date Book—a gift from stores featuring Hallmark Cards. It has places for names and addresses of complete Christmas card list. Space, too, to mark reminders of special dates all year long.

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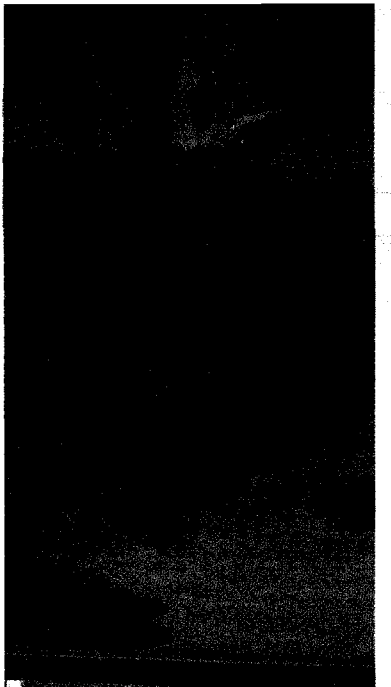

Yes—many changes have taken place since 1842. But the thought behind the Christmas card has not changed. It's still in Egley's famous line—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You."

And for over half a century, the makers of Hallmark Cards have helped transform Egley's wholesome idea into the international custom of sending "Christmas in an Envelope."

Through the use of famous artists and art awards, the insistence on craftsmanship, good taste, and the personal touch—a famous slogan was born: A Hallmark Card—"when you care enough to send the very best."

Hallmark Cards

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I'm Getting Ready to Retire

by ANNIE LAURIE VON TUNGELN

"MRS. JACKSON says she's never been able to take time off to see Europe, so she is going this summer shortly after she retires," a teacher friend remarked one Spring day as we were finishing lunch in the school cafeteria.

"Mrs. Jackson retiring?" I asked, a little startled. "She's too gay and sprightly, too young to be retiring."

"She's 65, and you know the law—she'd have to retire at the end of this school year even if she didn't want to. But she wants to. She says she's ready, and I'm sure she is, for she has so many interests."

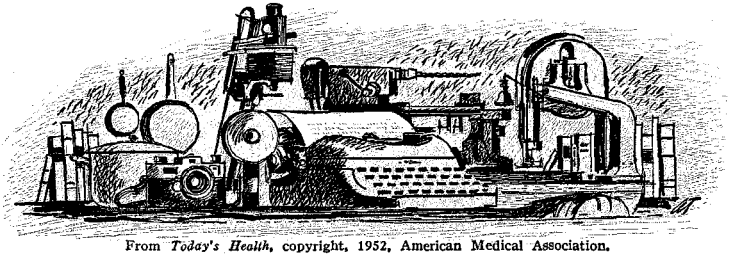
As the end of school drew near, many of us in this system of more than 1,000 teachers began to think seriously about retirement. Its implications were brought forcibly before us because last year was the first when teachers in my state were required to retire at the end of the school term, if they had reached 65.

"In a little less than 20 years," I kept telling myself, "you'll be right where they are today. And what are you doing about it? Will you be ready?"

The thought was not entirely new, but it came with added force as I watched the exodus of so many teachers. Most of them were still physically fit and mentally alert, but not all took retirement with the same grace as Mrs. Jackson. She has so many interests, I reminded myself again and again. That's it, I thought—having a wealth of interests and activities is the secret of felicitous retirement.

Right then and there I decided to do something about retirement—to spend two decades of my life preparing for it, so that, like Mrs. Jackson, I'll be engrossed in so many spheres of living that I won't need to fear it when the day comes. Surely, there's nothing illogical about giving oneself 20 years to prepare for a last career.

Some successful folk, no doubt, fall into their life work by chance. But most of us planned the careers of our so-called active and creative



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years along rather definite lines. I began planning at my mother's knee to become a teacher. Although it's been a modest career, I'm glad I selected it, for no other work, I am sure, could have been more absorbing. Why not plan for my last years with equal care, so that they, too, will be satisfying and fruitful?

We might as well face frankly, though not grimly, the fact that retirement is the last career. It isn't easy, as we noticed in the effect that retirement was having on many of our friends.

"Retirement means changing a pattern of life," one woman remarked thoughtfully. "They're sad because they realize that this is going to be the last pattern."

But these years are also our final opportunity. They're all we have left, and it's up to us to make the most of them. We may take hope because we're able, or should be, to plan for this second career as intelligently as we choose the first—more so, in fact, for we are older and wiser.

A neighbor of mine who is soon to be retired by his company can hardly wait to branch out in his creative hobby, which, he knows from experience, is what he wants to work at. For years he has spent his spare time delving into the intricacies of handmade furniture. Now that retirement is near, instead of meeting it gloomily, he is all agog with plans for turning his garage into a workshop, so that he can begin in earnest on his hobby, which is also to provide him with additional income.

Sampling things we might enjoy doing, as my neighbor did, is important, because our tastes may have changed since youth. We may not enjoy now what once gave us pleasure. Moreover, we may not be up to the activities in which we participated when we were younger. Sooner or later, much as we may hate to admit it, there is almost sure to be diminishing physical strength.

BELIEVING that interests are the solution to the problem of what to do when one retires, I started my program of preparation by listing some of the things I'd like to do when I quit teaching. They're based largely on the interests which give me the greatest satisfaction now. I'm trying them out on a small scale, developing one hobby in particular and at the same time exploring the possibilities of others.

At the top of the list I placed my all-intriguing hobby, writing. I started this work about ten years ago. I had long pretended to myself that I wanted to write, but it wasn't until 1942 that I really got busy and began sending articles and verse to publications. The small success I experience when I receive $60 for an article or $10 for a rhyme brings joy untold.

Even better, it brings a certain amount of confidence that so long as my mind functions, I'll have a fascinating part-time occupation as well as a means of augmenting my savings and the meager retirement pay I shall receive. Writing gives me satisfaction—a feeling of creative attainment and of using my limited talents to the utmost.

Above everything, a hobby should bolster one's ego with a sense of accomplishment. That's why occupations that are only passively entertaining are not enough; they

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serve as little more than escapes or stop-gaps. Everyone needs a strong and enduring interest, something vital and constructive, which will satisfy his inner being and direct his talents toward useful and creative accomplishment.

I place reading second on my list. Along with at least one absorbing creative hobby, we need several passive ones. In a sense, of course, thoughtful reading is creative, for although the writer may faithfully portray what he sees with all the skill at his command, the reader absorbs from the book only what he is able to understand in the light of his own experience and intellectual maturity.

Few times in my life have I found unlimited time for reading; in fact, I've often longed for the day when I could read uninterruptedly to my heart's content. I'm practicing that, too; I try to crowd into even the busiest day at least 15 minutes with a book. I'd like to retain the zest with which I read as a youngster, wide-eyed with wonder and oblivious to all the world but my book.

Housekeeping is third on my list. For years, I've lived what I gaily called a lazy woman's life, eating in cafeterias, cafes and coffee shops, without the responsibility of a meal to plan or a dish to wash. Although this lack of responsibility has given me a certain sense of independence, back in my mind for several years the feeling has been developing that as I grow older, I'd like a little home of my own, "something to tie to," as a business woman friend of mine says of her apartment.

I'm trying out this way of living on a small scale. Last Fall I moved into an apartment where I can cook, entertain guests, keep house and putter about to my heart's content.

Fourth on my list I put an activity which to me is brand new—photography. I know nothing about it—never took a picture in my life that didn't cut off my subject's head, or at least his feet. I'm thinking of joining a photography club or taking private lessons, and I mean to get to work one of these days. It seems to me a particularly worthwhile hobby to coordinate with my urge for writing.

Last on my list, contradictory as this may sound, I wrote "Things I Don't Like." I'm even making myself do a few things which have never been particularly appealing to me. I've long disliked playing cards, but recently I've been able to enjoy a few hands of canasta.

I feel that I should not limit myself entirely to the things in which I've always found pleasure. I ought to develop new interests and activities, for, in middle age, it's important to retain confidence in our ability to do something new, whether we actually do it or not.

BUT I DO NOT INTEND to carry new activities to an extreme. As we grow older, it is wise to devote the major part of our time to interests that we know give us satisfaction, and not waste energy on what is neither creative nor enjoyable. I must discriminate in my occupations so as to use to the best advantage my diminishing strength.

On the other hand, I don't want to "jell" in my ways—above all in my mind. Perhaps making myself do some things I don't like will help to keep my mind flexible enough so that I shall not turn away from a

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new thought or idea merely because it is new.

There are certain things besides hobbies that I'm trying to develop —a hodgepodge of attitudes or habits, which, for want of a better name, I call personal resources. I'm trying to improve my habits of study, which I hope will help to keep me mentally alert. But especially, I'm making an effort to develop my capacity for enjoyment of little things—the minutiae of daily living and the bits of beauty along the way—not waiting for some sensational pleasure to make me happy.

I heard a story recently about an Indian princess who was told that she might go into a field of beautiful corn and gather a large basketful of the choicest ears she could find in any row she selected. The only restriction was that she must pick the ears as she went along, never turning back for one she had missed or rejected.

She set forth happily, scanning each ear with care to make sure that she picked only the best. She found many big and beautiful ears before which she hesitated, but she always passed them by, thinking she might find ever bigger and more beautiful ones farther along. Then all of a sudden she came to the end of the row—with an empty basket.

I'm trying to pick the ears of corn as I go along, so that, even though I should not live to put into operation my carefully laid plans for retirement, I shall not come to the end of the row with nothing but an empty basket.

I'm trying to root out some faults which seem to accompany advancing years. From observation of myself and others, I've decided that one of the worst tendencies which we can easily fall into as we grow older is griping. I'm trying to catch myself up on that as well as other objectionable habits.

I recall reading once about a woman who instructed a man making her a glass eye to be sure it had a twinkle in it. I'm trying hard to keep a twinkle in my eye and laughter in my heart.

Succinct Similes

HE SPREADS OUT like a pat of soft butter on a hot waffle.
—FIBBER MCGEE

THE P. S. that you find in a woman's letter is like the small print in a contract. It pays to read it.
—*Wall Street Journal*

SHE LOOKED LIKE a million dollars all tied together with a tight string. —JACK BENNY

THE OTHER FELLOW'S sins, like his car lights, always appear more glaring than our own.
—*The Spokes-Man*

SHE LOOKS LIKE a professional blind date. —MILTON BERLE

PLATONIC LOVE is like being invited down into the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.
—*Ohio State Sundial*

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St. Louis' Holiday Club for Children

by KATE SMITH

IN THE ST. LOUIS Children's Hospital, an eight-year-old girl sat up in bed. Her brown eyes danced as she read through a stack of gaily colored get-well cards. For the first time since she had undergone a serious bone operation, Sandra Ann Kahn laughed aloud.

Suddenly she heard a wistful voice next to her: "May I look at some of your cards?"

"Of course," Sandra Ann answered, and passed some of her cards to the child in the next bed, a little girl who lay immobilized by a plaster cast that reached to her waist.

And then Sandra Ann looked around her. Most of the children lay silently staring at the ceiling. It occurred to her that except when their parents came, none of them laughed or smiled. They had nothing to look forward to.

When Sandra Ann Kahn left the hospital a few weeks later, she could skip rope with her friends at last. But she could not forget the wan, silent children in the hospital.

One day, she confided in her best friend, red-haired Harriet Shakofsky, and the two children went directly to Sandra Ann's home. On her bedroom door, they hung a sign that read, "Do Not Disturb." Busy sounds emanated from behind the closed door. Next day, the sign was up again.

A few days later, 55 brightly decorated baskets arrived at the St. Louis Children's Hospital. Each one was filled with candy and, accompanying them, was a note. It said:

"Dear Children of the Children's Hospital: The people of the Holiday Club would like to give you a little basket. We hope that you will get well soon and stay well."

Who were "the people of the Holiday Club"?

Soon the secret leaked out. The Holiday Club consisted of Sandra Ann Kahn, who could not forget the loneliness she had seen in the children's ward, and her friend, Harriet Shakofsky, who understood. They had given up their play hours to make the baskets, and their allowances to buy the candy.

In the three years since then, the "people of the Holiday Club" have not missed offering a Christmas gift to the patients in the St. Louis Children's Hospital. Recently, the "Do Not Disturb" sign has been up again. Busily, Harriet and Sandra Ann are working on a new surprise to be delivered this Christmas Day—a gift from two little girls with queen-size hearts.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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The Soviet Embassy Shelters . . .

STALIN'S AGENTS IN WASHINGTON

by TRIS COFFIN

ONLY FOUR blocks from the White House, a grim castle of champagne and conspiracy glowers on Washington. It is a stone mansion, four high-ceilinged floors tall, strewn with chandeliers, ballrooms, scarlet drapes and a stealthy silence.

A generation ago an ambitious hostess built this castle to impress Washington society. Today, it is the heart of a fantastic intrigue against the United States, for it so happens that 1125 Sixteenth Street, N.W., is the Embassy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Behind the thick stone walls is a topsy-turvy world where the Ambassador, a cold, dour-faced, balding man, is afraid of his chauffeur, where each of the 39 accredited officials and 48 men and women employees has a secret mission that must be hidden from the others, where American Communists are treated with open scorn.

Strangers passing by the Embassy see a big black limousine parked in the curved drive. Twin magnolia trees stand on either side of the proud doorway. A formal garden is glimpsed behind ornate iron fences. Expensive curtains discreetly cover the long windows. People come and go casually. A heavy-set Russian in a dark suit strolls toward the Statler Hotel a block south. A shapeless woman clerk in dowdy dress comes out and basks in the sun. They speak to no one, however, for the Embassy staff, surrounded by MVD (secret) police, is cut off from contact with the "bourgeois ideology" of the outside world.

Nevertheless, inside this incongruous "castle," where our capitalist economy is held in contempt and where the hosts at lavish parties belittle the U. S. in every breath, the Reds use American products almost exclusively, from their clothes to the TV sets in their apartments.

Any visitor who enters the Embassy is struck by a strange, unreal atmosphere. It is, in the words of a literary-minded butler who sometimes serves at Embassy parties, "a combination of Dostoevski, William Faulkner and Al Capp."

"Every place you go," he says, "a heavy-browed MVD agent with

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folded arms and suspicious eyes follows you. When they unlock the serving silver, you'd think it was the Czar's crown jewels.

"The tips depend on how drunk the paymaster is. If he is partly sober and decides by some queer reasoning that you are sneering at him, not a dime. But if he is full of vodka and likes you, he will hug you like a bear and stuff bills in your pocket."

Recently, a Washington reporter was invited to the Embassy through a go-between, a writer with contacts among the Cominform diplomatic corps. The reporter went to the Chancery, a small, inconspicuous building attached to the Embassy by a passageway, and rang the bell. It sounded like a lonely cry as it echoed down the hall. A silence, then a scurrying of feet.

The door opened a suspicious crack and an elderly woman wearing a shawl surveyed the visitor with a frightened look. Reluctantly she let the reporter into the Chancery and fled for a frantically whispered conversation in Russian with an unseen person.

The reporter was then greeted by a handsome, black-haired man in his late thirties, who spoke excellent English. The visitor was led through the Embassy over thick red carpets. The silence was so heavy that the sound of a door closed on another floor was like the crack of a pistol.

Baggy dust-covers hid the furniture. Half-opened doors gave a view of immense drawing rooms where cupids and bowknots decorated the molding. A magnificent curving stairway led to the upper first floor. At the head of the stairs was a portrait of the storming of the Winter Palace at Petrograd in 1917.

The upper floor contained a mirrored and paneled hall, lined with office doors. Inside, the offices were shabby and run-down. The dials of the intercom system were in Russian characters.

The half-hour interview was polite but bewildering. The diplomat merely smiled when asked questions, and failed to give any hint as to why the visitor was invited to this private talk. The reporter is still baffled by the incident.

The same curious atmosphere surrounds Embassy inmates when they go into the outside world. Not long ago, an Embassy couple visited the Washington apartment of a former American diplomat who had met the Soviet attaché in Moscow.

EARLY IN THE EVENING, the couple displayed the usual Russian stiffness among strangers. "This summer is most hot and uncomfortable here," said the attaché. "It is *much* better in Russia!"

His wife, obviously under instructions to say little, was shy and uneasy. Wistfully, she mentioned that this was her first venture outside the small Soviet circle in the Capital. She admired the furniture, the pictures, the gleaming kitchen. Plainly she was fascinated by this glimpse of life amidst "capitalistic luxury." But every time she mentioned her delight, her husband dutifully added: "It is *much* better in Russia!"

Finally the discussion drifted to the Soviet Embassy. Then, suddenly, the Russian wife burst out: "*Nenavizhu kak tur'mu!*"

The Soviet attaché turned pale, The host, who knew Russian, real-

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ized that she had said: "I hate that place like a jail!"

The comparison is an apt one. The "inmates" are watched day and night by their jailers, the secret police. At least two sets of agents keep a jealous eye on the entire staff. Everyone is suspect. The greatest crime is to be needlessly friendly with an American.

Recently, an Embassy secretary met up accidentally with a young Washington couple. The husband was in college, the wife worked as a researcher in a Federal bureau.

One day the secretary was called in by the Embassy's espionage director, who demanded: "What useful information are you obtaining from your friends, the Joneses?"

The secretary had known for days that he must face this question, so he was prepared. "You know, of course, that Mr. Jones is seemingly a student. But in reality he is a counter-intelligence agent, assigned to watch two scientists engaged in secret work on solar rays. The Americans are developing a weapon more terrible than the A-bomb!"

The Superman explanation was quite plausible to the espionage chief. And to this day, fictitious but absorbing data on U. S. solar-ray research is to be found in the archives of the MVD in Moscow.

Such cloak-and-dagger business is accepted routine for Embassy officials. Everyone there, from cook to counselor, doubles as a staff worker and as a Communist agent.

The Ambassador's chauffeur, for example, drives His Excellency Georgy N. Zarubin, but he is also a bodyguard and house detective at social functions. More important, he relays secret reports on the behavior of the Ambassador and other high officials to secret-police headquarters in Moscow.

No one, not even a cook's helper, is sent to the castle on Sixteenth Street unless he has been approved by three, often four agencies, not mentioned above a whisper. They are: the dread MVD; the Foreign Department of the Communist Party Central Committee (it controls undergrounds and key cells throughout the world); the Ministry of State Security's Foreign Department (counter-intelligence); and the Department of Foreign Affairs and Espionage in the Ministry of the Armed Forces.

Once selected, the prospective diplomat is groomed for his conspiratorial role. A Soviet engineer, for example, is trained intensively in guided missiles; he must be able to recognize technical details and ask the right questions.

Former Ambassador Alexander S. Panyuskin, according to a former Soviet officer now in Washington, is an old hand at military intelligence. His real Embassy job was to supervise the gathering of high-level information on U. S. preparedness by a vast network of satellite diplomats, American Communists and sympathizers. Zarubin, who replaced him in June, left his previous post in London amid disclosures that his Second Secretary had been engaged in espionage. Earlier, Zarubin had been relieved of his post in Canada, following the arrest there of the leaders of a Soviet atomic spy ring.

Before the agent leaves Moscow, he is called to the Central Committee for two weeks of "shake-down" training. He is coached in intrigue

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—who his contacts will be in Washington, how to use them, how to cover his steps, how to report to the home office.

On the last day, the diplomat's Party card is collected and replaced with another identifying him as a member of the "Smolensk Labor Committee" or some such innocuous body. Since the Comrade packed off to Washington might be tempted by "bourgeois ideology," his wife and children are sometimes kept in Russia as hostages. In such cases, the Washington diplomatic list conspicuously notes "absent" below the family names.

WHEN THE NEWCOMER arrives in Washington, he soon learns that the Ambassador is not the real boss. One outside diplomat who has contacts with the Embassy declares: "Always, there is someone in the Embassy whom the others fear. They live in terror of him, for he is the real leader. And he is not the Ambassador. I have seen Soviet officials actually tremble when he comes into the room."

Currently, this key man is Yuri V. Novikov, who ranked 26th on the Embassy staff in the diplomatic list. One of his pawns was Valentin Gubitchev, Soviet engineer who was ordered to woo Judy Coplon, the "political analyst" of the U. S. Justice Department.

At Gubitchev's trial, Novikov threw off his mask in the hunt for big game. He sat at the counsel table and passed notes openly to the defendant's lawyer. But he was not concerned with Gubitchev's fate. Novikov was trying to force the FBI into the open. He wanted to learn the FBI sources, its methods, and how much it knew of Soviet spying. Novikov did his job so well that he was rewarded during a recent visit to Moscow.

The embassy's air of conspiracy hangs over even the dazzling social functions held amidst the gilded magnificence of the second floor (the third and fourth floors are offices and living quarters). Here are five ballrooms with fluted columns and glittering chandeliers. The big affair, the annual reception on the anniversary of the Communist seizure of power in Russia, is the most lavish fete in Washington.

A thousand visitors edge past tables laden with delicacies. Caviar and sturgeon are flown from Russia for the occasion. Liquors of all kinds flow freely. Embassy officers are conspicuous in gleaming white uniforms, loaded with gold braid.

The river of champagne and liquor comes cheaply, for, thanks to diplomatic immunity, the Embassy does not have to pay the Federal liquor tax. Champagne that would cost the American $8 a bottle is provided for the Russians' propaganda parties at less than $3, and a case of Scotch at only $25.

The list of visitors exposes the conspiracy. Those who receive engraved cards with a golden hammer and sickle are mostly diplomats from nations which Russia is courting, Americans whom the Embassy is trying to impress, fellow-travelers and domestic Communists. The latter two groups, however, are treated as poor cousins, and are lucky if they can slide past the Embassy guards for a second go at the champagne.

The important guests are in the second group, for they give clues to

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the Embassy's undercover activities. One year these special guests are atomic scientists, another year Hollywood script writers, and still another year, professors and racial leaders who may be induced to sign such bogus documents as the Stockholm "Peace Appeal."

A smiling attaché fawns at the elbow of each privileged guest. "Another glass of champagne, sir? We are very much honored to have such a distinguished and understanding guest."

The Embassy stages three other kinds of social affairs—the propaganda show, the intimate dinner, and the uninhibited, shoes-off binge.

The first opens with a screening of Soviet movies in a drawing room for some 100 guests, including a large percentage of wide-eyed Americans. One recent guest gruffly commented:

"Unfortunately, I forgot to eat before we came to the Embassy at 7 o'clock. I sat for four hours, with my chair getting harder and my appetite growing stronger. We saw films of the May Day parade and a full-length feature on the life of Mussorgsky, the Russian composer. Every time Stalin's face showed on the screen, the satellite diplomats and American Communists applauded furiously."

An intimate dinner for ten was described recently by the ranking diplomat of a country being wooed by the Soviet: "The food was the most expensive served in any Washington embassy. There were twenty or thirty different kinds of liquors. Our host held the conversation to a comparison between the United States and Russia. Whenever a guest praised anything American, our host remonstrated: 'Yes, but it is *much* better in Russia!'

"However, I noticed that he was wearing an American suit, while his wife's dress came from Washington's most expensive store. The first thing the Russians do when they accumulate dollars is buy American clothing and TV sets.

"After dinner, we danced to a phonograph. Yes, the machine and the records were American!"

A few times a year, especially after the monster reception, the Embassy closes its doors and the more than 200 members of the Soviet community in Washington let down their hair. Tables are set in one of the ballrooms, and the tax-free liquor is brought in. What follows has been described as the wildest goings-on in Washington.

Experienced private waiters want nothing to do with these parties. As one of them explained: "The brawls are too rough. You're likely to get knocked downstairs by a playful Russian full of vodka. They drink like crazy men. A brandy snifter filled to the rim with vodka goes down in one gulp. When you go back to the Embassy next morning to clean up, the place is littered with broken dishes and glasses, furniture that looks like it was kicked to pieces, and bits of clothing."

The first hour or so is a riotous eating and drinking contest with much singing, laughter and shouts of "*Hoi, hoi, hoi!*" Then some of the younger men compete in energetic folk dances. A few land on the floor, to the accompaniment of laughter. The winner downs a glass of vodka with a gesture.

From then on, the party really gets going. Men with bottles stick-

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ing from their pockets lurch through the halls in clumsy but determined pursuit of the few women present. Attire is anything but formal. Fist fights are not uncommon. Later, in corners and along the curving stairway, figures sprawl, some in snoring sleep, others with arms around their ladies.

Discipline is restored the morning after. The Soviet diplomat comes out the door, again the stiff, arrogant individual fighting his private war against the "capitalist exploiters" of the United States. This defensive attitude was clearly revealed in the case of the assistant military attaché and his war against the District traffic bureau.

The colonel was bolder than most of his Embassy comrades, who shy from the stiff District driving tests. When he flunked his first trial, he roared, "I cannot fail fairly!"

When he returned for the fourth test, he climbed behind the wheel with superb confidence. But by the time he and the haggard inspector came back, the Russian had achieved a record—123 demerits.

He was charged with failure to observe other traffic, exceeding the speed limit, failure to yield right of way to pedestrians, delayed braking, failure to give proper signals, turning corners too wide, failure to get into the correct turning lane, and seven other misdeeds.

When the colonel was told he had failed again, he cried in rage: "Impossible! This is discrimination against a Soviet citizen!"

It is ironic that an employee of the Soviet Embassy should use the word "discrimination," especially when his lot is compared to that of the staff of the U. S. Embassy in Moscow. There, Americans lead a harsh and secluded life. They are cut off from contacts with the population; their mail is opened, their telephones tapped. The Ambassador is followed everywhere by two Red agents in a car. The staff lives mostly out of food supplies sent from the U. S., since so little can be purchased in Russia.

Meanwhile, in Washington, the official agents of the most totalitarian dictatorship on earth enjoy all the benefits of our democratic society. This includes the right to come and go as they choose, diplomatic immunity from traffic cops, access to our people and government, and, above all, the free air.

Perhaps their antagonism toward the United States would be laughable if the Soviet Embassy were merely a Hollywood movie prop. But it is not a prop; it is the headquarters of a sinister conspiracy against the peace and welfare of the Western World. No wonder many American citizens ask why our own representatives in Moscow cannot receive the same treatment and privileges that are enjoyed by the Soviet's agents—only four blocks from the White House.

To Err Is Human

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO, two detectives spotted a man they believed was wanted for questioning about illegal entry into the U. S. He turned out to be a full-blooded Sioux Indian. —PAUL STEINER

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Silver

A CAR CREPT ALONG in 5 o'clock traffic. In exactly ten minutes, dinner guests would be arriving at the driver's home in North Hollywood, a good half-hour away.

He turned on a switch, picked up a microphone lying beside him on the seat and said, "Hey, Joe, are you there? W6DJN, this is mobile W6FMG."

Immediately a good-natured voice answered him. "Yeah, Red, I'm here."

"Look, I'm stuck in traffic on Wilshire. Would you mind calling my home—and telling them I'm going to be at least 45 minutes late? Thanks, Joe."

On a quiet, tree-lined street in Van Nuys, California, a man lying flat on his back, his legs wedged in a wide V-shape by a cast reaching from waist to toes, grinned, picked up the telephone by his bed and another domestic crisis was averted.

For almost two years, after a bad hip condition gave him an enforced leave from his regular position as a radio network engineer, Joe Cohen was "there" to amateur radio operators, particularly mobile "hams," the fellows driving the cars with the buggy whips on top.

From a rented hospital bed, set up in the den of his modest home, he was able to monitor their frequency from early in the morning until late at night.

They were his magic carpet to a friendly, exciting, outside world; they and the 75-meter transmitter and receiver crowded in between the table, holding the television set and telephone, and the two-meter transmitter in back of his bed.

"Hey, Joe, I'm looking for Gene," Carl might say. "Can't seem to locate him."

"Just talked to him," Joe would answer. "He's stopped in at Lockheed on some business. He'll be back in about ten minutes."

There were emergencies, like the time a ham happened to be in the spot when an accident occurred. He called Joe, and as fast as you could click a relay, that gentleman had the police and ambulance speeding to the scene.

Not long ago, Joe got out of his "overcoat" as he called his cast, culminating months of doctors and operations. But no matter whether W6DJN is operating from a hospital bed, his garage shack, or his car driving to work, the hams know Joe Cohen will be *there* when they start signing in. —JAN DAWSON JENSEN

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE and we were hurrying to get home. As we drove up Route 17, near Harriman, New York, we had a flat tire.

The icy pavement made it virtually impossible to get the car properly jacked up, and a young man on duty at a nearby service station invited us to use his place. "It won't cost you anything. This is Christmas Eve and I should be doing something for someone!"

The young man not only provided his equipment, but did most

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Linings

of the work himself. When he had finished, I reached in my pocket and offered him a bill. He refused it, protesting, "Please let me do something for someone on Christmas Eve."

"Pull over to the pump," I told my brother-in-law. "At least, we can buy a dollar's worth of gas from him."

He took my dollar bill this time and ran the pump. As we drove away, I caught a glimpse of the meter. It read: $1.10.

—The Rev. William M. Hunter

While our son Jim was doing his stretch on Saipan and Okinawa in World War II, I wrote him every day because I thought that a boy who knew he wasn't forgotten would be more careful to get back home again. In my letters I admonished him to take every precaution from danger while carrying out his duties, and to be sure to keep his feet dry!

When Jim returned safely home he told me, "Mom, your letters were a scream. The whole company watched for them. At mail call everybody ganged up to get your latest instructions."

He said that when he read about keeping his feet dry, he was standing in freezing water up to his hips.

One night when the sky was full of flares and rockets, and bullets were whizzing thick and fast, a buddy called, "Say, Jim, this looks dangerous to me! Get out your mother's letter and see what we'd better do!"

When a typhoon flattened all the tents on Okinawa, and the boys were crouched in pelting rain for hours on the leeward side of an oil truck, another crawled close and yelled, "Say, Jim, your mother isn't going to like this!"

Although I had put my whole heart into those letters and had written them in all sincerity, I'm so glad that the boys got a laugh out of them, for I helped in a better way than I had intended.

—Frances A. Duncan

In a doctor's crowded waiting room not long ago, I sat opposite a mother and her little boy. He was about six and was of the question-asking variety. In half an hour he managed to cover almost every subject known to man. To the admiration of us all, his mother answered each query carefully and patiently.

Inevitably he got around to God; and as we listened to his relentless "hows" and "whys," we began to glance at each other, entertaining a mutual though silent question: *How does she stand it?*

But when she answered the little boy's next question, she answered ours too.

"Why," he asked, "doesn't God ever get tired and just stop?"

"Because," she replied after a moment's thought, "God is love; and love never gets tired."

—K. S. H. Schoolfield

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Iowa University's Adventure in FAITH

by MARCUS BACH

Students of all religions have found that they have a common meeting ground

IT WAS REGISTRATION WEEK at the University. Hundreds of students milled about under huge placards marked Chemistry, Commerce, Engineering, Law.

One, somewhat older than the rest and dark-skinned, hesitated under the card marked Religion. He spoke in the accent of the Middle East:

"There is something here I do not understand," he said. From the catalogue in his hand, he read aloud: "History of the Catholic Church, History of the Hebrew people, Protestant Faith, Christian Ethics." He looked up. "You teach all these courses?"

"Yes," replied the registrar.

"And I can study them under a priest or a rabbi or a minister?"

The registrar nodded.

Now the student leaned forward to make himself heard above the din: "I would like to tell you—I have been a student in many countries. I have never heard of anything like this. How is it possible?"

How is it possible? Many men have asked that question—and other questions—since the School of Religion was launched at the State University of Iowa 25 years ago.

Faculty members asked: "How can you teach religion in a tax-supported university? There is such a thing as the separation of church and state, you know."

Clergymen asked: "Don't you think the tenure of a rabbi or a minister on the faculty of a state university would be insecure?"

Iowa City businessmen said: "Catholics are Catholics and Protestants are Protestants. They think differently and they believe differently. You don't need a special school to teach them that."

Students said: "If I want to learn religion, I can go to church."

Today, the doubts have been met, the questions answered—and the answer is one of the most striking demonstrations of interfaith cooperation in America, a religious give-and-take that has risen above academic differences and cut across denominational lines.

What, specifically, have they done at the University of Iowa?

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They have instituted a plan of religious education in which Catholics, Protestants and Jews teach their individual faiths, not as "literature" or as a historical parade of facts and figures, but as a living, vital belief in religion and in each other. They have made "cooperation without compromise" work.

"For the past ten years," the Protestant professor recently said, "my office has been between that of the Catholic priest on my left and the Jewish rabbi on my right. Up to now, there hasn't been any feuding. As representatives of America's three major faiths, we teach religious thought as we believe it —and we do it as a team."

This year, the School of Religion observed its 25th year of uninterrupted history and told its story to the world. Its roots go back to the chaotic days of World War I. Close behind the front lines in France, a Yale graduate, O. D. Foster, organized a group called "Comrades in Service." High-ranking officials, army leaders and doughboys—Jews, Catholics, Protestants—gathered regularly for social activities and religious services.

Back home, Foster determined to introduce this same appreciation for the other fellow's point of view among young people in American colleges. At about the same time, Iowa University President Walter A. Jessup and a campus committee sat down to study the need for spiritual emphasis in the postwar years. Their main concern: a charge plaguing educators that soon after boys and girls registered at a university, they lost their religion.

Inevitably, Foster and Jessup got together. "We had the dream," said one of the University men. "Foster had the know-how."

In May, 1925, in the historic Old Capitol building on the Iowa campus, 31 key churchmen and University representatives listened to a plan for a School of Religion, to be governed by a "balance of counsel" among the three faiths. This meant that Catholics and Jews would have representation on a Board of Trustees proportionately greater than Protestants who were the largest religious force in the state. It was not the plan to *teach* religion. The idea was to explain religious concepts and to open the doors of understanding so that men could catch the inspiration of all that other men, in their quest for God, had been able to discover.

Deploying their forces, the committee launched a three-pronged campaign for support:

President Jessup was called upon to sell the idea to the State of Iowa; the churchmen were commissioned to enlist the support of their respective denominations; Foster took it upon himself to work for interreligious ecclesiastical approval on the national level.

In the Spring of 1926, excited conversation drifted down the corridors of the University: John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had agreed to make available to the School $35,000 for a three-year trial period.

Still, it was only a school on paper. Many an Iowan expected it to stay right there. It had no staff, no students, no money. But here and there in the state and in the nation, Catholics, Protestants and Jews clung to the idea.

For another year, they answered questions, met objections, explained,

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argued, pleaded. Finally, plans for a School of Religion were incorporated under the laws of Iowa. The State Board of Education gave its blessing and a single classroom was made available in the Natural Science building.

As director, the committee chose M. Willard Lampe, Presbyterian clergyman whose experience had ranged from "sky pilot" in a Western mining camp to campus pastor at the University of Pennsylvania.

If Foster was the pioneer, Lampe was the colonizer—and the one man who could satisfy the three faiths and the university members. From a corner desk and an empty classroom, he built the School of Religion into an institution which, during its peak year, registered 2,407 students in 28 different courses in religion.

Although Lampe has been the only director the school has ever had, he still admits that in all his 25 years on the job, his first assignment—finding a teaching staff—was the toughest. Where could he get three men academically acceptable to the University, respected denominationally by their communions, and sufficiently adventurous to pioneer on the frontiers of good will and confidence among organized religious groups?

Jewish leaders recommended Prof. Maurice H. Farbridge, graduate of Victoria University in England. For Catholicism, a bishop found Father Henry G. Takkenberg. The Protestant assignment was given to a Columbia graduate, Presbyterian Charles A. Hawley.

All courses were made elective and fully accredited. Regardless of his denomination, a student could enroll in such classes as "Protestant Faith," "Judaism" or "The Catholic Church." He could register for "Old Testament," which was taught by a Jew, "New Testament," taught by a Protestant, or "Life Problems," taught by a Catholic.

Today, there is even a course titled "Religious Groups of America," in which qualified members of contemporary movements such as Mormonism, Christian Science, Jehovah's Witnesses, the Bahá'i faith, or the Kingdoms of Father Divine may discuss what they believe and why they believe it.

WHEN ROCKEFELLER AID was ended in 1935, the inter-religious Board of Trustees convinced Iowans and church groups that the University should keep a full program going. Catholicism pledged itself to take care of the salary of the Catholic professor; members of the Jewish faith underwrote their man; and Protestantism shared in the salary of its representative—as each group had done from the beginning. Only the administrator's salary and office operating expenses came out of University funds. The rest is "free-will offering."

A typical contributor made this statement: "Any school that can bring religion to a state university is worth five dollars of my money any time."

An Iowa businessman gave the school a check for $50. It was drawn on a special account. He said: "Some years ago I started keeping a Lord's side of the ledger. That's His money. You can count on help from me from time to time."

Buoyed by such loyalty, the School of Religion keeps in mind

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that it has an extra-curricular responsibility to the people of the Hawkeye State. Its 15-minute Morning Chapel broadcasts over University station WSUI may feature an evangelist one day, a Quaker the next. Jewish students celebrate their holy days with special broadcasts; Catholics offer pre-Easter services; Protestants conduct programs devoted to Reformation Sunday. And all faiths unite in such observances as Brotherhood Week in February and patriotic holidays.

Confirmed sectarians are often surprised to hear that many religious differences of the past no longer divide the youth of today. President of the School's Board of Trustees, F. C. Waples, Iowa businessman and prominent Methodist, calls this a healthy sign.

"We exchange ideas about business methods and technical processes," he says, "so why not exchange ideas about discoveries in the spiritual life? This is not only reasonable, it's vital. It's vital to students and also to people throughout the state. Let's tell them about it."

O. D. Foster, now writing his memoirs in his Fortville, Indiana, home, believes that other state universities will develop schools of religion modeled after the Iowa plan. He thinks that 25 years were needed to prove the workability of the idea.

Director Lampe agrees, but his main concern is for the immediate years ahead at the University. "There is," he says, "a desperate need for a working unity to keep the world from destruction. There is a tremendous call to show the world how it is possible to work together for the advantage of all and the detriment of none. Our success here at Iowa constitutes a sobering challenge in such a world as we live in today."

Some educators feel that the Iowa plan has worked only because of a favorable combination of circumstances, and that it is impractical as a blueprint for universities generally. There are people at the grass roots who still shake their heads dubiously when they hear that Catholic, Protestant and Jew teach in a spirit of co-operation and openly demonstrate the beliefs they hold in common.

But this is not true of the average University student. One of them reduced the question to its very essence: "What's so surprising about it? We all worship the same God, don't we?"

Weighty Evidence

A FRIGHTENED HOUSEHOLDER excitedly reported to police headquarters that he had been struck down in the dark outside his back door by an unknown assailant. A rookie officer was dispatched to the scene of the crime to investigate, and soon returned to headquarters with a lump on his forehead and a glum look on his face.

"I solved the case," he muttered.

"Amazingly fast work," his superior complimented him. "How did you accomplish it?"

The sad cop explained. "I stepped on the rake, too."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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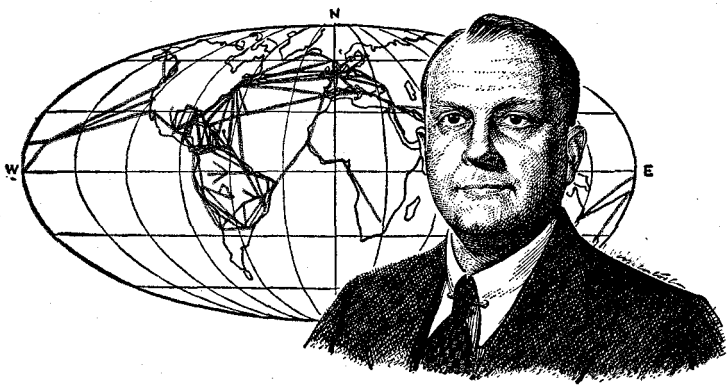

Juan Trippe: King of the Skyways

by COLLIE SMALL

Pan American's president has blazed an air trail for tourists around the globe

AT 53, Juan Terry Trippe is a husky, brown-eyed six-footer who has spent all his adult life trying to shrink the world to the size of a walnut. He has not entirely succeeded, of course, but he has come closer than any other human in history with a similar objective.

As both the founder and president of Pan American World Airways, it has been Trippe, more than any other single person, who has caused the world to contract with such suddenness that no place on the face of the earth is now more than 52 hours by air from New York.

Apart from his extraordinary vision, which in retrospect has been virtually infallible, the remarkable thing about Trippe is that he has accomplished so much in so short a time. His building of an aerial empire is a saga of twentieth-century adventure. Conceived and driven forward by one man, a commercial airline has taken islands in the name of the United States, negotiated treaties with foreign governments, and defied the British navy.

In only 25 years, having started from scratch, Trippe has spun a web of such vast dimensions that his planes now fly more than a billion passenger miles a year, carrying the American flag and American prestige to 69 foreign countries and colonies over some 60,000 miles of routes.

It has been said of Trippe that he views the world only as a series of dots, between which it is possible to fly and upon which it is possible to land. Certainly there is nothing to suggest that he ever considered it in any other terms. Even now, with his planes circling the globe like automatons, he sits restlessly in his office on the 58th floor of New

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York's Chrysler Building, mapping out new conquests.

Ironically, Trippe's only problem as a pioneer is that he has just about run out of new places to fly to. From now on, he must find newer, faster and cheaper ways of flying to the old places, a program on which he is already hard at work.

In many ways, Trippe is a fascinating enigma. Outwardly, his trappings are those of any successful executive. He is articulate, polished and soft-spoken. He has a wife, the former Elizabeth Stettinius, is the father of a daughter and three sons to whom he is devoted, and draws a modest salary of $22,500, though his stock holdings are considerable. He keeps both an apartment in Manhattan and a country home on Long Island, relaxes easily, plays golf, skis, and likes surf fishing. But where Pan American is concerned, he is another man entirely.

Trippe runs his airline with an iron hand. Since he himself has always had the capacity of getting things done, regardless of how insurmountable they may have seemed, he insists that those around him do the same. Once, as a Yale student, when he was editor of a pictorial magazine called the *Graphic*, he told the business manager of the *Graphic* that they were going to put out an issue almost double the size of previous ones.

"Where are we going to get the money?" his associate asked.

Trippe looked at him coldly. "You," he said, "are the business manager!"

Needless to say, the double-size *Graphic* was produced forthwith.

Close associates have described him as a two-level thinker. "In the office, Trippe thinks in terms of minute detail," one of them has said. "When he leaves the office, he seems to soar up to a higher, broader plane.

"He may seem perfectly relaxed, but he is apt to get an idea in the middle of his backswing on the golf course or in the middle of a *schuss* down a ski slope. Nobody knows where they come from, but he brings new ideas to the office every morning."

Most of Trippe's other associates find him charmingly inscrutable. His capacity for intense concentration on any given problem is prodigious, and he is given to long periods of reflective silence, puffing on a pipe or a ten-cent cigar while his associates fidget, waiting for him to make his decision. Once he speaks, however, there is the ring of unmistakable authority, even though he has a habit of issuing orders in the form of questions.

If he should say, "Don't you think we ought to set up tourist service to the moon?" his experts would begin working on the project without hesitation. Moreover, Trippe would be apt to register extreme annoyance if anyone had the temerity to suggest there were certain obstacles to the plan, such as the fact that no one has yet flown to the moon.

Trippe's unceasing battle against the physical limitations of the world began in 1923. As the son of a New York banker, and named, incidentally, after a great aunt, Juanita Terry, it was originally intended that he should enter his family's investment firm following a suitable apprenticeship, but after an arid year of banking, he concluded that

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the throb of engines held more promise than the call of bonds.

Trippe was already a flier, having served as a Marine pilot during World War I. Consequently, he abandoned banking to form Long Island Airways, a company with seven wartime planes which he based at Rockaway Beach, Long Island, for sightseeing and occasional charter flights.

Long Island Airways was successful enough with Trippe as president, general manager, chief pilot, and, in emergencies, mechanic, but in 1925, the Kelly Air Mail Act offered government subsidies for the first time to private companies which would carry mail. It was Trippe's first real opportunity. He and a group of friends quickly organized Colonial Air Transport between New York and New England, and wangled the first U. S. mail contract.

Colonial prospered from the start. Eager to expand, Trippe proposed that the route be extended westward from New York to Chicago and southward from New York to Miami and Havana. It was too rich a dream for Colonial's conservative stockholders. They voted him down, and Trippe and his friends promptly withdrew from Colonial.

That was the beginning of Pan American and a great new era in commercial aviation. With $300,000 capital raised by himself and eleven other World War I pilots, including Sonny Whitney, who became chairman of the board, Trippe formed the fabulous airline that was destined to conquer six continents and all the oceans in between.

Prior to Trippe's emergence, it had been axiomatic for airlines to follow the perimeters of the land masses. Trippe boldly proposed to strike out across the water with both mail and passengers, despite the fact that there was virtually no existing knowledge of how to do it. There were no airways, radio beams, weather service, maritime clearance regulations as applied to aircraft.

Trippe and the men he had gathered around him painstakingly compiled the original encyclopedia of overwater flying, using the Caribbean as a laboratory. A weather service was set up, along with a communications system. By 1927, they were ready to venture over the sea commercially, and Pan American opened the first international air service under the American flag.

The plane was a tri-motored Fokker, the first multi-engined transport used by an American airline, and the route was 90 miles across the water between Key West and Havana.

WITH ONE frontier breached, Trippe eagerly sought others. In rapid succession new names appeared on the Pan American timetable—names like Port of Spain, San Juan, Mexico City, Cristobal and Montevideo. Foreign lines, such as British Imperial Airways, France's Compagnie Générale Aéropostale, the Dutch KLM, and Germany's Lufthansa, all of which had been operating internally in Latin America for six or seven years, suddenly looked up in astonishment to find that the brash newcomer had snatched Latin America out from under their very noses.

By 1933, every capital in Latin America was being served by Pan American, as well as most South

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American capitals. Meanwhile, thousands of miles away, the ambitious Trippe had started service in Alaska, competing with dog-team operators in carrying mail. And his eye was already on the broad waters of the Pacific.

The Pacific represented Trippe's greatest challenge. There were tremendous factors involved simply in hitting the infinitesimal specks that would have to serve as landing fields. An occasional daredevil had flown across the Pacific successfully, but others had died in the attempt. No major ocean had yet been spanned by regularly scheduled commercial aircraft.

When Trippe proposed to do it, a board member resigned in protest. "Idiocy!" he snorted. But Trippe knew how. In October, 1936, the "China Clipper," a flying boat, inaugurated regular passenger service from San Francisco to Manila, with stops at Honolulu, Wake Island and Guam.

Three years later, Trippe was first with passenger service across the Atlantic. In 1947, he was first around the world on regular schedule. It seemed that he was first everywhere with everything, including instrument flying and the use of flight mechanics. Commercial aviation had never seen anything like this dedicated man.

Looking back, the amazing thing about Trippe is that one man should have been so imbued with determination and so infallibly guided by faith. Yet Trippe accomplished nothing by accident. Every move was planned with fantastic care, coupled with incredible foresight.

As early as 1932, Trippe was convinced that the Pacific would be flown commercially. When the British refused to give him landing rights in Hong Kong, he promptly sent an emissary to Portugal to get landing rights in the Portuguese colony of Macao, the result being that the British wearily surrendered and opened Hong Kong to him.

By 1933, Trippe was not only stringing airports and radio networks throughout Latin and South America, but he was also writing to the All Soviet Presidium of Civil Aviation in Moscow, proposing to fly to the Orient and asking permission to use Siberia as an operational stop. The negotiations with Moscow were unsuccessful, but he sent the company's Technical Director, Col. Charles Lindbergh, and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, on a long survey flight to the Far East anyway.

Trippe was so determined to fly the Pacific that he chartered a steamer in 1935, loaded it with technicians, construction crews and materials, and sent it out with instructions to build an airway on the coral stepping stones across the Pacific. There were many difficulties, however.

Trippe found that when he went to build on Wake Island, the U. S. Navy wasn't sure where it was and the U. S. Government didn't know for sure whether it owned it. Trippe's men had found a reference to Wake in a museum in Honolulu, and Pan American apparently had rediscovered the tiny speck.

In any case, Trippe got the dubious permission of the Government to use Wake, along with Midway and Guam. When it came to such islands as Howland and Davis, he discovered he could get U. S. pro-

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tection only if he exported guano to this country. Trippe, consequently, organized a guano company.

In mapping out his route to Australia, Trippe sent an expedition to Canton Island to set up a base. It was a perilous mission. With the Pan American party steaming toward Canton from Honolulu, the British dispatched the cruiser *Essex* from New Zealand to claim Canton for the Union Jack. Fortunately, the Pan American ship arrived 24 hours ahead of the British and the next day claimed all of Canton it had been able to survey, which, in view of Canton's small size, was all of it except one or two acres.

The *Essex* stood offshore and demanded that Pan American vacate. Pan American stood its ground. Finally, the cruiser sent a ground party to claim what was left, and to reinforce their claim the British later installed a post office on their part of the atoll. Eventually, the U. S. government, backing up Trippe, settled the issue with the British by designating the island a "co-dominion."

After 25 years, Pan American can now properly be considered a global operation. Pan American holds minority interests in 14 foreign-flag airlines which it has developed, and, all told, some 16,000 people are engaged in seeing that the sun never sets on the wings of Pan Am's clippers. Such being the extent of his success, Trippe might reasonably be expected to sit down and catch his breath.

Trippe, however, entertains no such idea. He is as restless as ever and sees the future as even more challenging than the past. The jet age, for instance, finds him hammering away at American plane manufacturers to build a jet transport that can make the New York-to-London crossing in six hours nonstop. Trippe himself cannot design planes, but he knows what he wants and needs.

When, in 1944, Boeing proposed a double-deck "Stratocruiser" with a top speed of 280 miles an hour, Pan American engineers insisted that the top speed be boosted to Trippe's requirement of more than 300 m.p.h. Apropos of jets, Trippe feels that jet service across the oceans will be standard before 1960, but that the present jet transports—notably the British Comet—cannot be operated economically over long-distance ocean routes such as Pan American's.

WITH HIS CONQUESTS of oceans and continents largely behind him, Trippe has turned to an all-out assault on the remaining barriers to travel: time and money. With characteristic vision, he realized some years ago that it was these two factors which were most likely to keep a great portion of our population from traveling abroad, and he did considerable thinking about it.

"A great percentage of the people in America are either foreign-born or their parents were," Trippe told himself. "Why wouldn't they like to go back to the old country? What's more, almost everyone now gets a paid vacation. The worker's only problem is that he can't get anywhere and back in two or three weeks without flying. If the price were right, he could go."

Trippe set out against the heaviest sort of opposition to make the price right. In 1948, he inaugurated

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tourist service to Puerto Rico. It was immediately successful and proved what he had long been saying: "Tourist-class air service is simply an application of the tested American principle of mass production—achieving a wider and wider market by lowering the unit price."

As usual, however, Trippe was too far ahead of his competitors. When he proposed a new tourist-class service across the Atlantic, most other airlines protested vehemently that a $405 round-trip fare between New York and London would be ruinous to first-class services. Nevertheless, Trippe formally made his proposal at a conference in London of North Atlantic airlines operators.

He was promptly voted down. He then countered by refusing to agree to abide by the first-class fares set by the conference for more than six months, thereby forcing another meeting. Meanwhile, he ordered 39 new Super airliners at a cost of some $50,000,000, and blithely announced that Pan American would institute tourist service across the Atlantic in brand-new pressurized planes carrying 82 passengers each.

At the subsequent traffic conference in Nice last December, Trippe forced the issue through, agreeing finally to a compromise fare of $486. Other North Atlantic operators followed his lead. And, as has happened so often, they found that Juan Trippe had carried them across another frontier. One airline which fought Trippe the hardest had to revise and expand its tourist schedule three times before it had sent its first flight out; it was literally swamped with reservations. And its first-class flights were booked as solidly as ever.

"It is not only a new service," Trippe had said. "It's a new type of passenger."

When Trippe is reminded now of his competitors' reluctance to follow him to the golden harvest, he smiles and one recalls what another Pan American executive said when Trippe was in the middle of the tourist-service fight.

"Trippe will get tourist flights across the Atlantic," the executive said, "simply because his opponents won't live long enough to stop him."

In a nutshell, that is the story of Juan Terry Trippe.

Logic Irrefutable

A QUAKER, backing his car, bumped into the vehicle behind him. The driver jumped out and called him several very insulting names. When he ran out of names the Quaker said, "If you offer a man something and he refuses it, to whom does it belong?"

Taken by surprise at the unexpected question, the other driver replied, "To the one who originally offered it, I suppose."

"We agree," smiled the Quaker. "The abuse and ugly names you offer me I refuse to accept."

—FRANCES RODMAN

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In All Humility

AN OLD IRISH WOMAN was in distress because she had lost her sense of God. A friend who was with her one day said, "Pray to God. Ask Him to touch you. He will put His hand on you."

The old woman began to pray and suddenly felt a hand touching her. She cried out in joy, "He has touched me." Then she added, "But it felt just like your hand!"

Her friend said, "Sure, did you think He'd make a long arm out of Heaven to touch you? He just took the hand that was nearest and used that." —THE-MAN-WHO-SEES (*In Quote*)

DIE WHEN I MAY, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow. —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER, noted Negro educator and chemist, was once called before a Senate committee to testify concerning his work with the peanut. "Where did you learn all these things?" he was asked.

"From an old book," he replied.

"What book?"

"The Bible."

"But what does the Bible say about peanuts?" queried the surprised committee.

"Nothing, Mr. Senator," replied Dr. Carver quietly, "but it tells about God who made the peanut. I asked Him to show me what to do with it—and He did." —IRVING HOFFMAN

JOHN CARRADINE, the actor, was doing readings at a Greenwich Village nightclub. A lady who heard him was fascinated by his reading of a Shakespeare sonnet, and asked him to autograph the book she was carrying, a copy of Shakespeare.

"I couldn't," he replied. "Would you ask a servant of God to autograph the Holy Bible?" —LEONARD LYONS

DANIEL A. POLING was once asked by a young man, "What do you know about God?" Dr. Poling answered, "Mighty little, but what I know has changed my entire life."

—*Canadian Baptist*

BY PROFESSION I am a soldier, and take pride in that fact. But I am more proud, infinitely more, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; a father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death, the other embodies creation and life. While the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still. It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me not from the battles, but in the home, repeating with him our simple daily prayer, "Our Father, Who art in heaven."

—GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

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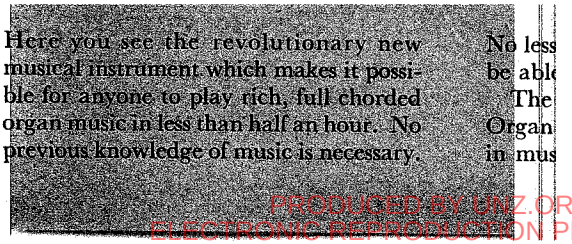
Here you see the revolutionary new
musical instrument which makes it possi-
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organ music in less than half an hour. No
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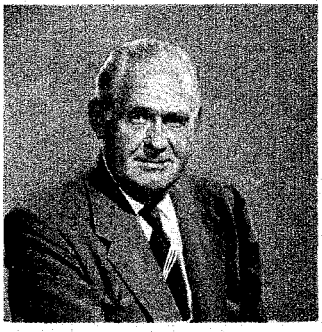
Thousands learn the thrill instead of



This was an executive who couldn't relax

In thousands of homes all over America, music is becoming something you play instead of something you listen to.

Lots of people just like you and me . . . folks who like to sing in the bathtub but who have no time for music lessons or lack patience to practice . . . people who once took music lessons, stopped, and forgot everything they knew . . . men and women who felt they were too old to learn to play a musical instrument—have discovered a new kind of satisfaction and relaxation in playing their own music.

The reason for it all is the Hammond Chord Organ. It looks and sounds like an organ, but it's far easier to play than any musical instrument ever was before.

Aided by a simple book of instructions, anyone can sit down and be playing both the melody and bass of a piece like "The Marines' Hymn" or "Silent Night" within half an hour. Not professionally, but pleasantly.

This was a boy who didn't like music

On the next two pages, why it is so easy to learn to play

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# of playing their own music
istening to others

This was a grandmother who thought she was too old

You don't even have to be able to read music. Simple picture music shows you exactly what to do. A generous library of music from popular favorites to Tschaikowsky comes with each Chord Organ. Each selection is presented in conventional music too for those who read notes.)

You learn by playing the music you like best. The more you play, the better it sounds. The better you play, and the more you learn about music, the more you enjoy yourself. For, easy as the Hammond Chord Organ is to learn to play, it is a superb musical instrument with a wealth of varied resources which you never outgrow.

This is all possible because the Chord Organ virtually eliminates the bugaboo of so many would-be piano players: the left hand. On the Chord Organ, the left hand has nothing to do but push clearly-marked buttons. One button will play a chord that requires three or four fingers working full time on a conventional organ or a piano.

This was a woman who had forgotten childhood music lessons

you will see exactly the Hammond Chord Organ . . .

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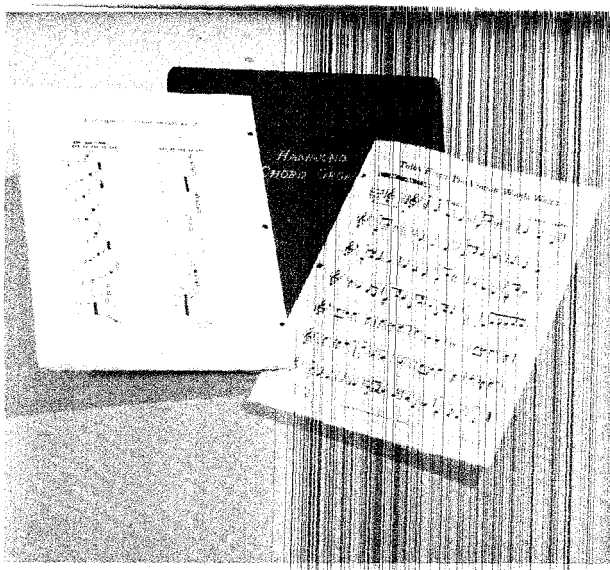

1

YOU CAN PLAY EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T READ NOTES, by playing the easy picture music. Hundreds of selections supplied with each Chord Organ in easy to read picture music and standard music.

Here's why it's so easy to play

3

ONE FINGER of your left hand presses one button to produce a rich chord that would take several fingers on a conventional keyboard instrument.

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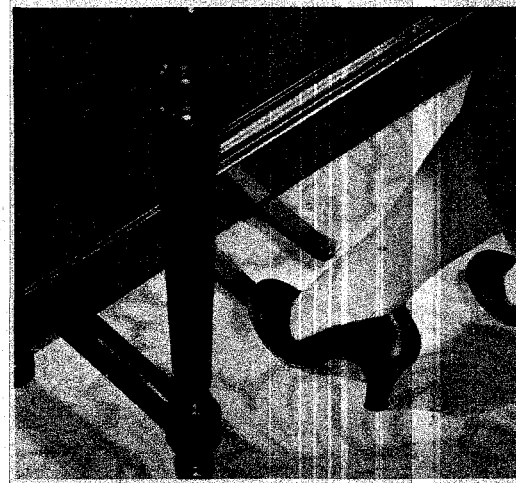
2

ONE FINGER of your right hand touches one key at a time to play the melody. (Later on, you'll be playing chords with your right hand, too.)

the Hammond Chord Organ

4

ONE FOOT resting on just one of the Chord Organ's two pedals produces the right bass for any selection you play.



Is it as easy as it sounds? Turn the page and se

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Here are samples of what's

(Actual excerpts from thousands of unsolicited

A WIFE IN GEORGIA WRITES

"My husband had never played any sort of instrument and in just a very short time had mastered almost every piece of music in the book."

COMMENT FROM CALIFORNIA

"It is one instrument that can be played, listened to, and enjoyed by anyone and everyone."

NOTE FROM STORM LAKE, IOWA

"My husband and I each spend about two hours a day playing. Our many friends are also thrilled with it, and we have each of them play on it as they can hardly believe that they can make such beautiful music so easily."

STRONG TALK FROM TEXAS LADY

"This instrument is capable of giving an entire family more enjoyment than any ten other instruments."

FROM NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

"I derive more pleasure and enjoyment from this instrument than anything I ever possessed."

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happening all over America

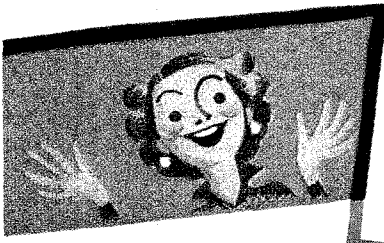
'etters selected at random from Hammond's files)

SAN DIEGO WOMAN SAYS

"I don't know when we have ever in our whole family life had so much enjoyment in three days. I, myself, am playing pieces I never dreamed I could ever play, and the whole family can hardly stay away from it."

PLEASURE IN PENNSYLVANIA

"I can truthfully say that I have never derived as much pleasure from anything in my life as I have the Hammond Chord Organ. It is everything as advertised and more."



NEW JERSEY MAN WRITES

"Since we obtained the organ six months ago, it has given us much enjoyment and pleasure, and has opened up the entire world of music to me."

INDIANA FAMILY FINDS NEW HOBBY

"Ownership of this instrument has developed for my entire family the most fascinating habit-forming sparetime hobby we've ever encountered. Within three short months I've been able to play all but the most difficult type of music found in some of the classics."

NOTE FROM NEW MEXICO DENTIST

"I have found the Hammond Chord Organ a wonderful instrument for relaxation."

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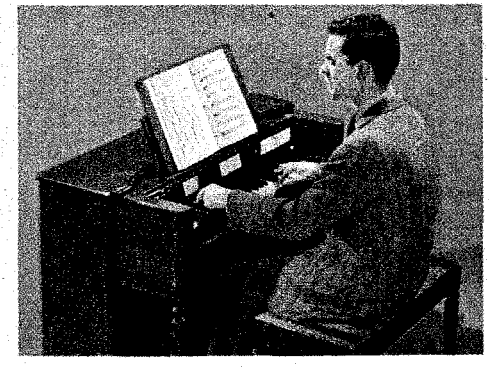
How to prove the truth of the Chord Organ story without cost or obligation



Because the Hammond Chord Organ seems too good to be true, many people find it hard to believe the amazing story you've been reading. If you're willing to spend a pleasant half hour at any Hammond dealer's, you can test the truth of all of it to your own satisfaction.

Just ask your Hammond dealer to let you spend a half hour in private with th Hammond Chord Organ, the instruc tions, and the simple picture music.

Judge the truth of this story by th music you are able to play yourself witl out anyone to prompt or instruct yo

Investing these 30 minutes may we yield a lifetime of pleasure.

P.S. **The Hammond Chord Organ is $975 f.o.b. Chicago. Can be played from any chair or bench; bench shown not included. For more information, use the convenient coupon.**

The Hammond Instrument Company
4203 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

Please send me absolutely free and without obligation more information on the Hamm Chord Organ.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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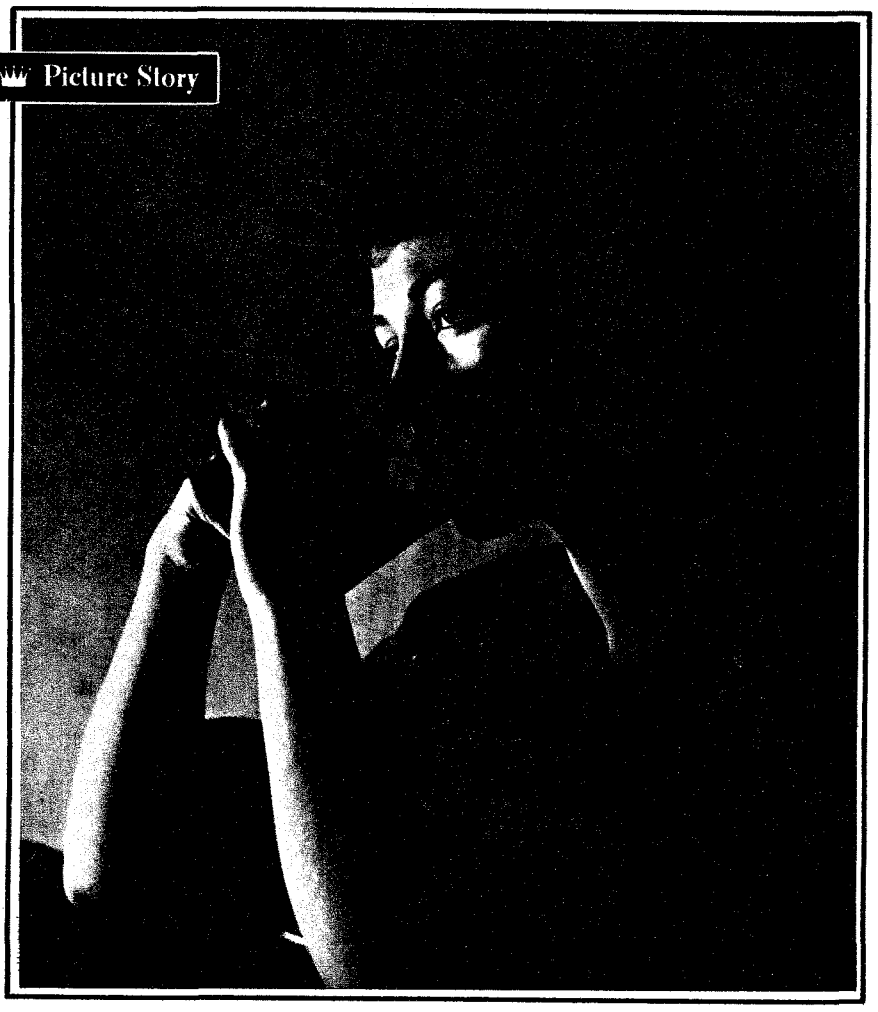
Picture Story



WHAT WE LIVE BY

by LOUIS REDMOND

Light and dark make a day.
Hot and cold make a year.
Contrasts make a life: think and do, want and have,
climb and fall, wake and sleep.
Contrasts, walking arm in arm, make a man.

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Dependence . . .

The just-born man lies speechless and soft, awaiting the interest of others. Other hands feed him, other feet give him movement. He depends for the gift of life on a strength not his own, on a kindness he did nothing to create.

In time, however, he turns away from the helping hand.

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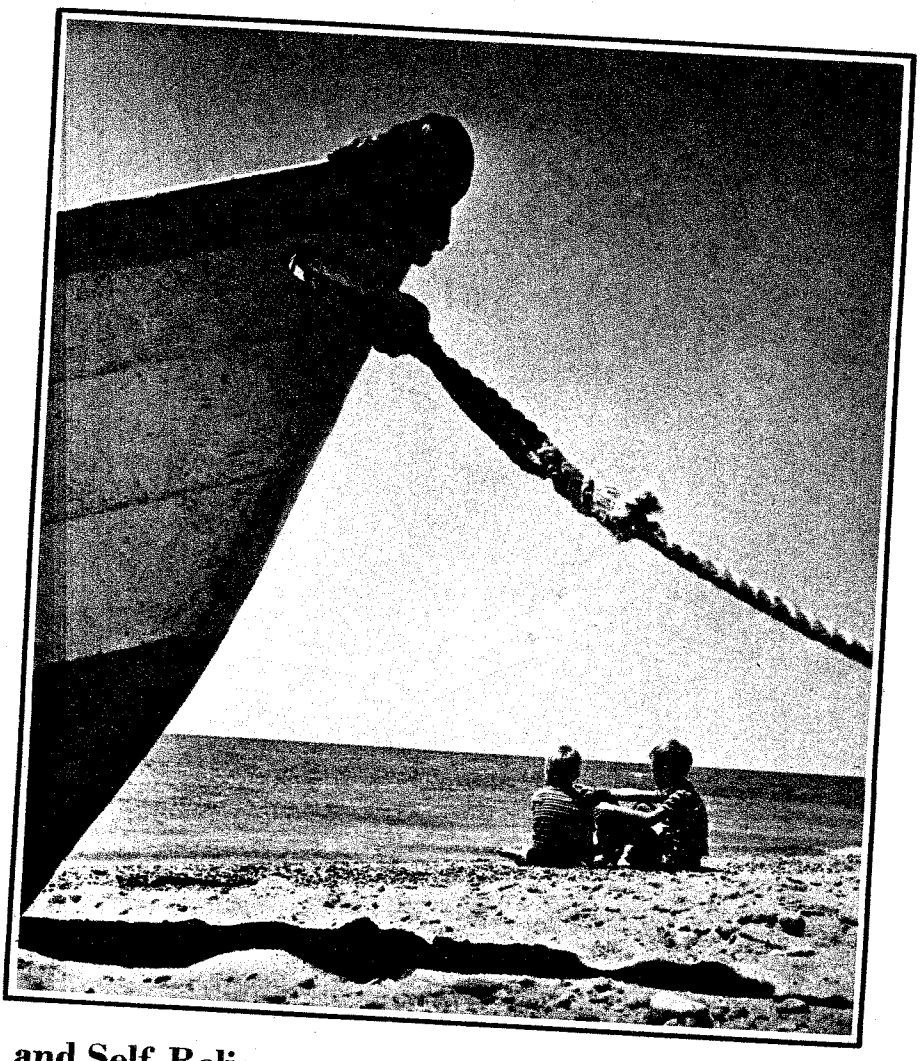

and Self-Reliance

He walks alone. He stares at the sea's edge
and the tempting joint of earth and sky, drawn to the places
where he can put himself beyond all help, but his own.
As he needs safety, he also needs risk.
Dependence and self-reliance make a man.

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Curiosity . . .

Nothing in the world is safe from the thrust of his
questions. What's your name, Everything? What do you do?
How many are you? Where do you live? Why are you?
What's your reason? And he stuffs the pockets of
his memory with answers. He must have answers
to live by. Eventually he comes to love

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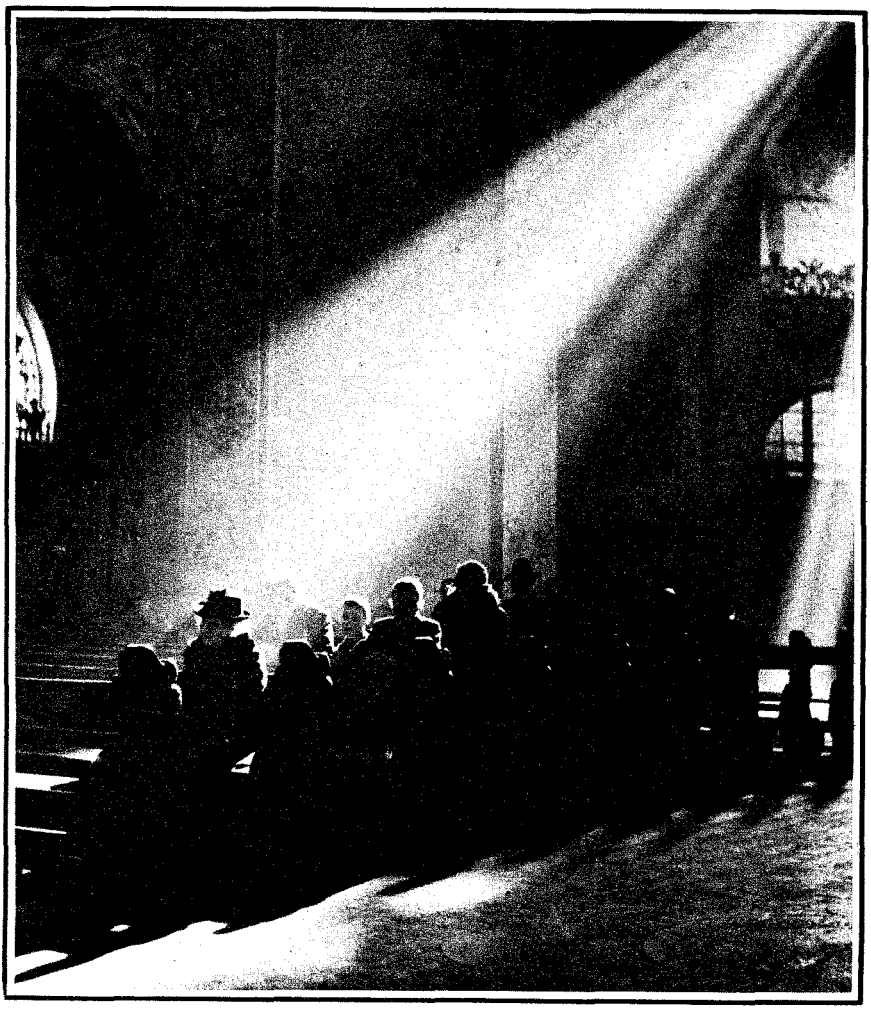

and Faith

a mystery almost as much as a fact. So, side
by side with the sharp questions and exact answers,
there grows in his mind something that is
neither question nor answer.
It is faith; certainty without knowledge.
He needs this, too, to live by.

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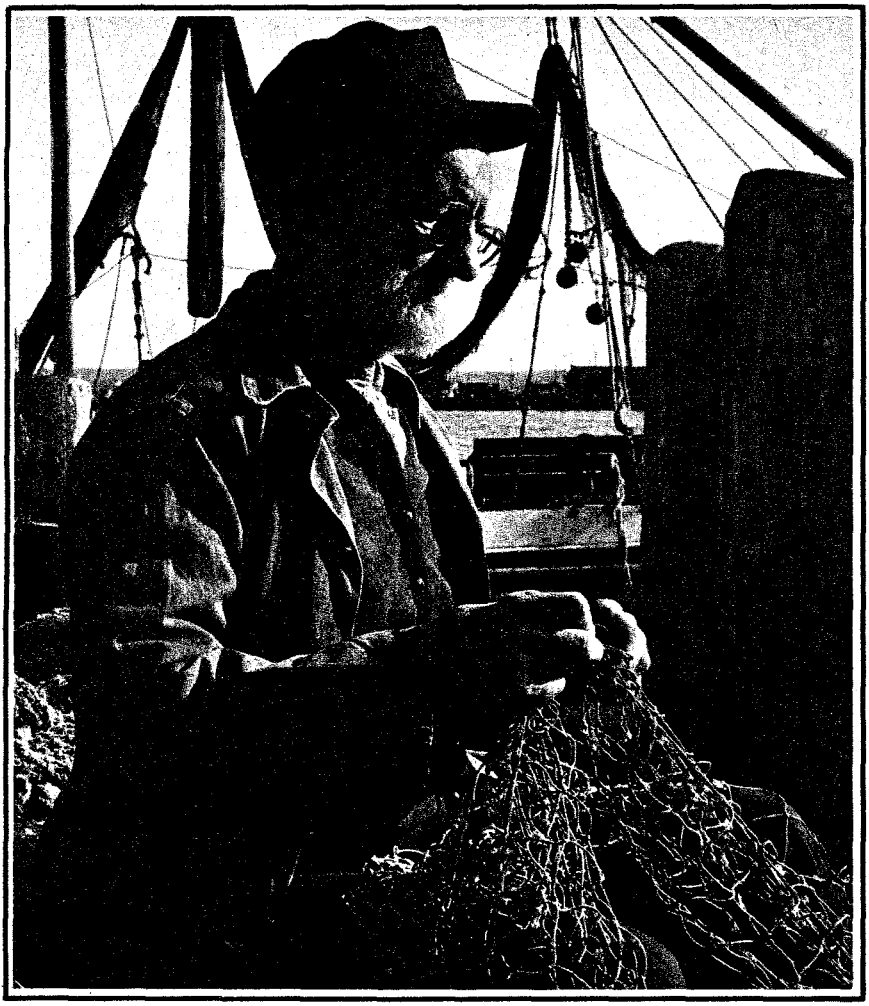

Work . . .

He mends nets, he saws wood, he hammers metal
into useful shapes. These activities he
calls work. They have a serious end: eating, sleeping,
and keeping dry in the rain. But he also makes shapes
of sound, smears of color, patterns of words;

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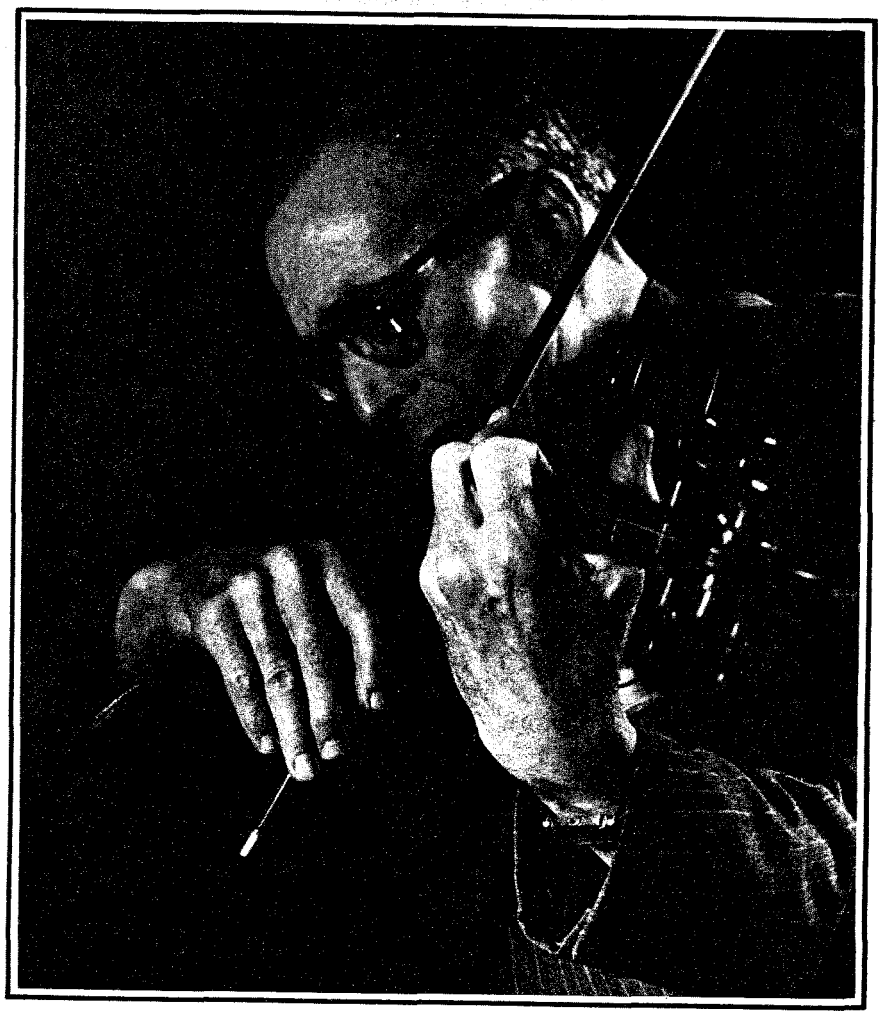

and Play

and having no name for their usefulness he calls them
non-work, or art, or play. But you cannot tell
by the intensity of his face which he is doing,
whether work or play; or which is less serious;
or which is needed more for the wholeness of the man.

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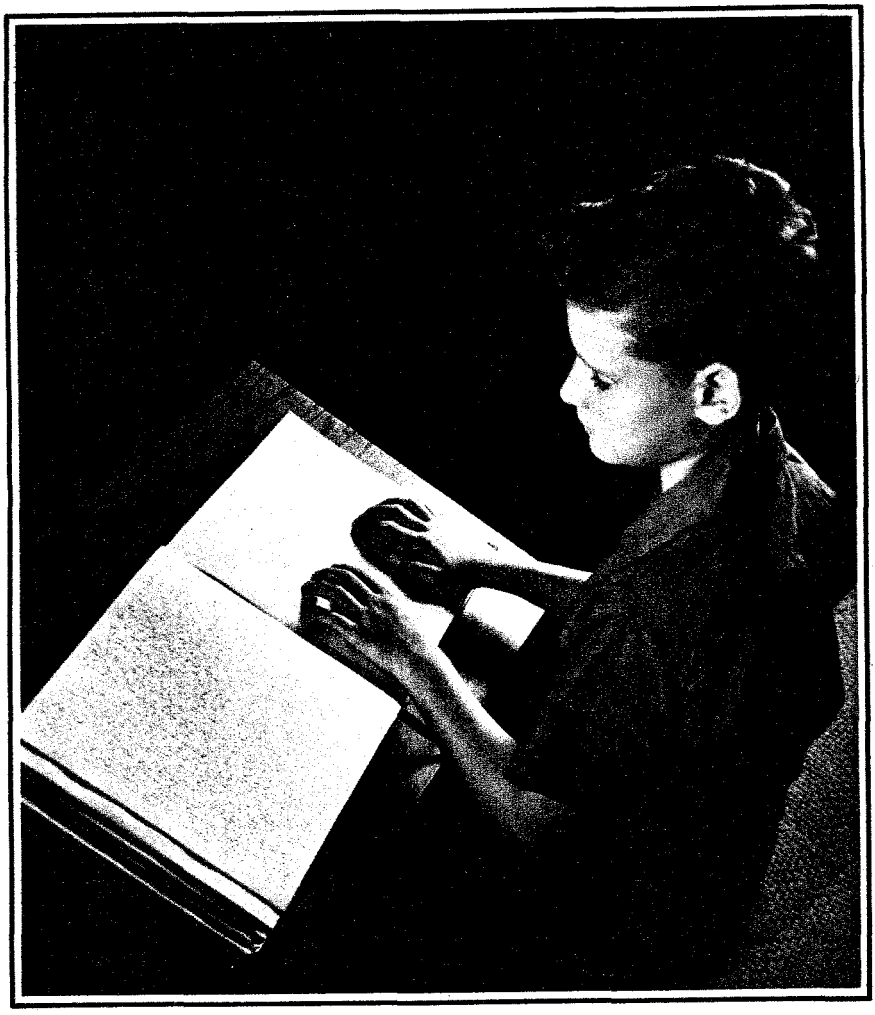

Fortitude . . .

A blind boy sits tranquilly in darkness, reading
about a world he will never see.
A coast guardsman rushes into the surf to save the lives
of strangers on a vessel broken by the storm.
Clearly there is no simple way to be brave.

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and Heroism

There is a valor of the emotions and a valor
of the muscles, courage to accept
and courage to defy, defender's courage and
attacker's courage. We are lucky
if we have a little of each of these to live by.

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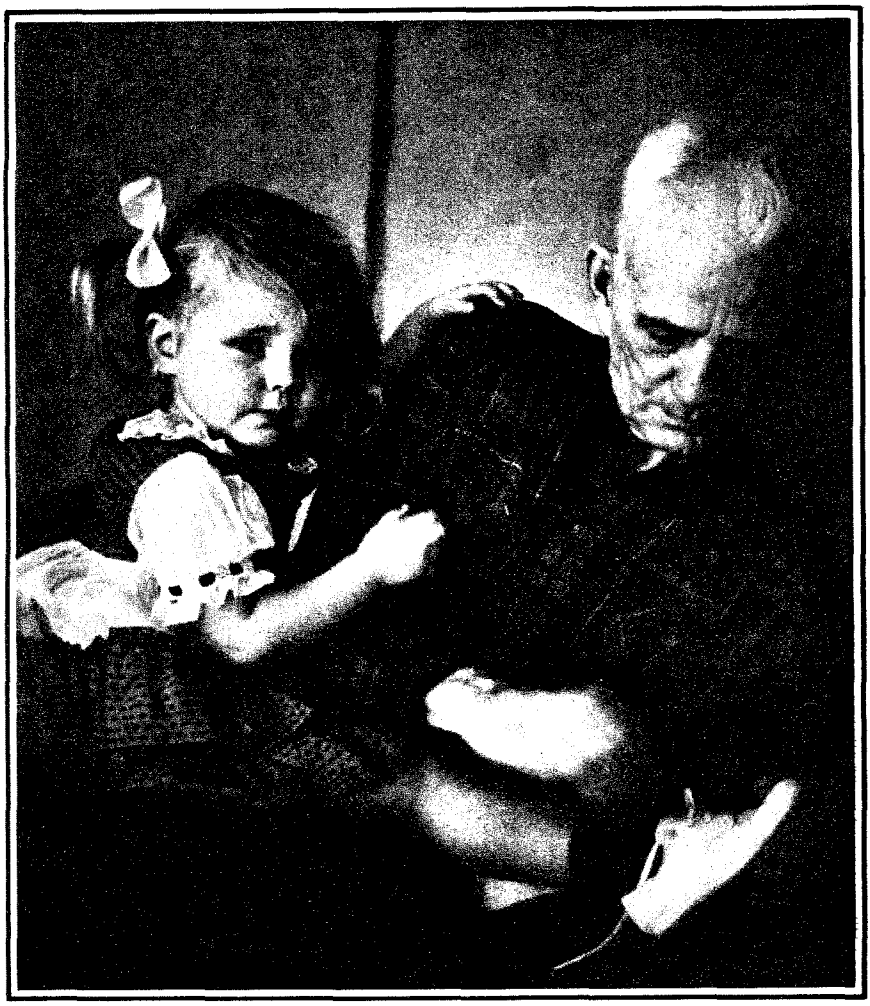

Tenderness . . .

Love flows like a river through the center of life. It is a river with many branches. In places it is wide and quiet, like a pool. Elsewhere it runs wind-driven and fierce, tearing at its banks, sweeping trees and houses along with it. It waters flowers; it also erodes cliffs.

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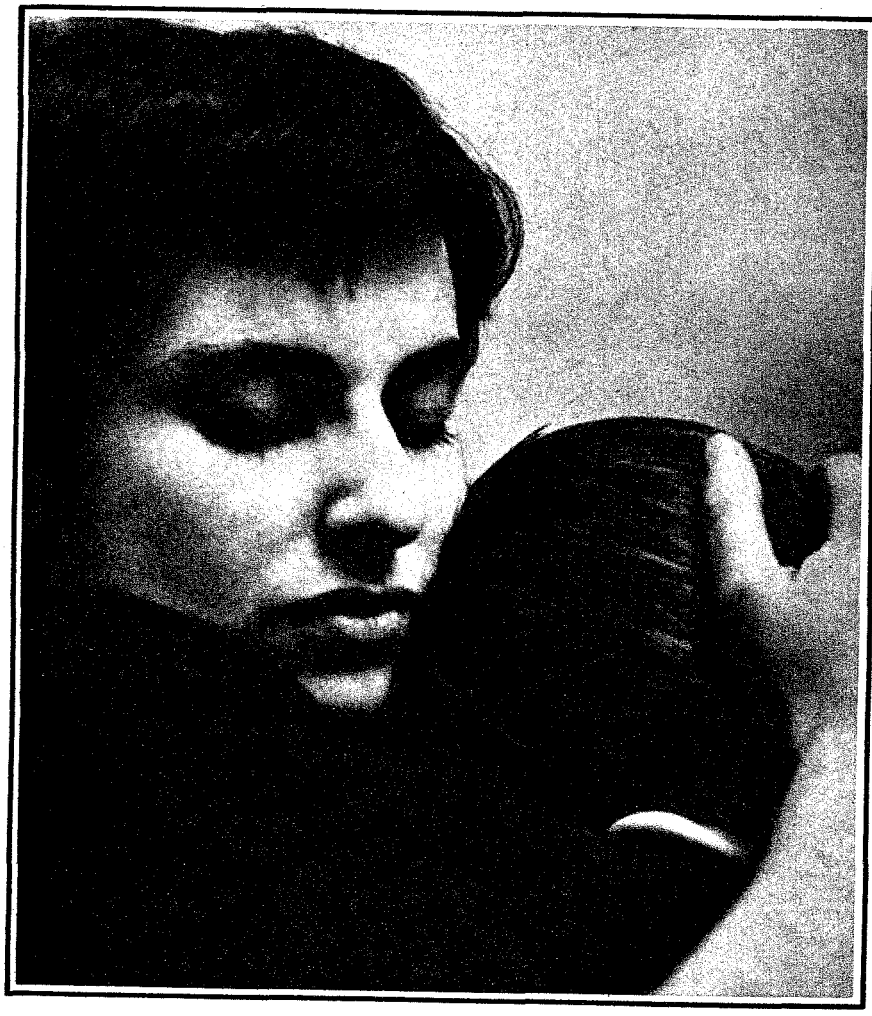

and Possession

It flows in an old man with slow fingers
tying a child's shoelaces, and in a young woman filled
with the heavy joy of owning and being owned.
Pools and rapids, deeps and shoals, calm and flood
make a river. Tenderness and possession make love.

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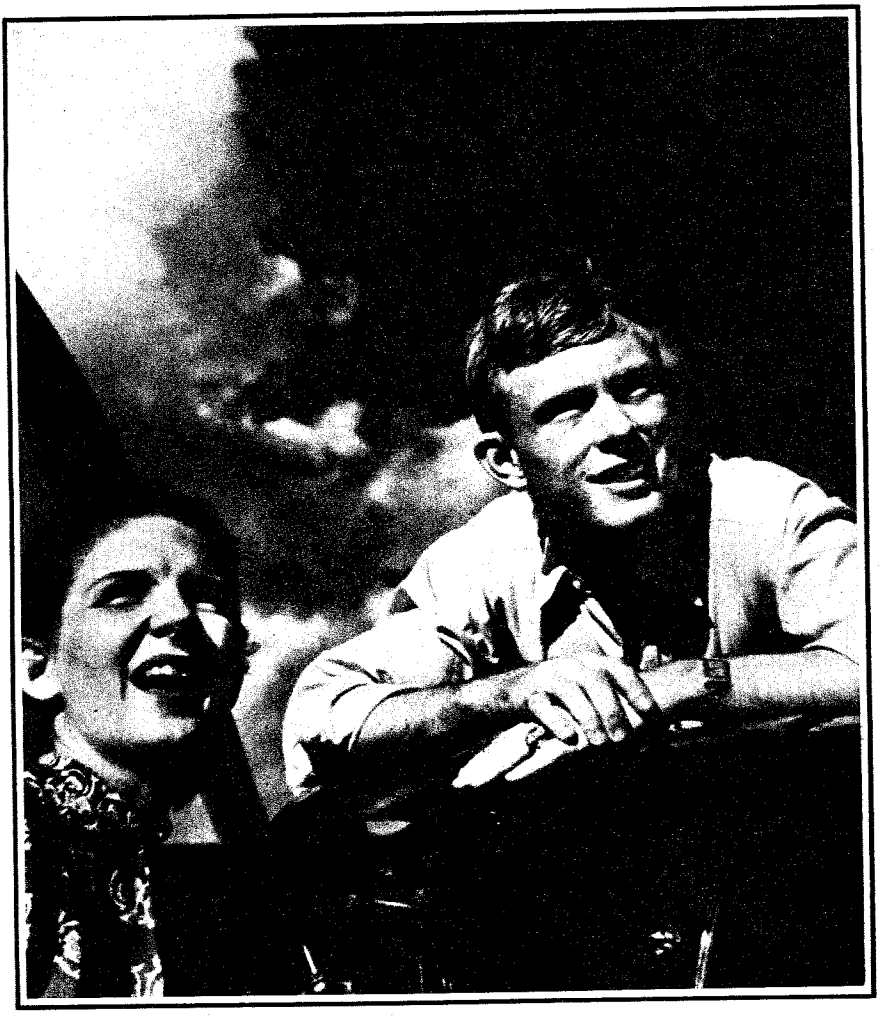

Optimism . . .

Happiness has no reason. It is not to be found in the facts of our lives, but in the color of the light by which we look at the facts. Usually we produce the warm-colored light called optimism as naturally and mysteriously as we breathe.

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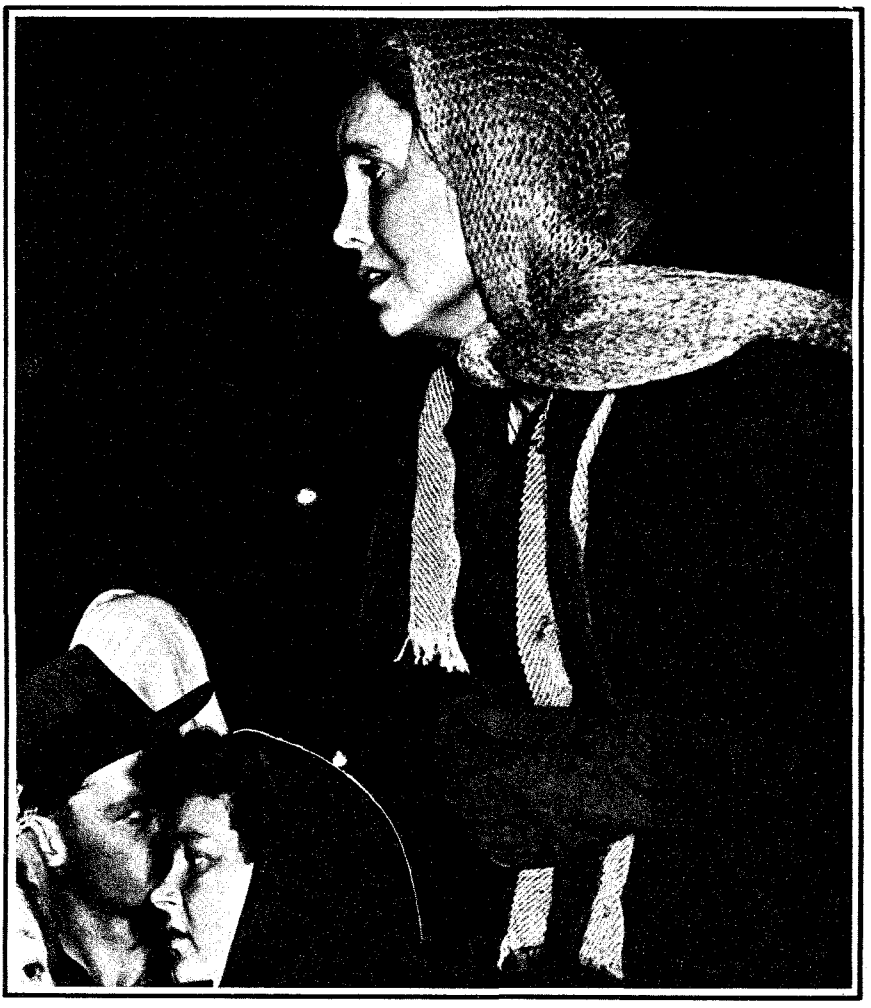

and Despair

Sometimes, however, we are struck by a fact of such brutality that the light goes out, and in the darkness of grief, everything seems to be at an end. Then we can only wait. Optimism is a stubborn fire. Often, buried in the ashes, there is an ember left, small, and waiting to be fanned.

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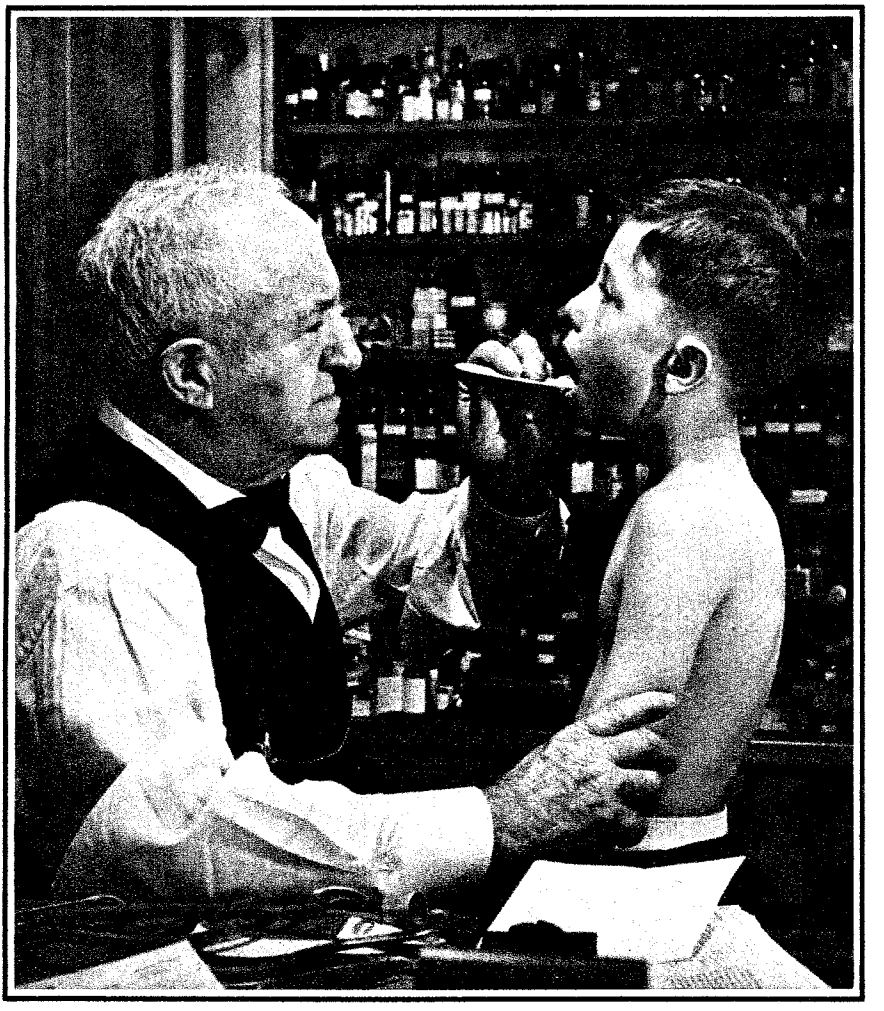

Doing . . .

A man can't live bottled up. What he is must be let out into the world. He is lucky if his work expresses him. A tender man who is a doctor, or a violent man who is a prize fighter, acts out every day what he feels himself to be. We must also *say* what we believe, whether it is foolish

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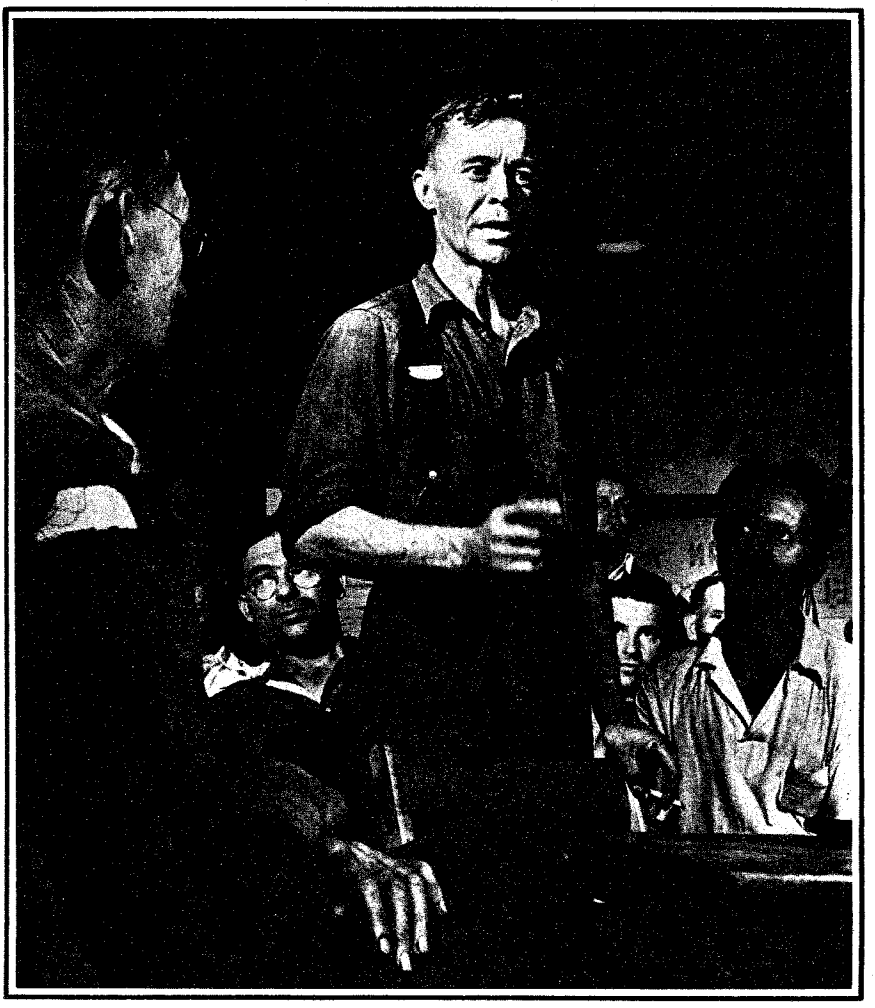

and Speaking

or wise, popular or unpopular. Speaking up and acting out are two of the things we live by. That is why there is quality of life in the faces of people under freedom that is not found in the Totally Managed State, where the walking dead act out a top man's will, and repeat words they never thought of.

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We live, most of all, by giving life.
We plant a flower, have a
baby, paint a picture, make a chair, and put something into
life that was not there before. Thus, the things we
live by become something that lives because of us,
and we leave our signature on the world.

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YOU'RE TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK

by ALLEN RANKIN

IN CHICAGO, a 23-year-old woman fell unconscious in the street and lay out all night in weather of 11 below zero. When found, she was frozen so stiff her eyeballs were crystallized like the ice around her. Yet Dorothy Stevens, medicine's record-breaking "deep-freeze" case, survived!

In New York City, two-year-old Tommy Paiva fell 15 stories from his apartment window and crashed into shrubbery below. He suffered only a broken thigh and some cuts and bumps. In Portland, Oregon, eight-year-old Stanley Willoughby was run over by a three-ton steam roller that pressed his legs and hip into the pavement. But he was injured only slightly!

By all natural odds, it seems these accident victims should have died. That they lived to tell their tale supports a fact becoming better substantiated all the time: People—and that includes you—are tougher than you think.

How tough? How much could you, an average person, expect to endure if put to the maximum test? How much injury, hardship or exposure to heat or cold could you stand—and live?

Today, no one knows more about the answers to these questions than a group of nine scientists and survival experts at the Air University, Maxwell Field, Alabama. Collectively known as the Arctic-Desert-Tropic Information Center, they seek to determine just how much people can endure in some of the world's most "unlivable" places.

No theorists, they often subject themselves as human guinea pigs to experiments. But Dr. Paul H. Nesbitt, handsome 44-year-old Ph.D. and explorer who heads the outfit, grins and shakes his head.

"The confusing thing is," he says, "that every time science thinks it has discovered the absolute maximum limit a person can stand in any field, somebody comes up and stands more!"

What he means can be realized after a glance at high points of his research; and a look at some med-

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ical records, at reports of the National Safety Council, and at the "miracles" told in news headlines.

A 68-year-old man was undergoing an operation in a Cleveland hospital last year when his heart stopped beating and he ceased to breathe. For several minutes he lay technically "dead," while his surgeon opened his chest, seized the heart in his hands and massaged it back into motion. The patient not only lived but soon became strong enough to undergo the originally scheduled operation.

"WHATEVER the ordeal to be faced," says Nesbitt, "you can count on your body as being the most durable mechanism on earth. Unlike any other machine, it contains its own spare parts, extra fuel and the ability to repair itself."

Thanks to modern surgery, you can live today on one lung, two-thirds of one kidney, one-fifth of a liver and no pancreas. You can eat with no stomach at all. And even the loss of "vital" parts does not necessarily mean death. Dr. John P. Merrill of Boston recently reported the cases of 150 persons, one of them a 73-year-old woman, some of whose lives were saved by the use of artificial kidneys.

But all this is with the best medical care. How much injury and pain could you expect to survive by yourself, before reaching a hospital?

The Air Force survival unit brings out its prize case as a sample. With a broken right arm, two shattered legs and a smashed hip, one pilot landed not in a comfortable hospital bed but in a rough sea, miles off the coast of hostile Asia. He managed to struggle with the sea for 40 hours before, with the help of a fellow flier, he finally reached the beach. There he held out for days longer without food or medicine before he was rescued.

"I feel bad," complained another airman who walked into a U. S. hospital in the jungle. "Small wonder!" exclaimed the startled doctor after examining him. "You've got pneumonia, dysentery, extreme emaciation from hunger, vitamin deficiency and meningitis!"

Despite these drawbacks, the youth had won a 75-day battle, walking and crawling across the jungle to his home base!

Do you become depressed, do you think you're "starving," when you miss a few meals? "Don't worry about that," say the AF's survival experts. "Eating, as most of us think of it, is not even necessary!"

Dr. Nesbitt estimates the average person can last for 50 to 60 days without a bite, if he relaxes and does not exercise. The estimate seems conservative.

Terrence MacSwiney, the famous Mayor of Cork and champion of Irish Independence, vowed he would starve himself to death unless he was freed from jail in 1920. Though he ate nothing whatever, it took him 73 days to end his life from hunger. And twice in his old age, Gandhi fasted for 21 days without showing signs of weakness.

"We don't even consider hunger a critical survival problem," says Nesbitt, "because in extremely hot or cold places, there are other factors that will kill you a lot quicker than starvation. In moderate climates like the tropics or the United States, you can find wild food."

No theorists, Nesbitt and his ex-

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perts sometimes live off the land for days, sustaining themselves on wild animals, fish, roots, leaves and even grass, to test what is edible in various regions of the world.

"Thirst is a different story," says the Air University's desert authority, Alonzo W. Pond. "You can't stay tough or active for very long without water."

How long, for instance, could you expect to live without water on an American desert of 120 degrees Fahrenheit? The frightening answer is—only two days! And this only if you remain perfectly still in the daytime and travel only at night when the air is cooler.

How long can you expect to stand bitter cold and live? Cold is cold, whether you crash in the Arctic, fall into a northern U. S. lake in Winter, or lock yourself out of your house on a night when the weather is dangerous.

"About an hour is the average man's limit in ice water," estimates the AF's Maj. Donald Shaw. "That is, if he doesn't have on a special survival suit. If you don't get wet, your victory over cold weather depends on how long you can keep exercising. With the thermometer at zero, the average man, dressed in normal winter clothing, should be able to keep exercising—therefore living—for about one day. His life expectancy would go down as the temperature dropped. At 60 below, a person would be lucky if he lasted a few hours without fire, food or special clothing."

Shaw, however, can cite some amazing exceptions. When the U. S. troopship *Dorchester* was torpedoed off Greenland in World War II, several survivors managed to live not only for their allotted one hour in ice water—but for seven additional hours!

After a wartime crash, British Pilot Officer Ted Greenaway and two crewmen lived through ten days and nights of sub-zero weather with practically no food, no heat whatever, and with icy spray freezing on their clothing.

Finally, in the most "impossible" adventure of all, ten U. S. airmen stranded on the Greenland Ice Cap without special winter survival clothing lived for 88 days in temperatures that ranged to 40 degrees below zero! They were dropped supplies by planes 10 days after they were stranded, a fact that does not keep "The 88 Days" from remaining one of the bitterest endurance feats in history.

SURVIVAL EXPERTS point out that nothing limits us more definitely than the narrow range of body temperature at which we can exist. We live best and most efficiently at an "inside" temperature of 98.6—the "normal maximum" mark on the fever thermometer.

If this rises just nine degrees to a fever of 107 and stays there long, we usually die. If it falls just 19 degrees to a chill 79, we usually die just as surely. A few rare people, however, exceed these limitations.

When the frozen woman mentioned at the start of this article was brought into a Chicago hospital, her temperature was so low that doctors had to rig a special thermometer to measure it. It was an amazing 64.4—15 degrees below the mark at which people "must die."

At the other extreme, Sophie Sapala, 21, had news for the medics

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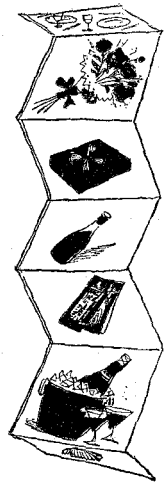
who thought fever could not rise above 107 or 108 without serious damage to the brain. Dr. Moritz Wilchfort blinked as he read the thermometer. Sophie, a student nurse suffering from undulant fever at Brooklyn's Bushwick Hospital, had 110, a new record high in body heat! She not only lived, but showed no ill effects.

How much plain heat can you stand? The answer to this was perhaps given by the University of California's Dr. Craig Taylor in 1948. Taylor devised a special human-testing oven, got into it and turned on the fire. The doctor began to squirm only when the heat reached 220 degrees—hot enough to cook an egg—and endured 250 degrees for more than 14 minutes. Now, what about your nerves? Psychiatrists and doctors believe that if you are an average, healthy person, you can stand 100 days of even the most concentrated battle hell. They declared this limit "reasonable" after watching the point at which most members of the haggard Fifth Army became ineffective in the Battle for Europe. If you are exceptionally steel-nerved, they believe you can stand 200 days of constant shelling and other battle noise and strain before beginning to crack up.

Finally, in considering your indestructibility, you can remember that Luck is just as likely to be for you as against you in any brush with death. In 1951, a Cincinnati driver's car was struck simultaneously by two trains going in opposite directions. The driver was left standing beside the tracks with the steering wheel in his hands—with only minor cuts and bruises.

Ordinary people who never suspected how tough they were until the time came to show it, have made our survival experts among the most incurable optimists in the world. The very least you can do is to share their optimism about your chances, come what may. As a member of this rugged human race, you are entitled to it.



Expense Account—with Story

4/1	Ad for stenographer	$2.10
4/5	Flowers for new stenographer	4.50
4/9	Weekly salary—stenographer	50.00
4/10	Hosiery for stenographer	1.75
4/11	Candy for wife	.80
4/12	Lunch with stenographer	5.25
4/13	Weekly salary—stenographer	60.00
4/19	Movies—self and wife	1.20
4/20	Theatre tickets—self and steno	9.60
4/21	Coca-Cola for wife	.10
5/2	Champagne & dinner w/steno	32.75
5/3	Dorothy's salary	75.00
5/6	Champagne & dinner w/Dotty	41.00
5/7	Fur coat for wife	975.00
5/8	Ad for male stenographer	2.10

—Jane Kennedy

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Having the BLUES

Neither Steve Allen, nor any of his guests on the Steve Allen Show (Saturdays, 9:30-10:30 P. M., EST, CBS Radio Network), ever suffer from the "blues." On the contrary, Steve's chatter and interviews have the opposite effect. But at game time, anything goes, and Steve challenges you to link the following "blues" with the correct answer of the three choices given. Get 18 out of 24 and you earn a Blue Ribbon. **(Answers on page 146.)**

1. The famous "Blue Boy" is
a. a painting; b. a statue; c. an opera.
2. A "bluebonnet" is
a. a Pilgrim's tall hat; b. a flower; c. a furled flag.
3. A "bluejack" is
a. a sailor; b. a winter garment; c. a willow tree.
4. A "blue peter" is
a. a painting; b. a flag; c. a name for a Russian czar.
5. "Bluefields" is
a. a city; b. a desolate countryside; c. withered plants.
6. "Blue Baby" is
a. a novel; b. a baby, born with an illness; c. a ship's mate.
7. The "Bluegrass State" is
a. Texas; b. Kentucky; c. Oregon.
8. The "Blue Grotto" is in
a. Italy; b. Mexico; c. Spain.
9. "Blue Monday" is the
a. First Monday in September; b. any Monday after a new moon; c. the Monday before Lent.
10. "Blue john" is
a. a famous pirate; b. a mineral; c. a non-singing bird.
11. "Blueing" is
a. a dye; b. a bleach; c. a small bird.
12. A "blue racer" is
a. a game bird; b. a variety of snake; c. a racing boat.
13. "Blue Hen State" is
a. Maryland; b. Maine; c. Delaware.
14. A "blueback" is
a. a policeman; b. a painful sports injury; c. a legal-tender note during the Civil War.
15. "Blue dun" is
a. an artificial manure; b. a river; c. an artificial fly for angling.
16. "Bluet" is
a. a type of cloth; b. a dance; c. a European card game.
17. "Blue Hill" is a
a. battleground in Korea; b. garden herb; c. peak in the Blue Mountains.
18. "Blue pole" is
a. the North Pole; b. a nickname for a Polish soldier; c. the South Pole of a magnet.
19. The "Blue Saltire" is the
a. flag of Scotland; b. flag of Ireland; c. flag of New Zealand.
20. "Blue Lights" is
a. a signal light of ships; b. a nickname for female pedants; c. a nickname for the American Federalists.
21. "Blue note" is
a. psychological term; b. a musical term; c. a bank note.
22. "Blue Law State" is
a. California; b. South Carolina; c. Connecticut.
23. A "bluebill" is
a. an unpaid bill; b. a bird; c. a flower.
24. A "bluebottle" is
a. a bachelor's button; b. Venetian hand-blown glass; c. an inebriate.

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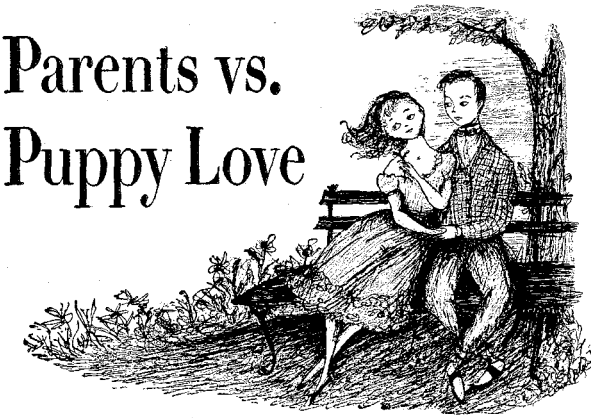
Parents vs. Puppy Love



by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

There are common-sense ways of telling an adolescent crush from the real thing

WHEN SUSIE BARTON told her mother she was getting a divorce, Mrs. Forbes' first impulse was to say, "I told you so." But three bitter years had brought Mrs. Forbes wisdom that she had not possessed when Susie eloped at 17 with the disagreeable Barton boy, whose merits were visible to Susie alone. So, instead, Mrs. Forbes said: "I'm sorry, dear. But if you and the baby care to come home, your old room is waiting."

During the weeks that the news of Susie's divorce spiced the conversation of the neighborhood, Mrs. Forbes had ample time to reflect on the cruelties of adolescent love and the booby traps of parenthood in the 20th century.

Susie was nearly 15 and Chuck Barton 16 when the two met at a high-school dance. Chuck was gangly, pimply and impolite. But since all the boys who cluttered their living room struck Mrs. Forbes as equally unmannerly, Chuck's rudeness went unnoticed at first. But the continual irritation of his muddy feet on the couch, his Coke rings on tables, his failure to acknowledge the presence of Mr. or Mrs. Forbes with even a grunt, provoked comment from Mrs. Forbes.

Susie flared up. "Chuck isn't concerned with your silly superstitions about courtesy, and he refuses to become enslaved to things like furniture and houses."

Susie saw Chuck constantly. She waited patiently when he turned up one or two hours late for a date.

"Not exactly the reliable type, is he?" Mrs. Forbes remarked in what she hoped was an offhand manner.

"I won't stand for your picking on him," Susie retorted hotly. "You worry about such *little* things!"

Mrs. Forbes sighed. That night she and Mr. Forbes decided to put a stop to the nonsense. "I can't stand that whippersnapper under foot," Mr. Forbes declared. "Susie's becoming as unmannerly as he is."

First they tried ridicule, which had the opposite effect of what they

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intended. Susie accused them of snobbish superiority toward a boy who lacked her social and financial advantages. Then they were very nice to Chuck. Susie said she couldn't stomach their patronizing performance.

Finally, Mr. Forbes forbade Susie to see Chuck. That, of course, did it. Within six months they ran off and got married. Forbes said: "They won't get a cent from me!" Mrs. Forbes cried for a month.

The young couple lived in a furnished room, had their baby there. Chuck got a job, lost a job, exhausted his unemployment insurance. He disappeared for days at a time, and became sarcastic and abusive toward Susie.

At 20, just as her school friends were marrying their beaux who had completed college and were embarking on a family life rich in promise, Susie was dragging herself and her baby home to Mama, disillusioned, weary and divorced. Such can be the price of puppy love mishandled.

WHAT IS PUPPY LOVE? Dr. Henry A. Bowman, chairman of the Division of Home and Family Living of Stephens College, explains it this way: "The very immature person may consider himself deeply in love. He may manifest the stereotyped pattern of behavior, phraseology, letter writing, idealizing. Yet his immaturity suggests that his experience has been so limited, his knowledge of the opposite sex and of marriage so meager, that he is infatuated rather than in love."

No joke is this early teen-age devotion which splutters with erratic, unstable intensity. In most communities today, boys and girls begin to attend mixed parties at 12 and 13. The 14- and 15-year-olds see their big sisters of 18 and 19 getting married. Ever since the beginning of World War II, youthful marriage has been in the wind. Today, remobilization is reviving that trend.

HOW CAN PARENTS best help their bewildered offspring through the devastating throes of puppy love? You can leaf through a dozen weighty volumes on sociology and family adjustment, you can consult a score of experts on the subject, but you will find no one who can speak with greater sagacity than the teen-agers themselves.

The boys generally are inarticulate, though shrewd enough to point out that it is a rare youth who sweeps an immature girl into marriage without her connivance. It is the girl—particularly the intelligent, lively, college girl bearing moderate scars of the puppy love she suffered while reaching the lofty heights of 18—who can put you straight on the how and why.

Laura, a tall, graceful blonde, tells this story: "Bill and I went together for four years in high school. My parents treated me like a child, but Bill made me feel grown-up. I guess that's why I thought I was in love with him. If my family had made fun of him, we might easily have done something crazy, like get married. But they didn't say much about him, except I somehow knew they thought he wasn't good enough for me.

"I kicked like a steer when the family decided to send me to college. I said I'd die if I had to leave

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Bill. But Mother was firm about college, and of course she was right. After I realized that he was terribly lazy and not very bright, I couldn't imagine what I had ever seen in him."

Laura's friends agree that separation is an extremely useful device for the discouragement of excessive puppy love.

"The nice thing about separation," says Sally, little and vivacious, "is that it can work both ways. My folks thought Steve was a mess, although we've been in love ever since we were both 14 years old. They couldn't afford college for me, but after high school they shipped me away from Steve—out to Aunt Hilda's in Chicago to work in her store. Steve went to Cornell. We corresponded madly, and each time he came home for a week end or holiday, he made it a point to call on my parents.

"In six months they didn't think he was such a mess. They figured he must be a pretty swell guy if he cared enough about *me* to spend some of his vacation time with *them.* They also figured that if we were still in love after a year apart, we must really mean business. They let me come home, Steve and I are about to be engaged, and everyone's beaming."

THE EARLY TEENS are terrible years for parents and children alike. If parents are adamant about keeping a teen-ager dependent and childlike, something will have to give. Often it gives in the form of flaming puppy love. If parents go to the other extreme and grant the perplexed teen-ager free rein to act like an adult, without guidance and control, again something will give.

THOUSANDS OF CLUBS, churches and schools use 16 mm sound motion pictures to stimulate discussion groups and thus provide guidance for teen-agers. Here are some films to supplement your own community's programs. *Dating: Do's and Don'ts; How Do You Know It's Love?; Going Steady?;* and *Are You Ready for Marriage?* For complete description and rental sources write to Coronet Films, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

Carla, buoyant with high spirits, illustrates a sound technique for banishing puppy love. Carla at 15 developed a crush on a 29-year-old engineer in her father's factory. Douglas was timid and terrified of women; but since he considered Carla a child rather than a woman, he was not afraid of her.

He first called on Carla at her father's suggestion to help with her chemistry homework. Carla developed a daily impasse in chemistry and phoned him constantly. Flattered by her interest, he dropped around more and more frequently. At the end of six months, Carla had eyes only for Douglas.

"It's all right to see Douglas," Mrs. Johnson told her daughter, "but you mustn't cut yourself off from the other boys."

"But they're just silly kids, Mother, and Douglas is so smooth and sophisticated."

Mrs. Johnson straightened her face. Only a very immature girl in love with the idea of being in love with an older man could possibly call Douglas smooth and sophisti-

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cated. However, Mrs. Johnson was still groping for a line of positive action when her neighbor, Mrs. Davis, spoke up.

"My Judith says it's a shame your Carla is so tied up with that Douglas fellow. She says Douglas is practically middle-aged and Carla is missing all the crowd's dances and good times."

That same day Mrs. Johnson got hold of Judith. Together they plotted a campaign.

Soon it came to Carla's attention that the crowd thought Douglas was a "square." Joe got a great laugh when he parodied the engineer's halting speech. Judith warned Carla not to bring Douglas to the big football game. "It's going to be so exciting the old guy may have a heart attack and keel over." The crowd thought this an exceedingly funny joke.

The result was inevitable. Speaking from the vast wisdom of 18, Carla says today: "Imagine me paired up with that silly Douglas Milquetoast. I was so dumb it's a wonder Mother and Judith bothered to save me from myself."

As Vivien, a dark-haired girl with bangs, sums it up: "Tricks and schemes are all right if a girl gets herself blinded by puppy love and then has to be hauled out of a tight spot. But if a girl and her family have the right feeling for each other, she's not going to be defiant and stubborn about a silly crush on a boy who happens to hold her hand. She won't have to *use* puppy love to get her family to treat her as a human being."

In other words, accept a youngster as an individual and encourage his wobbly efforts to stand alone. In a household in which mutual respect and deep affection are the cornerstones of family understanding, a teen-ager may fall despairingly in love. But he will fall out just as urgently. And these early romantic flurries will serve as stepping stones in the vital process of growing up and preparing for real love and marriage.

But suppose your son or daughter is seized with a violent attack of puppy love that shows signs of getting out of hand? What can you do?

More love, attention and genuine interest in his activities may lure him into a mood in which he recognizes that he is behaving like an idiot. More often than not, time —plain, unadorned time, without pressure or pain—will cure the most virulent outbreak of puppy love.

But suppose you try everything and love still survives in the bosom of your offspring? As a parent, you have but one course to follow. Relax and enjoy the wedding. For you are undoubtedly confronted not with a confused case of puppy love but with a genuine sample of the Real Thing!

If —

IF WE NOTICED little pleasures as we notice little pains—if we quite forgot our losses, and remembered all our gains—if we looked for people's virtues, and their faults refused to see—what a comfortable, happy, cheerful place this world would be. —*Tampa Sun Dial*

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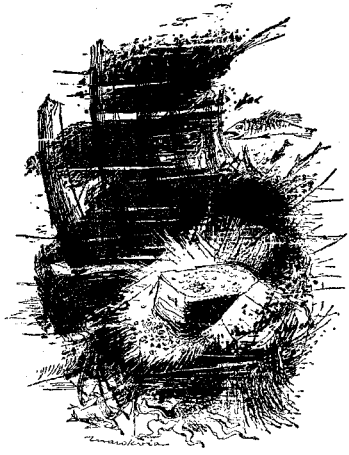
Sunken Treasure in Hell Gate



The waters of the East River jealously conceal the *Hussar's* long-sought gold

by JAMES B. MARINE

PRACTICALLY UNDER the feet of millions of New Yorkers, and of thousands of sightseers who visit the city every year, lies a fabulous treasure. Its location is known, and it is there for the taking—$4,000,000—yet it has baffled every attempt to do so. One man had it almost within reach of his hand—and saw it slip away.

The prize, 14 chests of gold and silver, lies at the bottom of the East River not more than 100 yards from shore, buried somewhere among the rotted timbers of *H.M.S. Hussar*, a British frigate which sank in Hell Gate in 1780.

The *Hussar's* tomb is aptly named, for Hell Gate is a narrow, twisting channel with treacherous currents, the bottom covered with thick, slimy mud, which shifts continually under the relentless tides.

It was November, 1780, when soldiers lugged 14 chests of gold and silver up the *Hussar's* gangplank and stored them below decks. The chests contained the payroll for British infantry regiments stationed around Newport, R. I. On the heels of the fortune, 70 American prisoners shuffled aboard for transfer to another prison and the frigate started her short fateful voyage to her grave in the East River.

Disaster struck that afternoon, when the *Hussar* crashed into one of the rocks lurking just below the surface. On deck, crewmen were sent sprawling. In the hold, the American prisoners lunged futilely against their chains as the water poured through a hole in the bow.

The helmsman quickly turned the ship toward shore. Captain Pole shouted, "All hands to the pumps!" For four hours the crew fought the flow of water. Suddenly, there was a great sucking sound. A tremor ran through her, and she plunged to the bottom. The 14 treasure chests, the 70 American prisoners and several of her crew went down with her.

It was three years before the first attempt was made to wrest the rich

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prize from the murky waters of Hell Gate. The British searched for several days and then left with the word that there was no treasure.

Americans, undiscouraged by the British report—which they termed a bluff—made a half-hearted try at the ship in 1794. In 1811, using a primitive diving bell, a few old nails and bits of copper were extracted from the timbers on the bottom. At least three more attempts were made during the next 30 years, but the fabulous treasure remained untouched—and unseen—in the muck of the river bottom.

Then, in 1856, the *Hussar* came within a hand's reach of revealing her secret. A young engineer named Platt anchored a schooner over the frigate's supposed resting place and sent down divers equipped with helmets and air hoses. Platt himself held the signal line on the deck of the schooner and waited for the three pulls which would tell him the ship had been found.

The first diver had been down only a few minutes when Platt felt the line pull once, then again, then a third time.

"It's found!" he cried. He fidgeted uncontrollably during the diver's slow ascent and had to calm himself before he could ask, "How does she lie?"

"She's under three feet of mud," the diver answered, "but I found her anchor, and it's her all right, no doubt about that."

Other divers followed the leader down with air hoses and blasted tons of mud away from the frigate's hull. At the end of the day, she was clear enough to be entered.

Early next morning, Platt himself donned the diving helmet and went below. He groped through the darkness across the *Hussar's* deck, stopping now and then to pick up round, shiny objects lying in his path. They were gold coins.

He fought his way to the ship's cockpit, where the stories said the gold had been placed, and battered vainly against the jammed door.

Back on the schooner, Platt ordered the raising gear made ready. Heavy chains were passed under the *Hussar's* bow and stern and midships, and air hoses were poked through her portholes to force the water out. Slowly the winches began to turn and the *Hussar* rose out of the mud.

All hands on the salvage vessel stared hypnotically at the dark water. Suddenly a man cried, "There she is!" They saw her shadow, saw her superstructure break the surface and went wild with joy as the dripping hull rose clear.

The next moment there was an ominous crunching sound. The hull jolted in the chains.

"She's going through," a man shouted, pointing frantically to where rotten timbers were giving way under the pressure of the center chain.

With a great wrench, the bow and stern parted. Wreckage spewed into the river. The remnants of the hulk dangled momentarily from the remaining chains, then plunged back into obscurity.

Like men in a trance, the salvagers hauled in their chains, secured their equipment and returned to shore. The discouraged Platt never was heard of again.

The *Hussar* gathered slime until 1880. In that year, scandal was added to the ship's bizarre history. The

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U. S. Treasury Department gave a contractor a concession to hunt the treasure. A New York businessman supplied a large part of the fund. For years, the contractor stayed on the job. Whenever the government's representative pressed him, he turned over rusty old cannon from the ship's deck and predicted that the gold would soon be recovered.

During these years, the contractor became rich, bought a fine home and entertained lavishly. The businessman sued him, pointing to this new prosperity as proof that he had found the treasure and was withholding it. The suit dragged on for years and finally was forgotten. In the early 1930's, two treasure-hunting expeditions were launched. The leader of one party soon announced he had found the *Hussar's* stern. Within a month, however, both expeditions were ordered to make way for a hunter who had a prior arrangement with the U. S. Treasury Department.

This hunter was Simon Lake, one of the major figures in the development of the modern submarine. Lake, then 70, had devised a special suction tube with which he proposed to extract the treasure from its bed of timbers.

As a rehearsal, Lake announced he would suck some coal from a sunken barge near where he calculated the *Hussar* lay. Newspapermen and friends swarmed aboard the salvage ship and hundreds of spectators lined the shore to watch his trial run. The rehearsal was a rattling success; nearly 10 tons of anthracite spewed out of the mouth of his suction tube. Lake handed out pieces as souvenirs to the eager spectators.

But despite these results, Lake never tried to suck the treasure out of the *Hussar*. Instead, he started working feverishly on a two-man submarine which would be connected to his salvage ship by a long flexible tube. Lake personally took the little boat down when it was completed.

On his eighth dive, the aged inventor called through his ship-to-ship phone, "I've found her, mark my position."

Once more the newspapermen interviewed the hunter.

"If I were a betting man," Lake told them, "I would lay 100 to one that the *Hussar* has been found at last. I expect to step inside her hold within six weeks." But Lake apparently never did "step inside her hold." He never said another word about the *Hussar* until the summer of 1937, when he announced he was quitting, "perhaps to try again." He never tried again.

Since then, the *Hussar* has lain undisturbed. Under the salvage laws, she is fair game to anyone with the money, the patience, the ingenuity and the permission of local authorities necessary to search for sunken treasure.

Having the Blues

(Answers to quiz on page 139)

1. a; 2. b; 3. c; 4. b; 5. a; 6. b; 7. b; 8. a; 9. c; 10. b; 11. b; 12. b; 13. c; 14. c; 15. c; 16. a; 17. b; 18. c; 19. a; 20. c; 21. b; 22. c; 23. b; 24. a.

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California's Shadowplayers

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Audiences have come away amazed and stirred by the performances of this courageous band of actors

THE DIRECTOR shook his head and told the actress, "No, that's not right. Make it a tender smile."

The attractive young girl on the stage turned toward him, a stricken look on her face. "I—I don't know how to smile that way," she said. "I've never seen a smile."

The Shadowplayers, America's most courageous actors, were rehearsing for another of the plays that have amazed and stirred West Coast audiences. For, though they stage regular productions without change in the action, the twenty members of this unique troupe of stage people are blind. Without strings to guide them, they play their parts with such sureness that audiences can hardly believe they cannot see the stage on which they are performing.

The story of the Shadowplayers really began ten years ago when the Downtown Lions Club set up a recreational center for the blind in the basement of a San Francisco Hotel. They hoped it would encourage those who came to it to engage in activities that would broaden their outlook and help them enjoy life more. It was an important idea greeted with gratitude by blind people who had been helped with practical problems, like being trained for jobs, but who had never had anything like a social center.

One day in 1949, Lloyd Henderson, a young GI who had lost his sight in battle, and a few fellow members suggested that maybe the Center might add a dramatics group to its activities. The idea was unpretentious; perhaps acting in some simple skits would give some of the blind a new interest and help them with self-expression. They would be clumsy and probably wouldn't move much on stage, but nobody would ever see them anyway.

Certainly no one in the little group of eager students who greeted Björn Tolson, dramatics instructor sent by the San Francisco Department of Education, had any idea of what they were starting. Nothing in their backgrounds suggested that they could become actors.

Lloyd Henderson had played professional baseball until the war;

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middle-aged Sarah Ballam had spent a lifetime in office jobs, and had only recently lost her sight; Wanda Roberts was a successful wife and mother, and Hilda Isles, who had been blind all her life, was a Braille teacher.

Among them, and the half-dozen others in the group, only two had ever had any dramatic experience, and that only of the high school or college variety. They would be eager students, perhaps, but this was about all that Tolson expected of them.

He started them out on passages from Shakespeare; then, as an experiment, gave them parts in some skits—just reading parts that would give them voice training. But when he suggested they stand in one place to read their lines, there was a murmur of protest from his class.

"Let's *act* it out," Lloyd Henderson suggested.

Awkwardly at first, but with good humor that let them laugh at their fumbling efforts, they tried it out—and liked it.

A few weeks later, carried away by enthusiasm as he watched their eager efforts, Tolson made a bold proposal. "How would you like to put on a play—a regular full-length one, costumes and all?"

There was a moment of silence, broken finally by Sarah Ballam's hesitant question, "You mean for an audience?"

"Why not?" Tolson asked. "And we'll charge admission, too. The Center could certainly use some extra money."

The obstacles even to rehearsing "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play they picked, seemed insuperable. To begin with, how would the would-be actors even read their scripts? Hilda Isles had a ready solution to that. "We'll have them typed in Braille."

Formidable as the task was, her class in Braille typing tackled the job of turning out the hundreds of necessary sheets. While they were at it, they typed regular typewriter versions so relatives and friends could help the aspiring actors.

The most appalling problem was, of course, the difficulty of getting around the stage. How could the actors keep from bumping into each other or the props? How could they be sure they were facing each other as they talked? How could they even get on and off the stage, especially those who never moved without the aid of a cane or a Seeing Eye dog?

Earnestly they discussed various solutions. How about being guided by dark threads that would be invisible to the audience? They discarded this idea, for they felt that trying to follow threads would distract them and be noticed by those watching. How about floor mats, placed at various spots to indicate the presence of furniture, and guide their feet to the right spot?

This would help some, they decided after trying it. But mostly they were determined that they would do it the hard way, by careful planning of movements and by counting paces from one stage position to another.

In the early rehearsals there were disheartening moments. Carefully learned lines were forgotten as the

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players concentrated too intensely on the task of merely getting around. For some of them, like Hilda Isles, there was the baffling problem of registering facial expressions they had never seen.

The director solved it by adjusting facial lines to the proper angles with gentle fingers after the actors had felt the facial lines of other people demonstrating expressions. It was slow, patient work, but somehow the problems of each actor were solved.

Week after week, for three months, they pounded away, until finally they were ready for the big night. If there was a feeling of uneasiness among the actors, it was just as great among the audience that thronged the auditorium of the Blind Center.

Even Morton Kenney, director of the Blind Center, confessed he was worried. "I sat way up in the front row," he said, "so I'd be able to catch anybody who got lost and stumbled out over the footlights."

FOR MINUTES after the curtain went up, the tension in the audience increased. Then one by one the spectators eased back into their seats and an audible sigh of relief swept the house. For what they saw left them breathless. The actors were moving about the stage with easy, sure motions. Was it possible they were blind?

At the end of the first act, a roar of applause shattered the attentive silence. The players had done more than overcome their handicap. They had given the audience a new appreciation of the power of courage.

Thus the Shadowplayers got a stirring send-off for their amazing enterprise. A few months later they took a bold plunge, staged "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at the Curran, San Francisco's famed theater that is host to Broadway hits. The audiences that packed the theater settled all doubts about the future of the blind actors.

Since then the troupers, under Edward Stevlingson, have acted not only in San Francisco but have toured other Western cities. This year they daringly staged "Fumed Oak," Noel Coward's bitter comedy, at the ANTA-Monterey Drama Festival, in which top dramatic groups from all over California performed.

Here, under the scrutiny of fellow actors and Hollywood big names, they got such comments as this from Mel Ferrer, who has directed stars like Gregory Peck at his La Jolla Playhouse: "I've known professional actors who could learn something about sincerity from the Shadowplayers."

Dana Andrews, who watched them at the Festival, said humbly, "Seeing their spirit gives you a new pride in our profession."

Their tours have given the Shadowplayers new headaches that might have discouraged a less resolute band. The worst problem is quickly learning about a new stage. Coming into a town with only a few hours to get acquainted with the new platform may call for a change in their counting of paces. And the danger that some stage prop may be moved from its assigned position always haunts them.

In one case, in the haste of scene-changing on a new stage, a champagne glass was moved a few inches from its usual location. When the

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actor confidently poured liquid from a bottle to fill the glass, there was no glass there. In another case, a liquid-filled glass was mixed up with another one that was empty. An actress hoisted the glass with a flourish and was drenched.

The Shadowplayers have developed a remarkable sense of audience reaction. Partly, of course, they can judge as would any actor, by such things as laughs at the right time. Their trained ears tell them by the lack of rustling noises whether audiences are listening attentively. But above that, they feel an emotional contact with their public that they report as "one of the most wonderful rewards of our acting experience."

The Shadowplayers feel that one of their greatest accomplishments is to impress people with the fact that the blind can take care of themselves. "Maybe," says Leland Jenkins, who happens to have a good job as an employee of a local department store, "if people see what we can do, some blind people will have an easier time getting decent work. After all, jobs are one of our big problems, and we think we'd get better ones if people knew our abilities."

Feel sorry for themselves? Not the Shadowplayers. They are much too busy with their acting to have time for that. Instead, they are thinking more about other people's troubles, and are planning more performances like the ones they staged in Reno. These were benefits for the handicapped—but not for the blind. The sightless actors and actresses turned the proceeds over to the Lions Club to buy hearing aids for deaf children.

"Those poor youngsters," says Lloyd Henderson, "are the ones who really need help."

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The changing value of the dollar as well as the unpredictable course of human events make it mandatory that you work out a life-insurance plan tailor-made to your own specific requirements. Here are eight important points which should be considered, based on protecting your family and setting up a retirement income so that you do not have "to die to win."

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2nd Gift

send to _____
(please print)

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order now—pay nothing till '53

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CORONET's SPECIAL GIFT SERVICE

A GIFT A *whole year of grand entertainment*, 12-gifts-in-1 delivered conveniently to your friends each month.

EASY TO GIVE! No pushing or jamming through crowded stores, no wrapping problems, no gift card *worries. It's easy-chair giving!*

A BIG SAVING! Give *more* gifts to friends by giving at Coronet's low rates, reduced for Christmas. And no taxes, no extra mailing costs—one low price covers your complete gift service.

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The appealing portrait of the puppy on the four-color Christmas gift card shown earlier will be sent to your friends this Christmas. Your name will be hand-penned to this cheery Holiday greeting . . . a friendly reminder of your thoughtfulness.

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THE POEM THAT CHANGED A BATTLE

by FREDERICK L. GWYNN

a poet's words kept Admiral "Bull" Halsey from a date with destiny

MOST A CENTURY AGO, Tennyon wrote "The Charge of the t Brigade"—a poem that told e heroic exploits of a handful itish cavalry:

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.

Ninety years later, the U. S. Navy collided head on with the Imperial Japanese Fleet in the greatest sea fight of all time, the Battle for Leyte Gulf. And strangely enough, the outcome of that series of engagements, involving hundreds of ships and planes, was directly affected by a sailor's quotation from the famous Tennyson poem.

The story goes back to the night of October 24, 1944, and to the waters off the Philippine Islands. There the U. S. battleship, the *New Jersey*, plowed northward leading a bristling naval task force.

Aboard the warship, Admiral William F. Halsey had reviewed the disposition of the Jap and American forces. The battle as it had shaped up during the predawn hours that day saw the enemy converging on the American forces from three directions.

Their targets were the U. S. Third Fleet, under the command of Halsey, and the U. S. Seventh Fleet, under Admiral Thomas Kinkaid. At daybreak, planes from Halsey's hard-hitting carriers had made contact with the Japs' Central Force as it neared the western approaches to Leyte Island.

Throughout the day, his bombers and fighters hit the Japs again

Adapted from "Tennyson at Leyte Gulf," in *The Pacific Spectator*

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and again. But despite the mauling the Japs took, Halsey recognized the possibility that they still might attempt to cut through the narrow San Bernardino Straits and attack the beachheads at Leyte, where American GI's were surging ashore.

So in mid-afternoon, the chunky Admiral sent a radio dispatch to a select group of ships in his Fleet, indicating that *in the event* the enemy came through the Straits, they would detach from his Fleet and form a new fighting unit to be known as Task Force 34. This was only a precautionary message, not an order to action.

Back at Navy Headquarters in Pearl Harbor, however, the message was picked up. When relayed to Fleet Admiral Chester A. Nimitz, it was incorrectly interpreted to mean that Task Force 34 *had already* been formed and sent to guard the Straits.

THEN, late in the afternoon, far-ranging carrier scout planes spotted a force of four Jap carriers, escorted by two battleships, three cruisers and eight destroyers, moving in on the American fleet from out of the north. Here was a vital target for the eager gunners of Halsey's spirited Third Fleet, the chance Halsey had been waiting for.

By 8 P.M. all his fast carriers and battleships were headed northward to intercept—and destroy—the Jap units. In the black hours after midnight, search planes continued to track every move of the onrushing enemy vessels.

Then, confident that the enemy was sailing into the muzzles of his guns, Halsey put his battle plan into action. About 3 A.M. on October 25, Task Force 34 was formed, only now its objective was different from the one planned earlier.

Composed of the faster battleships and carriers, the force was to move up ahead of the main body of the Third Fleet and begin slugging it out with the Japs. Included in the attacking fleet was Halsey's own flagship, the *New Jersey*.

To keep Seventh Fleet Commander Kinkaid aware of his plans, Halsey had radioed: PROCEEDING NORTH WITH THREE GROUPS TO ATTACK CARRIER FORCE AT DAWN. Exactly on schedule, swarms of U. S. fighters and bombers roared off the carriers and streaked northward to open the attack on the Japanese fleet.

All the while the distance between the American and Jap surface forces narrowed. At 8:50 A.M., the first radio flashes came in from the attacking planes; they were giving the Japs a real licking.

The enemy, reeling under the terrible aerial pounding, was now less than 100 miles away. Only a few hours more and the U. S. forces would be in a position to wipe out one of the last naval threats to the Philippine landings. Nothing could stop the mighty battle force. Nothing—except a poem.

At this critical moment, Halsey received an urgent message from Kinkaid. His small carriers were under attack from Jap battleships. Help was needed immediately. Halsey ordered a strong group to support Kinkaid, but Task Force 34 continued on course.

Tenseness gripped Halsey's men. Gun crews checked and rechecked fire-control mechanism; ammunition hoists moved shells up to the

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heavy guns. On the bridge, even "Bull" Halsey tightened up. In all his long naval career he had never fought a surface engagement. Now his ships were almost within gunnery range of the Japanese!

The four-star Admiral was on the bridge when a rating handed him a radio message from Nimitz. It was short but shocking: ALL THE WORLD WONDERS WHERE IS TASK FORCE 34?

Echoes of a half-forgotten schoolboy jingle probably raced through the Admiral's mind. "I was stunned as if I had been hit in the face," Halsey said later. "The paper rattled in my hands. I snatched off my cap, threw it on the deck, and shouted something that I am ashamed to remember."

To the disappointed Admiral, Nimitz's message seemed like a sarcastic rebuke. Its tone implied that Halsey had made a poor disposition of his ships and that he should divert Task Force 34 to the support of Kinkaid's fleet, nearly 400 miles away.

"For the first time in over three years of fighting," Halsey asserted, "we had the bird in our hand, and the pressure was on me to let it escape."

And so, with deep chagrin, Halsey obediently reshuffled Task Force 34, and headed south with one group of ships. The two remaining groups of the Task Force continued on course.

Halsey, aboard the *New Jersey*, spent the next 24 hours steaming along the coast of Luzon between two enemy forces, without firing a shot at either. In Halsey's own words, "It was the only mistake I made in the three-day battle."

There had, indeed, been a mistake, but Halsey had been the victim, not the cause of it. Over and over again on that frustrating day, the Admiral reviewed his conduct of the battle, reanalyzing every move, but he could find no reason for Nimitz's implied rebuke.

Which was not surprising, since there had, in fact, been no rebuke. The sarcastic words that had diverted "Bull" Halsey had not come from Nimitz at all, but from an obscure radio encoder at Pearl Harbor.

All the Commander-in-Chief had radioed to Halsey was the simple query: WHERE IS TASK FORCE 34? But the nameless operator had followed the usual cryptographic device of padding important messages with apparent nonsense ("nulls") to mislead enemy decoders. The null that came first to mind was the familiar Tennyson line: "All the world wonders—"

History may never know the name of the sailor who grafted Tennyson on to Nimitz, but its effect was to alter naval history. "It sounded so infernally plausible," said Halsey afterward, "that my decoders read it as a valid part of the message."

Ironically enough, it was perhaps the only line in all English or American poetry that could have diverted the onrushing American fleet from its Japanese victim.

A gentleman is just an ordinary person, with a few small deferences.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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Eat onions. Take CLORETS (Candy Mints or Chewing Gum). Exchange a kiss. You'll find your breath is "Kissing Sweet".
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Enjoy Clorets Candy Mints

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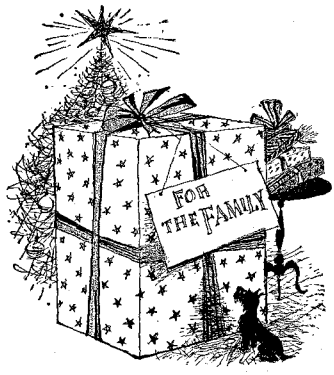
New Kinds of Gifts, New Ways of Giving



by GERALDINE YOUCHA

MUCH OF THE MAGIC pleasure that we enjoy at Christmas-time is created by the warmth and wonder of the gifts we exchange. The surprise and the thought behind each gift, great or small, gives to this season of the year a special air of love and friendship.

Not so many years ago, this kind of Christmas spirit had a comparatively short life. People exchanged gifts—mostly home-made—that could be used during the holiday's wintry season. As a result, Christmas truly came but once a year—and stayed but a brief time.

Today, thanks to the genius of American industry, the nation's shopping list has expanded until it is now a treasure house of year-round offerings for every person and every pocketbook. So great is the choice that millions of Americans have an almost limitless list from which to choose the "gifts that keep on giving."

This year, weeks before Christmas, families everywhere will hold a unique conference on the question: "What shall we give *ourselves* for Christmas?" By wise planning, pooling of personal resources, and the use of installment buying, families can unite in sharing a gift which will continue giving for months or years to come. For instance, here are some of the many choices that can be talked over at the family council:

Is it a new television set, or a home-freezer to make meal-planning a pleasure for Mother and snacktime an adventure for teen-agers? These aren't presents which can be bought in a last-minute rush; they are both long-term investments in happiness, and should be decided on by the family sitting down and talking things over.

Maybe Johnny would rather help buy the TV set with the money he earned last summer than get the fishing rod he had been thinking about. Maybe Mary feels she doesn't really need that frilly party dress—and would like Mother and Father to add the money to the "buy-a-present-for-the-whole-house" fund.

Then, when the decision on what to get has been made, the whole family can troop down to the store and choose its own Christmas gift. Everyone will have learned one of the most important things about the spirit of Christmas-time—that giving means giving up something, too.

Even Santa Claus would be surprised at the number of things available nowadays to make living easier for the American family. If everyone complains about the butter being too hard to spread, or there never being enough ice cubes, there are new refrigerators which solve these problems. Some of

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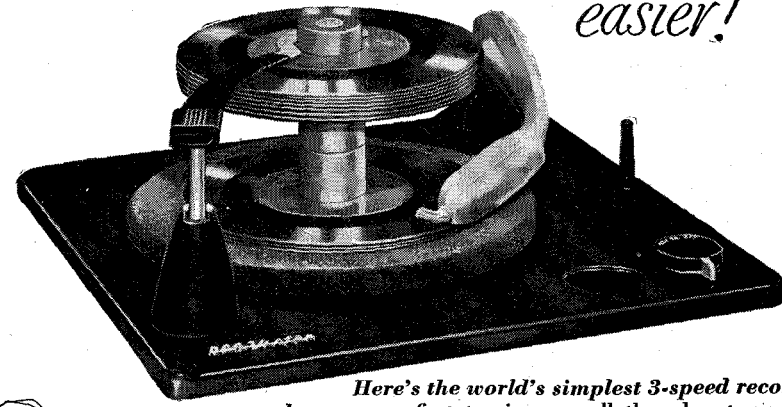
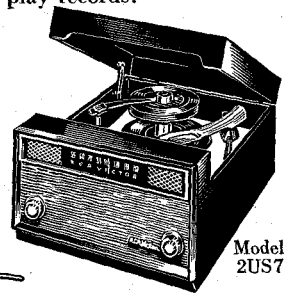
New "Victrola" record changer

—automatically plays all speeds easier!



Here's the world's simplest 3-speed record changer **. . . first to give you all the advantages of "45", the *modern* way to play records!**

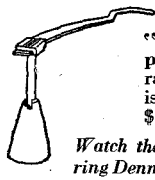
The center is the secret . . . New "slip-on" 45 spindle makes *all* records easy playing. Automatic record changer handles up to fourteen "45" records; ten 12-inch or twelve 10-inch or intermixed 12's and 10's in the same speed.



Model 2US7

Twin stylus pickup . . . The right needle for each record speed. Scientifically balanced lightweight tone arm means less wear on records.

Fingertip speed control . . . Single knob selects record speed you want (45, 33⅓ or 78) . . . also serves as your On, Off or Reject control.



Automatic last-record stop . . . Stabilizer arm holds records steady . . . *and* automatically shuts off turntable after last record has played.

"Victrola" 3-speed radio phonograph. Has powerful AM radio. Mahogany or walnut finish; $129.95. Limed oak finish, $139.95.

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Watch the RCA Victor TV Show starring Dennis Day; Friday night on NBC.

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them eliminate the job of defrosting; others have enough freezer space to make emergency meal-getting no reason for panic.

The Christmas family council should decide which size and type would be best for its needs—and then listen to the "Merry Christmas!" that the door seems to say each time it's opened. Every day, for years and years, this gift will keep on giving.

Does Mother need a maid? This may be out of reach of even the most generous Christmas-giver. But she *can* be given the equivalent in a machine to provide her with more free time.

She may already own a modern washing machine which takes over the scrubbing, rinsing and damp-drying—but her pet peeve will probably be finding space to hang clothes in nasty weather. When Father comes home, he gets tangled in damp towels and shirts strung out in the bathroom. The children wail: "When can I have my socks—or my bathrobe—or my petticoat?"—and Mother has to explain patiently that "nothing seems to dry in this weather."

It *will* dry though, if, by Christmas Day, there's an electric or gas dryer installed next to the washing machine, sporting a big red ribbon and a card which reads: "Merry Christmas to the Joneses from the Joneses."

And what about the garbage-disposal units which whisk everything away before it gets too messy? These are installed in the kitchen sink, and are as fascinating as any of the science-fiction machines of the future. Or would the family prefer a freezer unit to make cooking easier and menus more varied? Your local appliance dealer can answer questions about these devices, and should be considered an auxiliary member of the Christmas council.

For the family which loves good music, a record player, or a player-radio-television combination should be the answer to a Yuletide prayer. Again, the budget and the family needs should determine which kind will be bought. Maybe a portable record player, which can be taken to the beach for picnics next summer; or Mother may want a cabinet which will match the furniture in the living room.

Whatever the preferences, talk them over to be sure everyone will be happy. Then settle back for hours of enjoyment which will make Christmas, 1952, the one which is remembered every time the music of Gershwin or Berlin or Tschaikovsky fills the room.

In one family we know, they decided what the house needed most was new curtains, to give the whole home a holiday spirit. But everyone also decided that there just wasn't enough money to buy them.

"We're learning to sew in school," Mary contributed.

"Yes, but we don't have a sewing machine," Johnny replied. "Why don't we buy one, and Mother and the girls could make drapes."

So they decided to get a sewing machine, but not to wait until Christmas to start using it. It was delivered early, the drapes were made—and on Christmas morning, the tree had competition from the fresh look of the newly decorated windows. All through the year, that sewing machine helped turn out clothes, slipcovers and even stuffed toys for the youngest members of the family.

The family will understand, too, if a new vacuum cleaner is decided on as the present to give itself. It will save work, keep the house neater, and do a dozen jobs which used to wait until "Spring cleaning." Now, Spring cleaning will be done, little by little, every week from Christmas onward.

Do the children like cakes and cookies? They'll be easier to make with an electric mixer. If there is already a mixer in the house, Mother may have been dreaming of one of those amazing blenders which does everything from beating malted milks to juicing fruits and vegetables. Father will surely ap-

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So alone, So helpless

The war for survival still goes on for countless thousands of children—like this little girl—caught in World War's aftermath. For many, finding food is a daily problem; some have no shelter at all, and most lack basic clothing. One observer writes: "*It would make your heart bleed to hear these little ones plead for a warm sweater, a pair of shoes or a rag doll.*"

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

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preciate it for the professional job it does on cocktails, and there'll be no problem about getting the children to drink their milk when it can be whipped into concoctions that would do justice to any soda fountain.

The family council may decide that what everyone needs is luggage, to make week-end visiting and vacationing pleasanter. Father probably has been secretly hoping for a case large enough to hold his clothes without rumpling them, while the gleam in Mother's eye could possibly turn out to be a make-up box, with room for washcloths, toothbrushes and combs. Next summer, won't this vacationing family appreciate Christmas more than ever before?

As a matter of fact, this is a good time to think about the summer and do some planning for it. Grandparents are often part of the family, and should be included in any discussion of the Christmas council. Remember the hot-weather spells last year, and how they suffered?

Now is the time to help them give themselves a home air-conditioning unit. All winter they will keep it displayed and tell their friends: "We have the most considerate children in the world." And all summer, they will invite you over to relax and enjoy normal temperatures.

Maybe Grandfather would like a comfortable easy chair, or a posture chair. Instead of surprising him with one which just wouldn't hit his back in the right place, or would be too bulky for the living room, get him in on the planning. Let him choose just what he wants, and watch his eyes light up each time he sits in it.

Of course, the average family isn't going to make more than one major Christmas purchase, but that purchase might be an investment in the house, rather than equipment which can be moved around. Is the living-room rug shabby or stained? Everyone would probably be in favor of a new rug—or carpeting—which would say "Merry Christmas, we're ready to celebrate," as holiday entertaining got under way.

Although remodeling the whole kitchen at once may be beyond reach, you *could* put new linoleum or asphalt tile on the floor. With this start, plus a little paint on the cabinets and an eye to efficient arrangement, an otherwise dingy room might become the gathering place for the whole family.

Try a new color scheme—with Mother's approval, of course—and have the new flooring down before all the Christmas cooking has to be done. You'll be surprised how much easier it will be to cook in a kitchen which sparkles with bright color and the promise of more alterations to come.

Collect all the ideas from magazines, newspapers and your storekeeper (who has pamphlets and folders), plan a new kitchen from the floor up, and watch the whole family carry the idea through little by little, by contributing time and skill to a Christmas project which will be giving all year round.

The same idea can be used to give the children the den or record room they have hardly dared ask for. The junk-littered basement or cluttered attic can be cleaned, and the Christmas council can vote itself some pre-cut panels, which are easily installed. These partition off ugly pipes or heating systems, and make a dream a reality.

Maybe it will take two or three Christmases—and planning and work in-between—but when it's finished, the whole family will have worked on something together, contributed money and time, and carried the Christmas spirit through the years.

Is there a family hobby in the house? Or would you like to start one? How about making that major Christmas present a movie camera and projector? Imagine being able to record little Johnny's face when he sees his first new bicycle—or that tussle with the puppy who insisted *he* was boss. When the children are older, there will be engagement parties and weddings and

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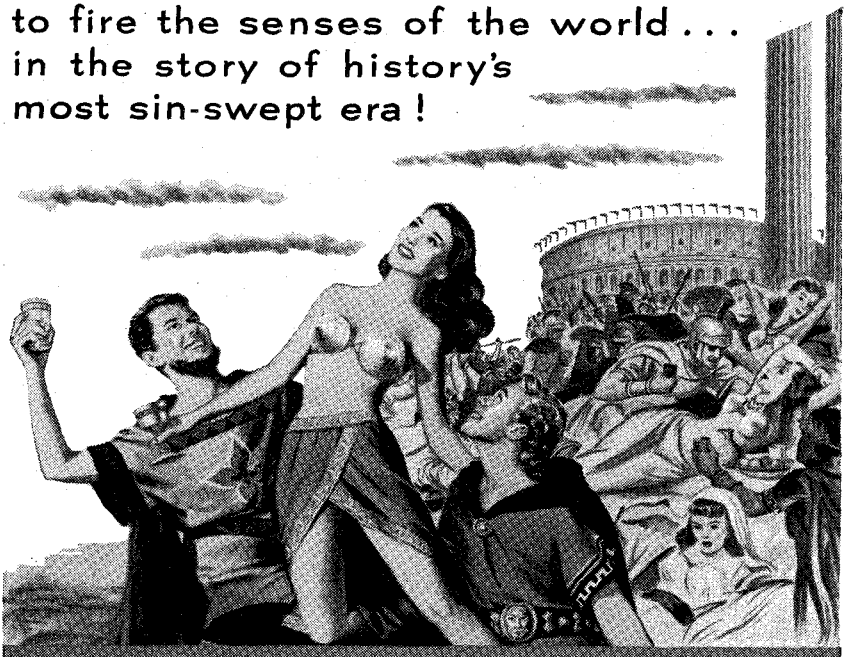
Barbaric Revelry

to fire the senses of the world . . .
in the story of history's
most sin-swept era!



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JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE

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new babies, and it can all be kept just as it was, on film.

If there is already a movie outfit in the house, or if you would rather have still photographs, how about a 35 mm camera, flash gun and color film? Then the Christmas celebration itself can be recorded in all its warmth and gaiety.

If everyone is interested in just plain fun in the hobby field, try electric trains. Dad has probably been wanting them as much as the kids—and guess who will spend the most time crawling around and setting them up?

There is a good possibility that one person, at least, has been wishing for a piano or an electric organ. Maybe it's Mother, who finds herself with spare time, now that all the children are in school. Maybe it's Grandmother, who used to play and would like to try again. Or it could be Mary, in the fourth grade now, who has been begging for lessons. Whoever wants one, a musical instrument always enriches the whole family.

Father, accustomed to acting as Santa Claus to the family year after year, may forget to mention his own secret wish—a set of power tools for his workshop. They can be bought separately, if there is room for a professional setup, or in the form of one major power source with interchangeable tools. The boys will appreciate this, and so will the women, when bookcases, chairs and window boxes appear around the house.

What one family wanted was a typewriter. Everyone could use it, from Father who did some work at home, to Johnny, who had term papers to type for high-school courses. This present "from us to us" sat proudly under the tree. For a while, Mother almost had a monopoly on it, typing Christmas card lists so no one would be left out next year, and preparing shopping lists for the New Year's Party. As soon as holiday vacations were over, however, the children had their chance—and they all learned to use it. It went to college with them, and is still going strong.

Another useful gift might be a metal safe for valuables. Are you always hunting for those U. S. Savings Bonds you've been keeping around the house? Where do you keep insurance policies, and that gold watch your grandfather used to wear? There's no need to hide extra cash under a mattress or in the sugar bowl. Put it in a home safe, small and sturdy enough for the needs of the whole family.

There is still another kind of gift which really keeps on giving—the gift that teaches something. While everyone is deciding what one big thing the household should give itself, don't forget a good encyclopedia. Children in school will appreciate it when they have to look up subjects. Mother will find she can be a better-informed clubwoman. There is information on everything from gardening to school systems —and Father might even get himself a better job, because of acquiring superior knowledge.

Maybe the family would like to learn a foreign language—or perhaps Father has always wanted to brush up on the French or German he picked up while overseas. There are language courses on records which teach you to speak like a native, and they would come in handy when you finally *do* make that trip to Europe.

And if the children have always wanted to see the Grand Canyon, or Mother and Father have dreamed of a vacation in Florida, make *that* the gift which Santa delivers with everyone's help. If it's to be a vacation now, get the reservations and put them under the tree. If it's to be a trip next summer, start planning it today, with a supply of travel maps and pamphlets, and enough money to make it a reality safely earmarked in the bank.

Two of the happiest people we have ever seen at Christmas were grandparents who were given train tickets by their son and daughter-in-law. They were not terribly expensive tickets but they fulfilled a dream—the dream of

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seeing, before he outgrew his cradle, a brand-new grandchild who lived a thousand miles away.

Not all the presents which the family gives have to be given to itself. To all the sisters and brothers, nephews and nieces, aunts and uncles, to which you would like to wish Merry Christmas all year long, give a gift which endures. Maybe it will be a present they know is coming—or maybe it will be a "semi-surprise," like those railroad tickets. Whatever it is, the family council can plan for it and then watch the pleasure it creates.

Aunt Alice and Uncle John are great readers—would they like membership in a book club? There is one for almost any reading taste—classics, best-sellers, non-fiction, biography. Wouldn't grandmother's face light up if, every month, she got a bouquet of flowers from her grandchildren and their parents? And for people who are far away, try arranging for them to get a different box of fruit or candy or some other delicacy every month, to remind them that you think of them all year, not just when Christmas carols are in the air.

Records are another gift which keep on giving every time they are played—so why not consider an album or a subscription to a record club? Those amazing clock radios, almost the equivalent of a servant in the house, are other welcome gifts. A lighter for cousin George, who is always running out of matches, would certainly be a good idea; and what schoolboy wouldn't be proud of a pen and pencil set, with his monogram in gold, to use every day?

Whatever the gift, discuss it with the family. If it's to be a major present, "from us to us," remember that it doesn't have to be paid for all at once. Plan far enough ahead to use a Christmas saving plan, or arrange for installment buying. Then this new-fashioned Christmas will bring extra dividends in pleasure all year long and in the immeasurable gift of family understanding and cooperation.

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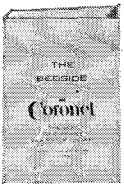

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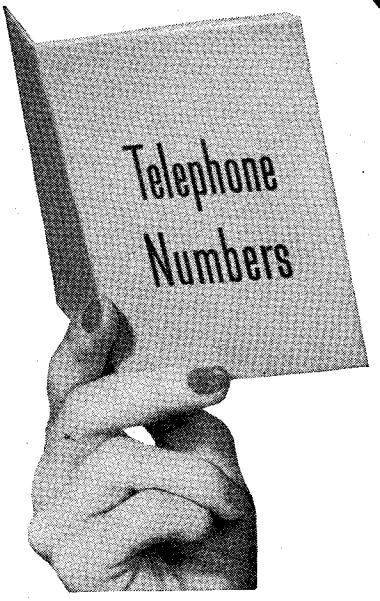

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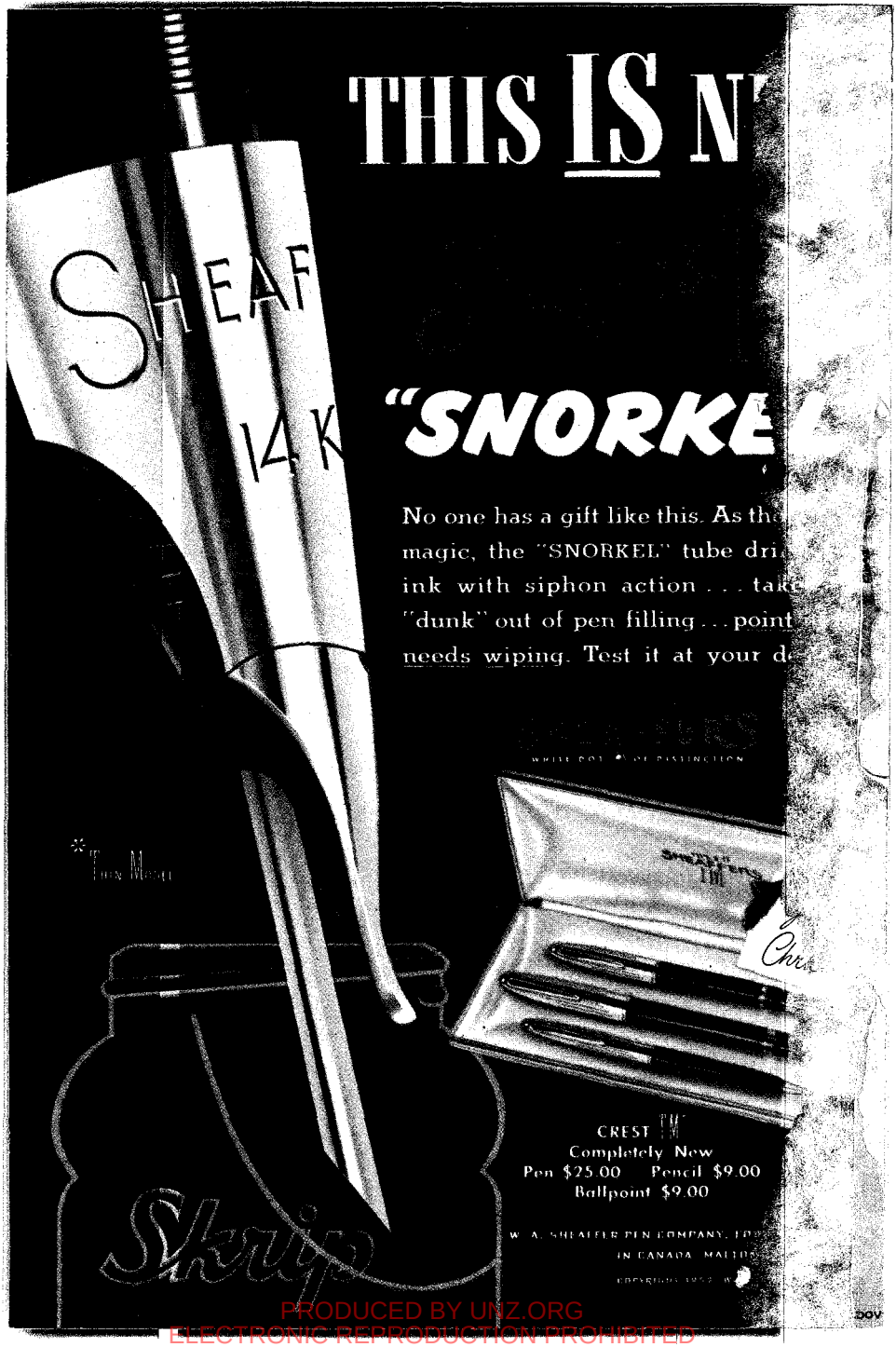

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